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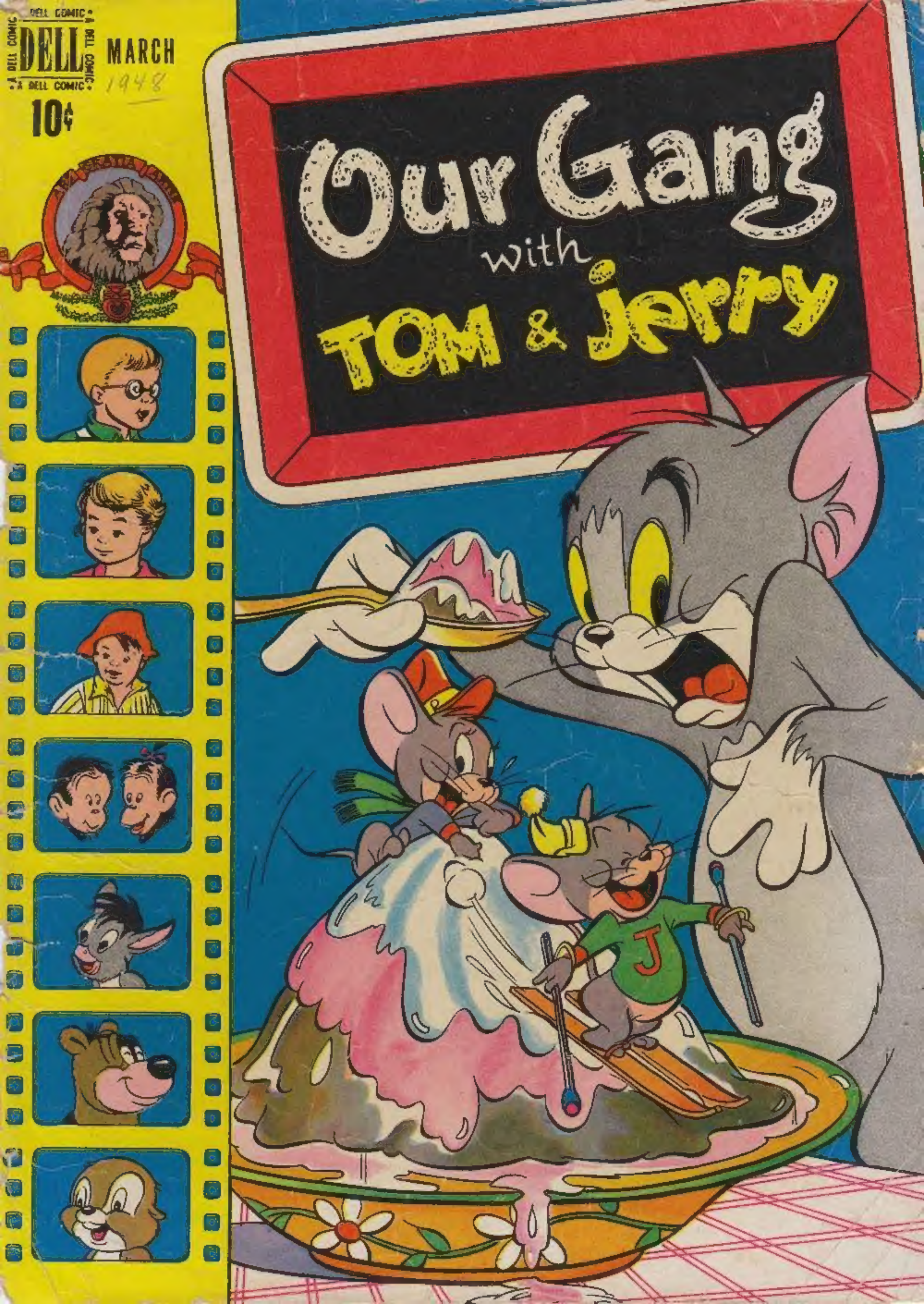
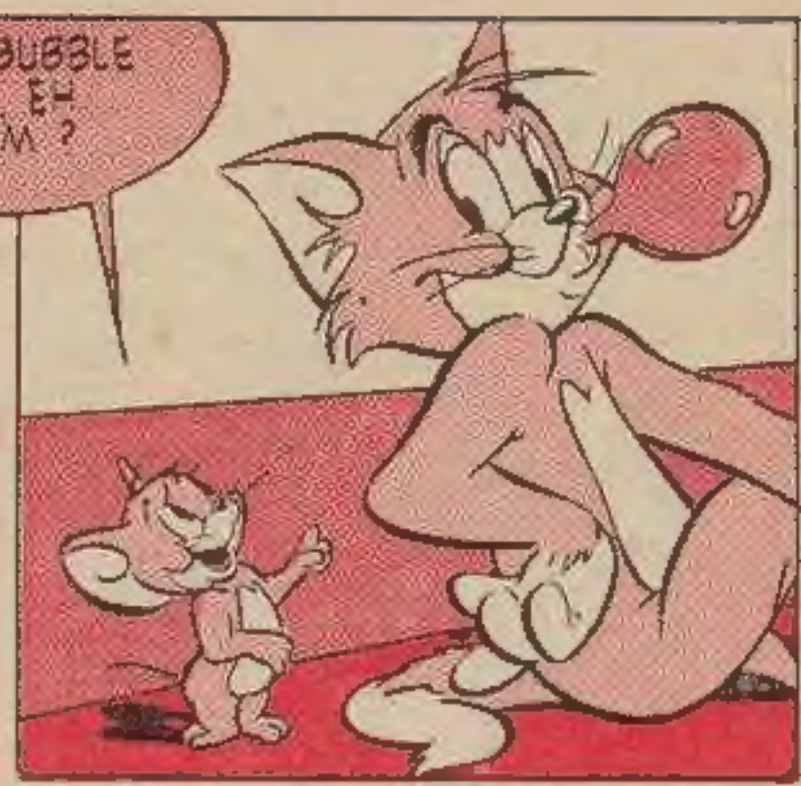
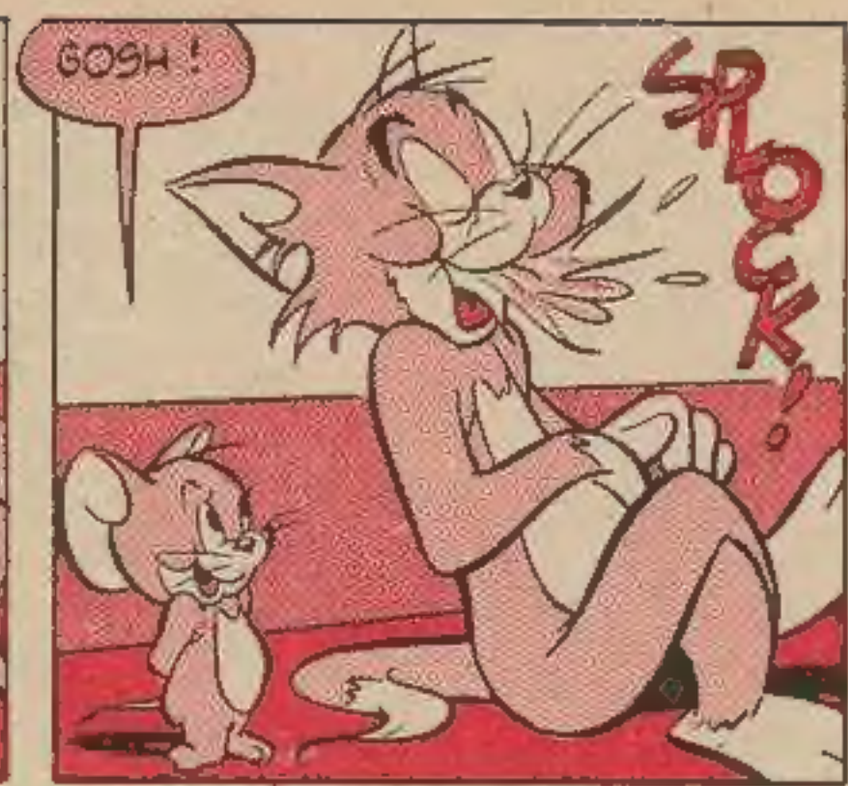
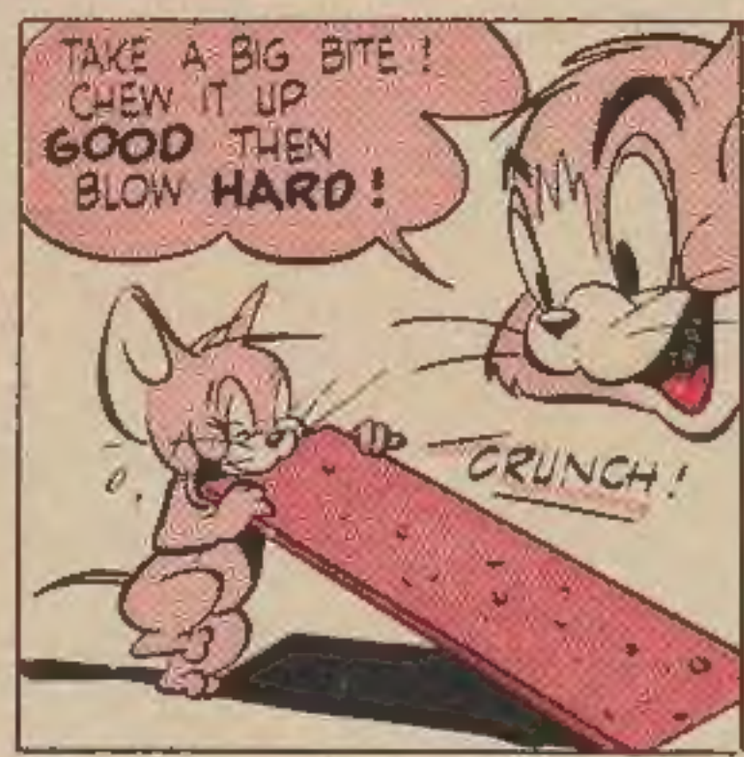
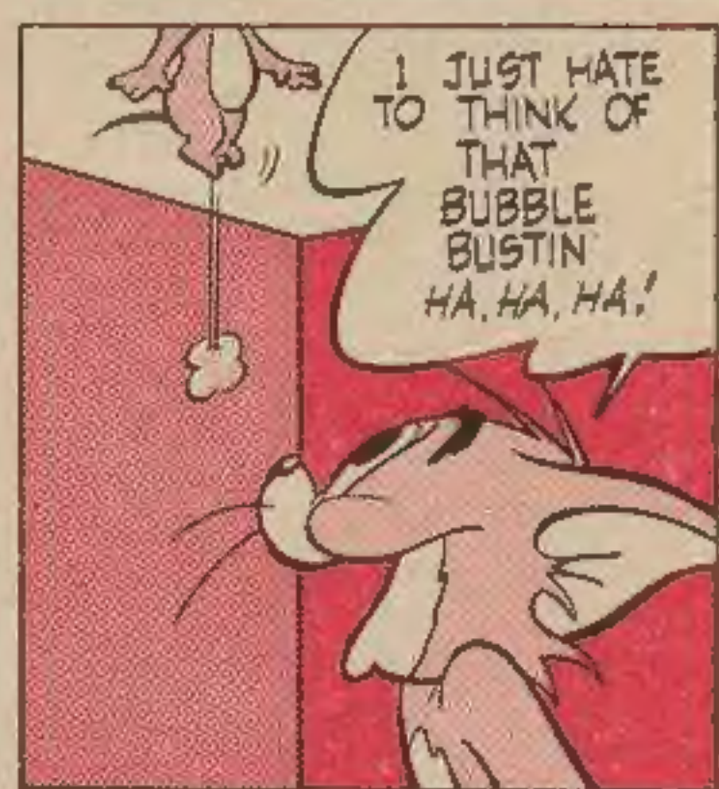
Our Gang with Tom & Jerry











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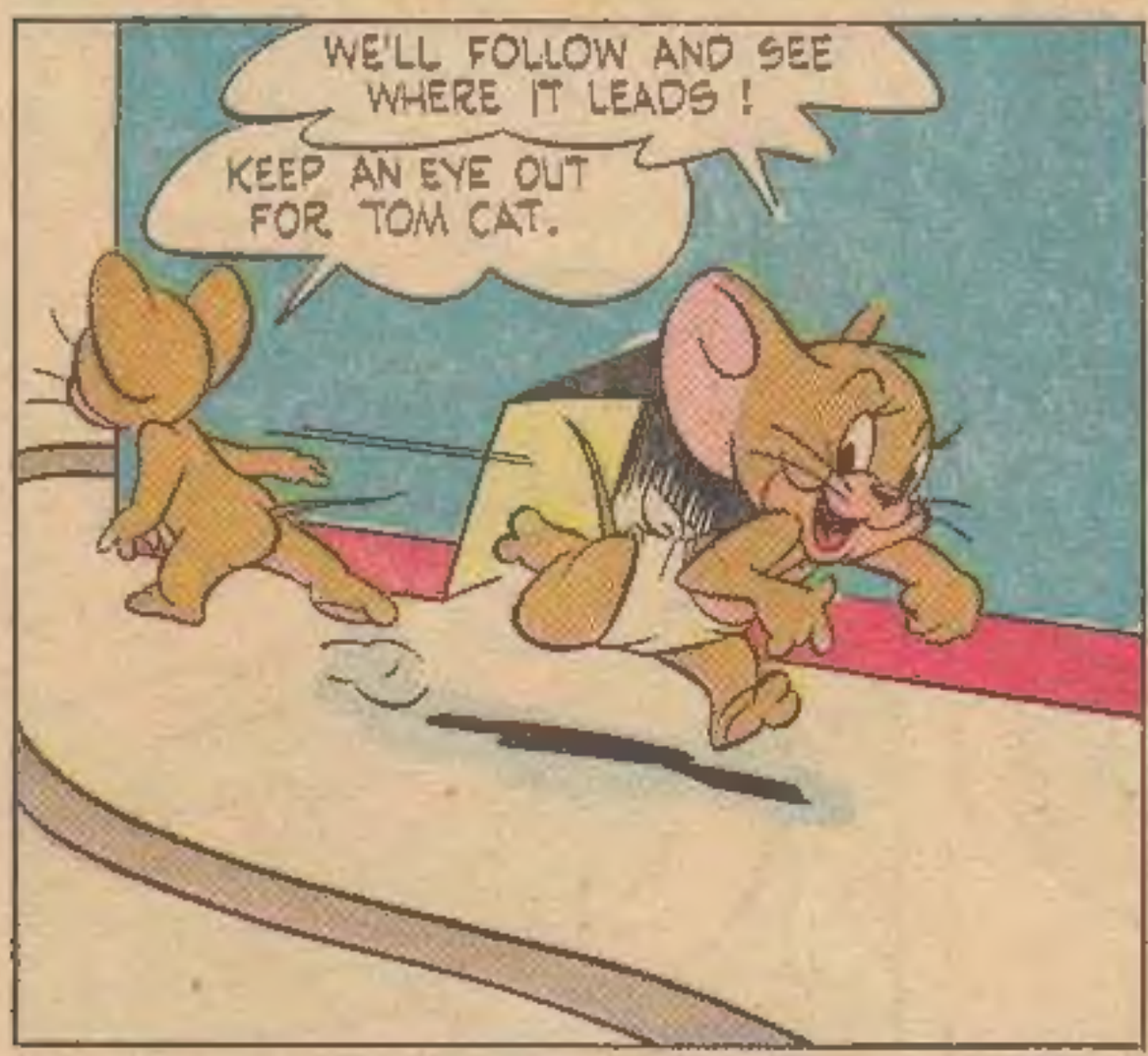
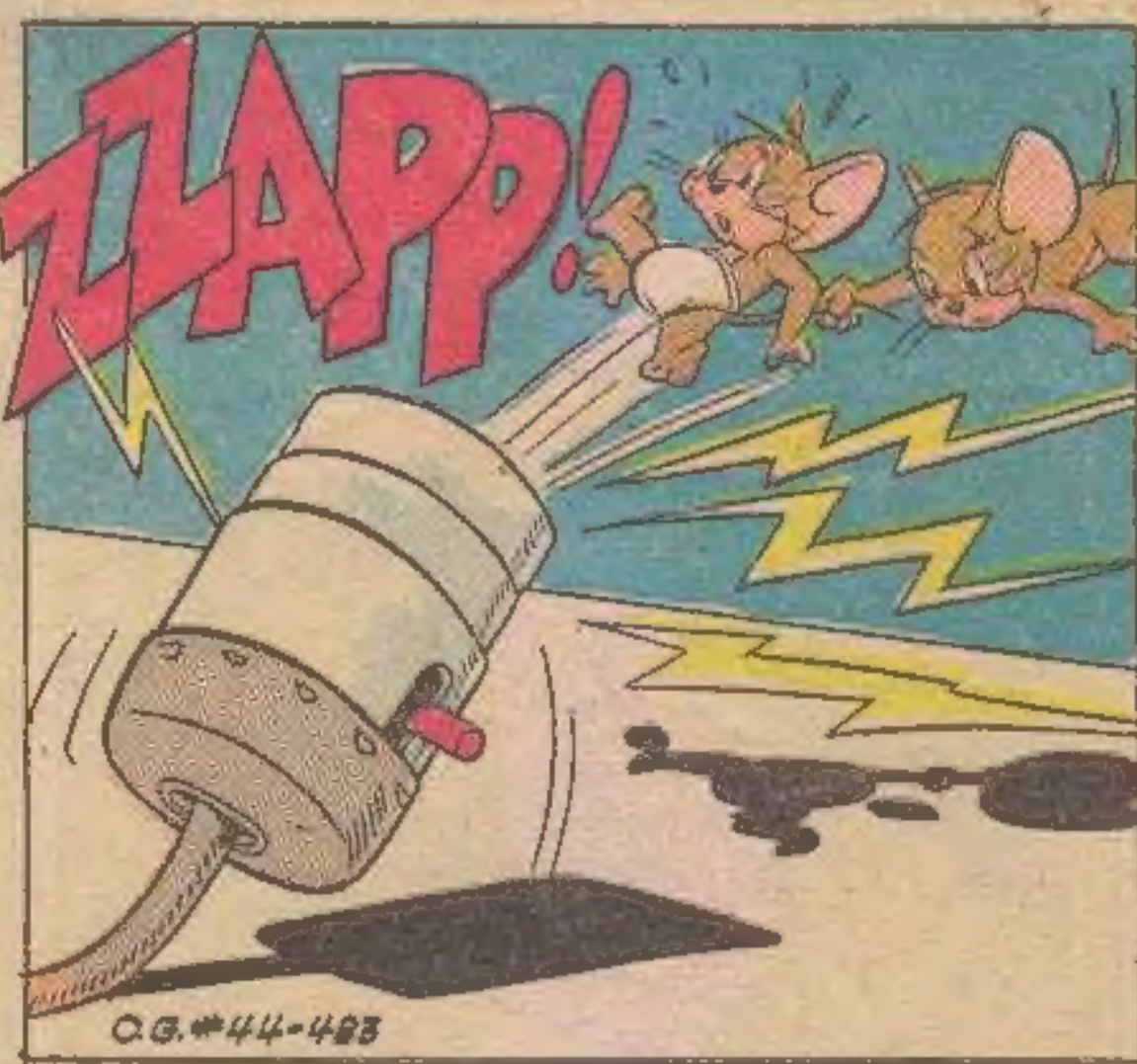
M-G-M presents

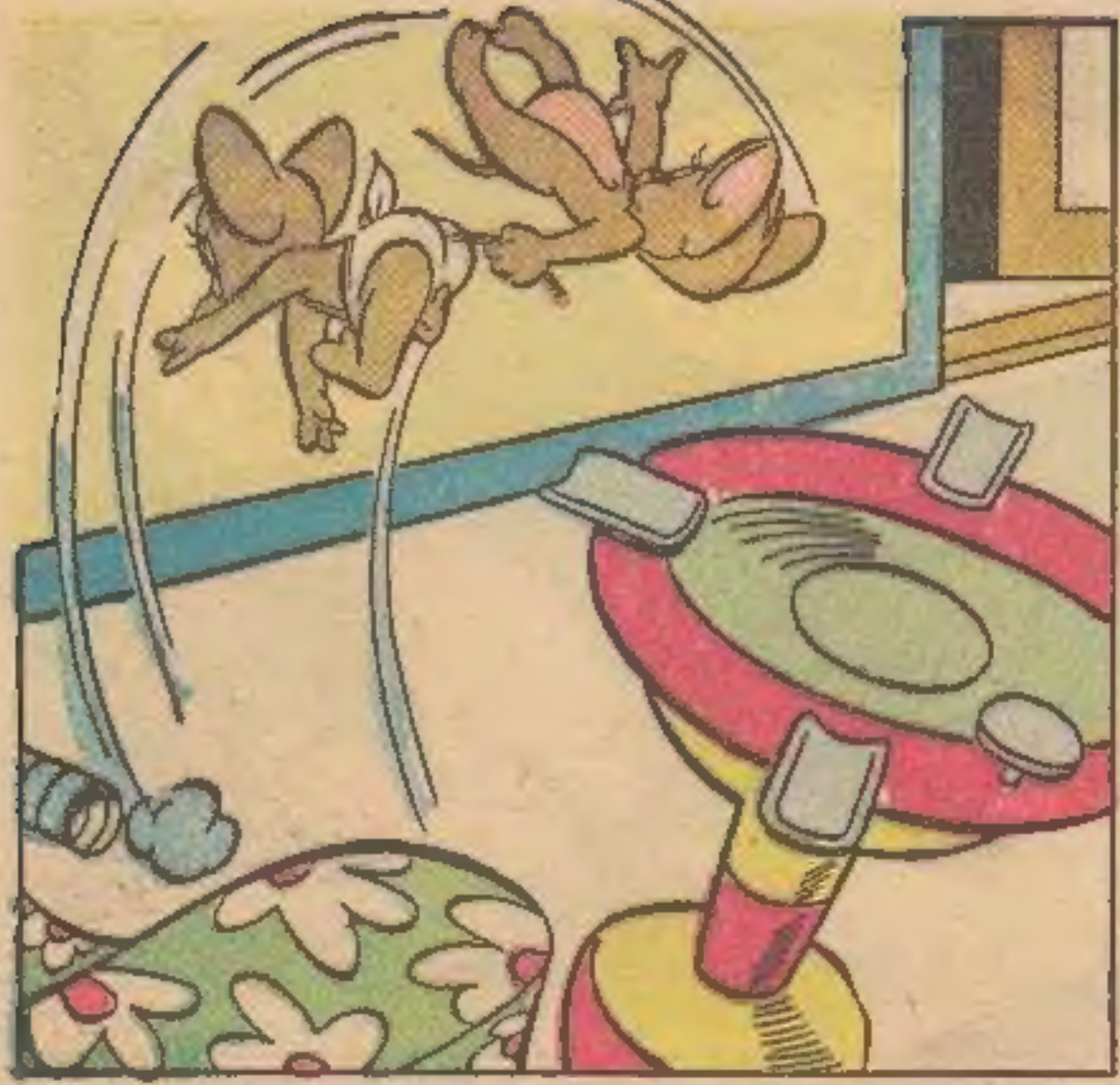
TOM and JERRY

SAY JERRY, WHAT'S THIS ?- I NEVER NOTICED IT BEFORE !

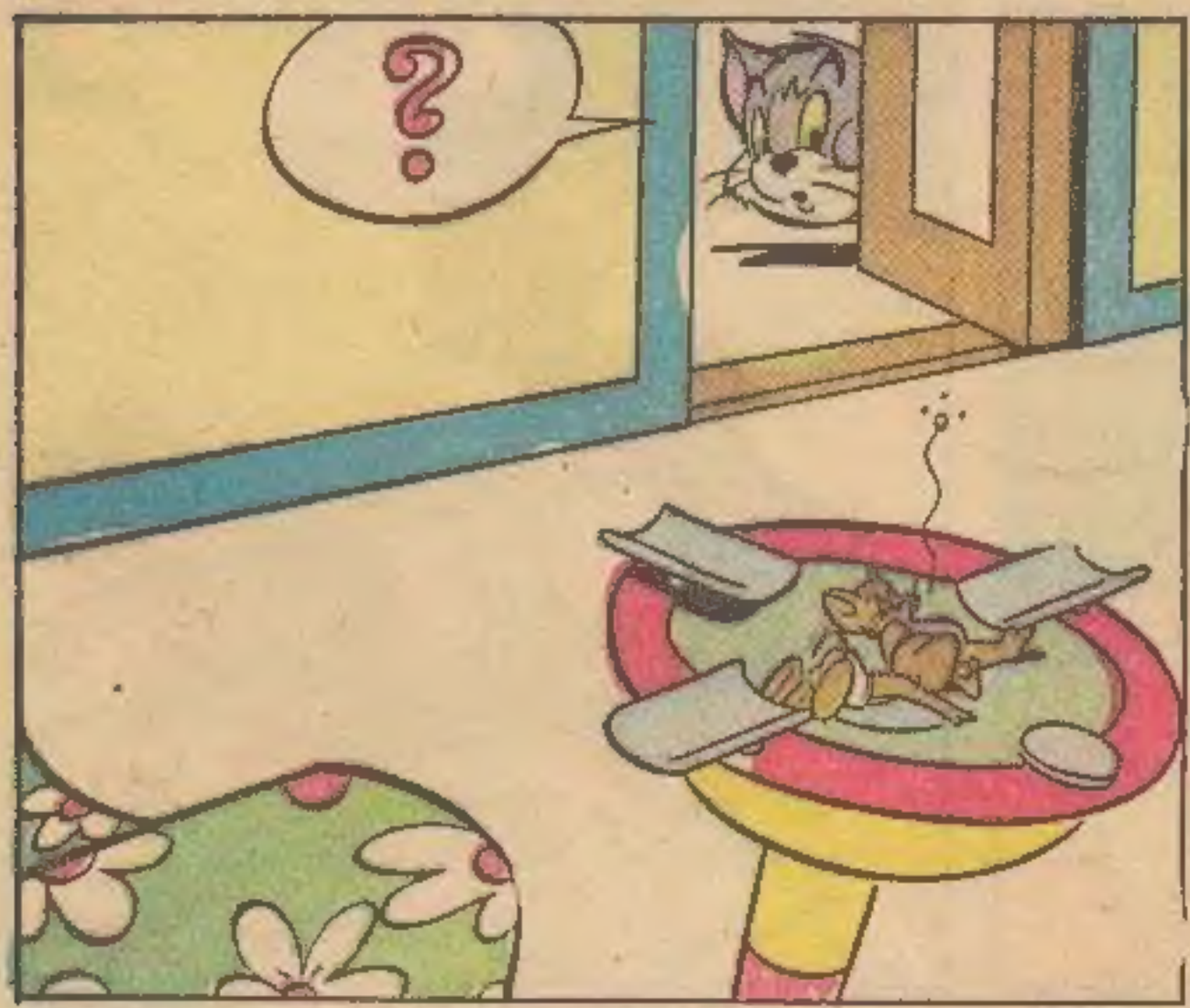
?

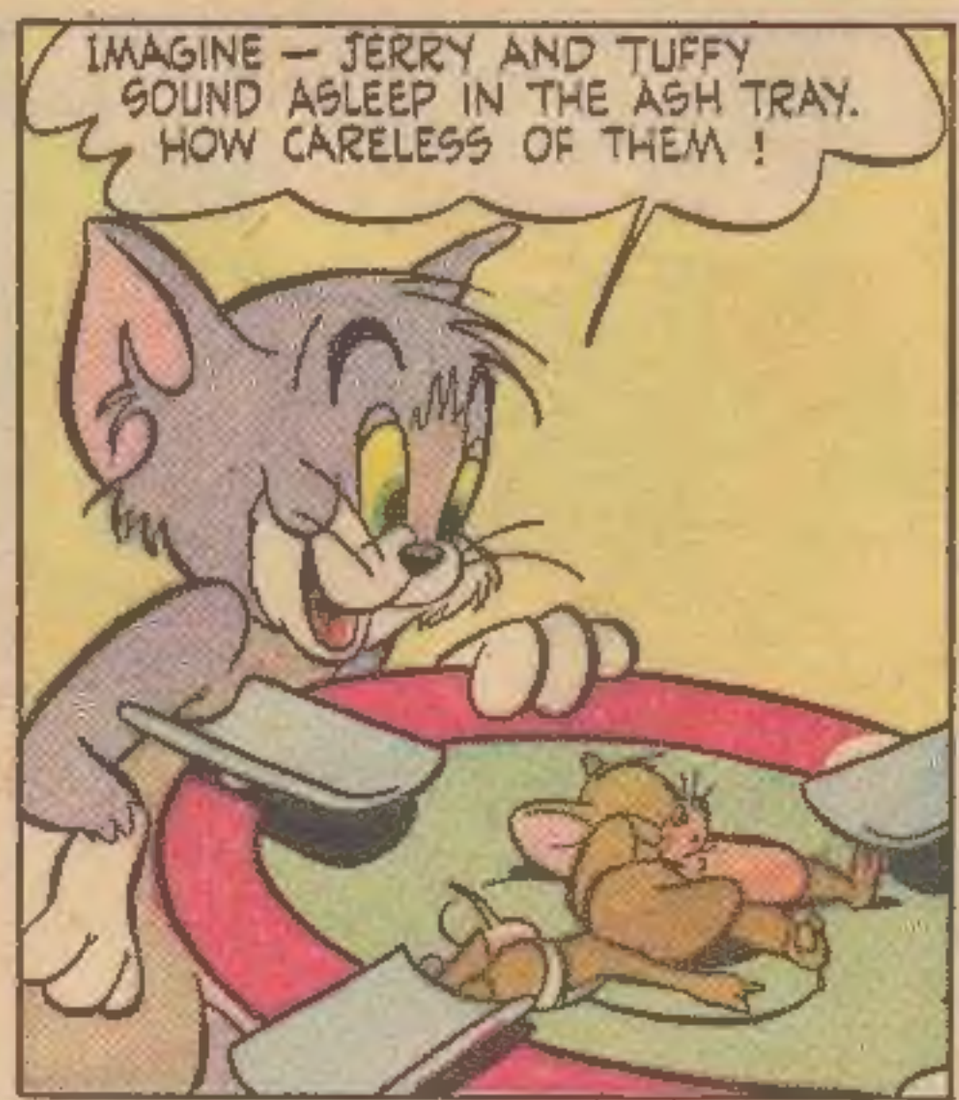


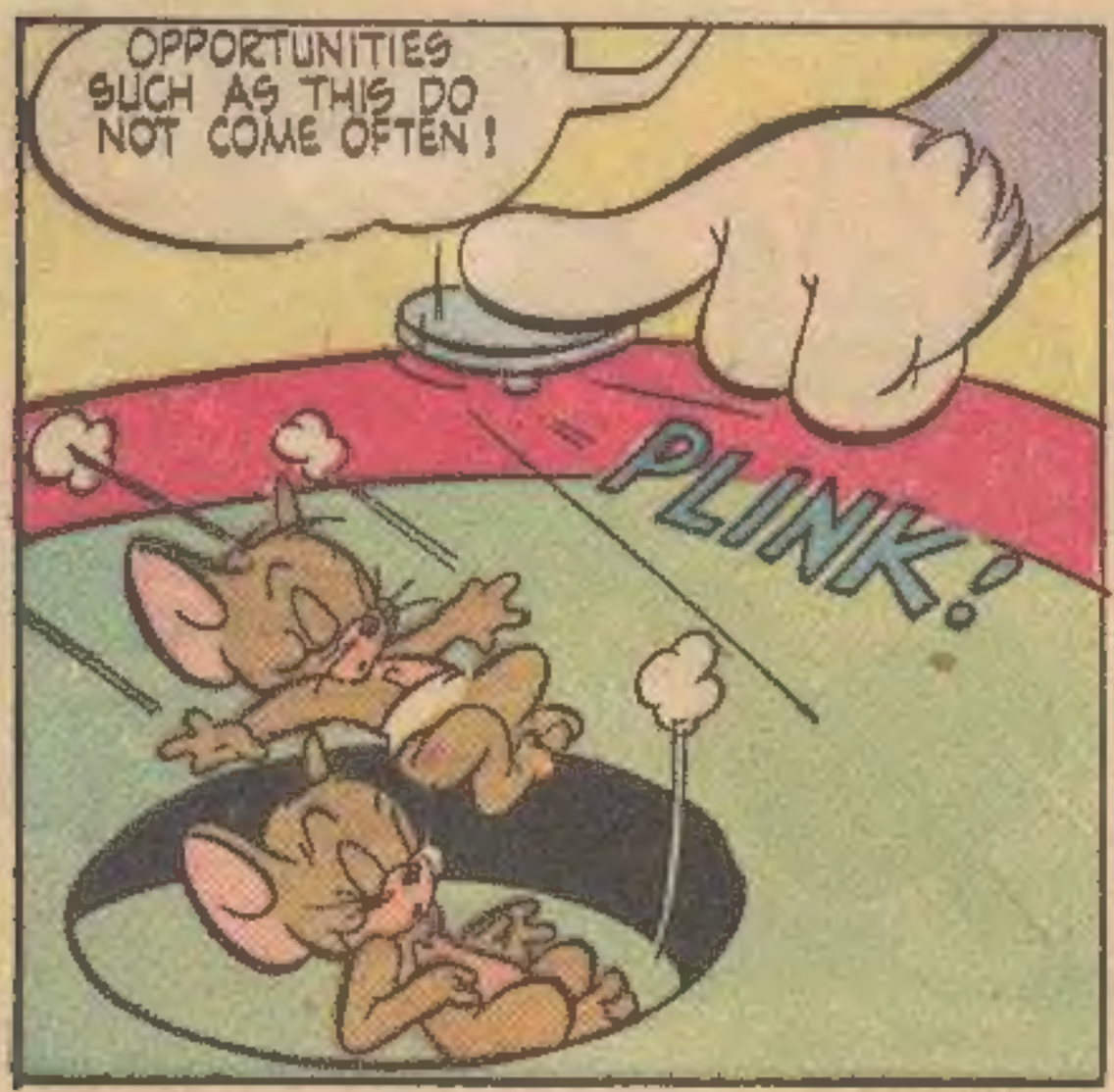




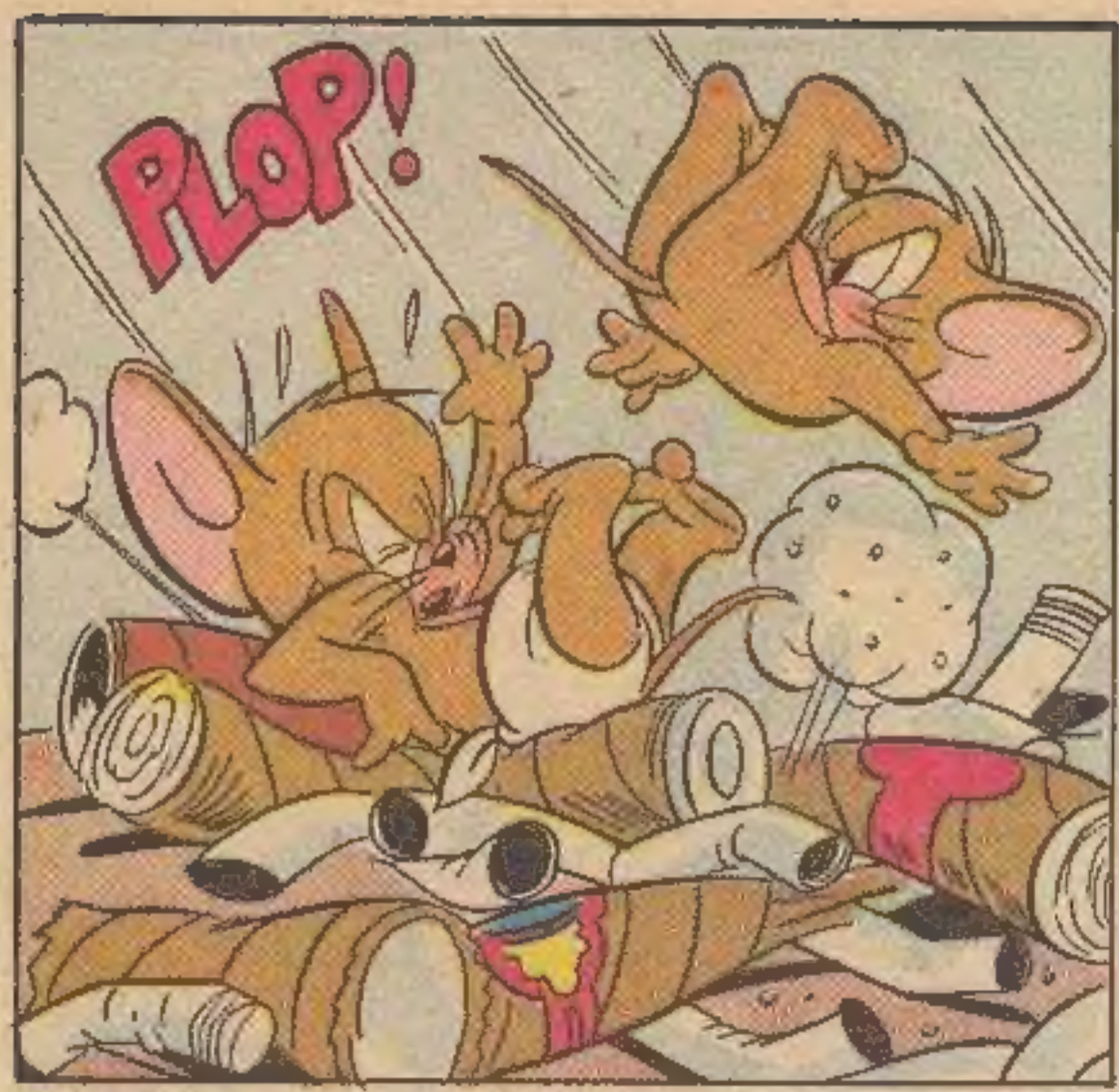
CLAYK!


?


IMAGINE — JERRY AND TUFFY SOUND ASLEEP IN THE ASH TRAY. HOW CARELESS OF THEM !


OPPORTUNITIES SUCH AS THIS DO NOT COME OFTEN !
PLINK!

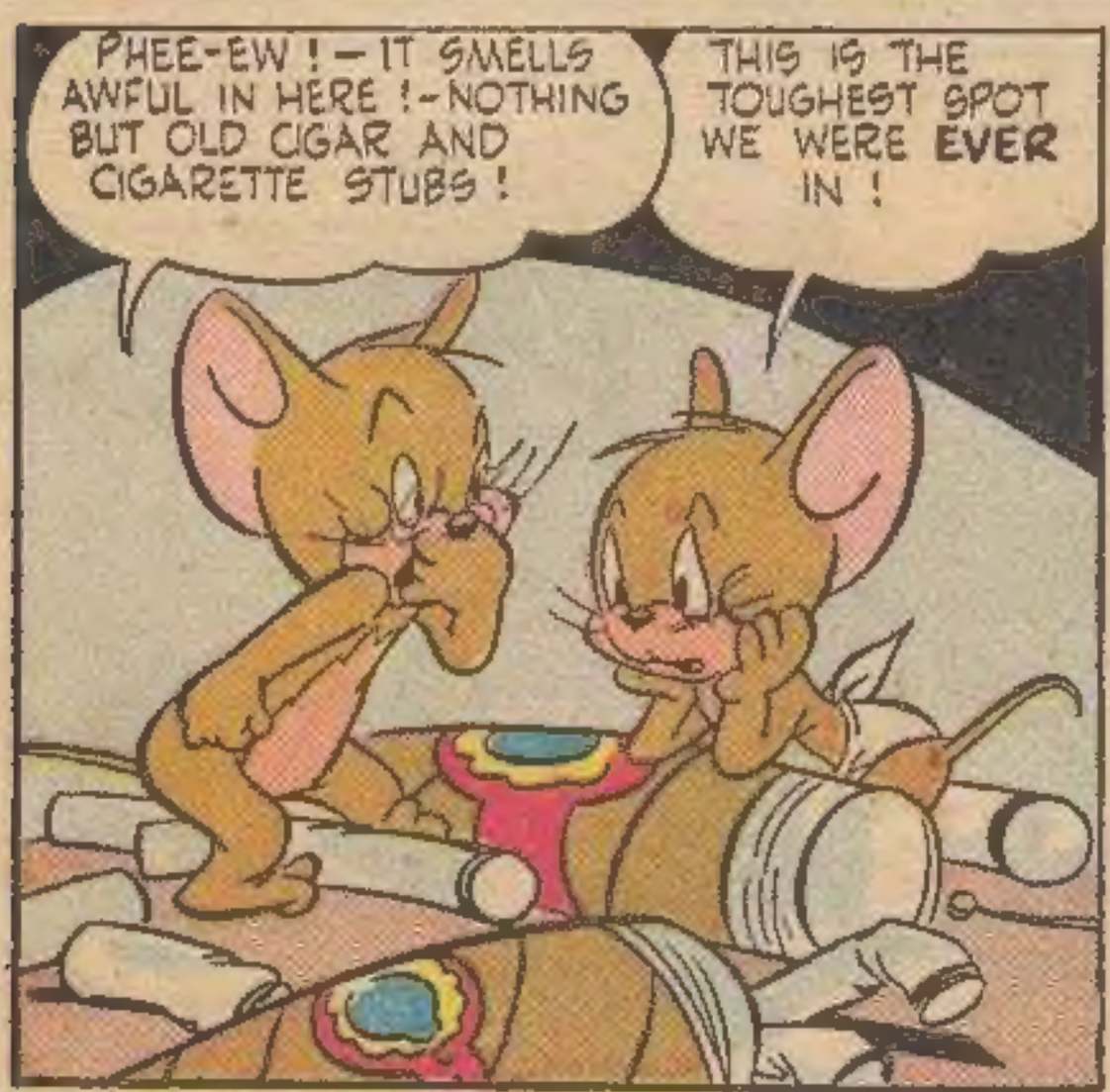
HEY !


PLOP!

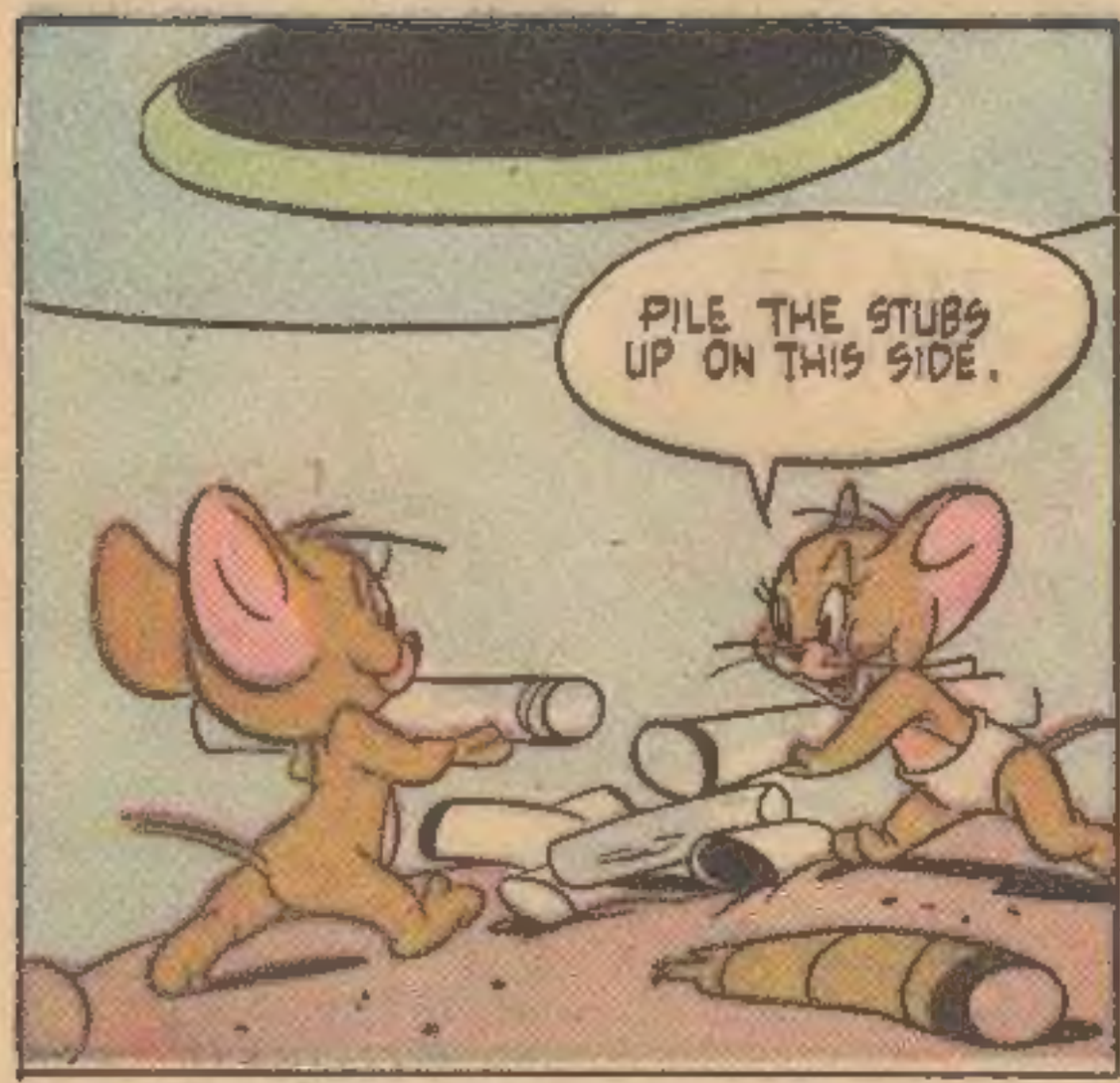
JERRY ! WHERE ARE WE ?
I-I-DON'T KNOW !

HO-HO !- THAT OUGHT TO TEACH YOU NEVER TO SLEEP IN AN ASH TRAY !
THAT'S TOM CAT'S VOICE.
WE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN.

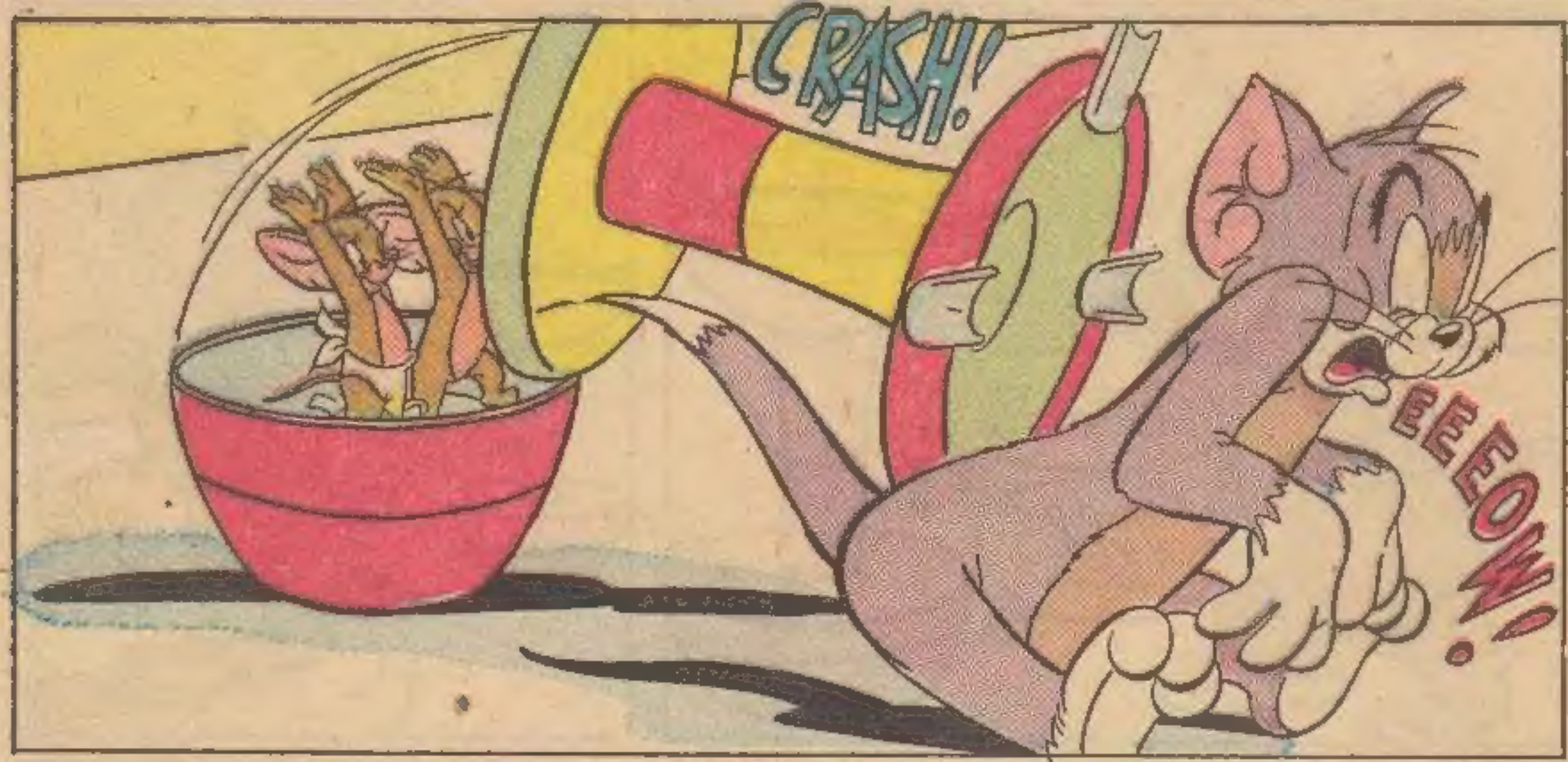
NOW THAT I KNOW WHERE YOU TWO ARE I CAN NAP IN PEACE.

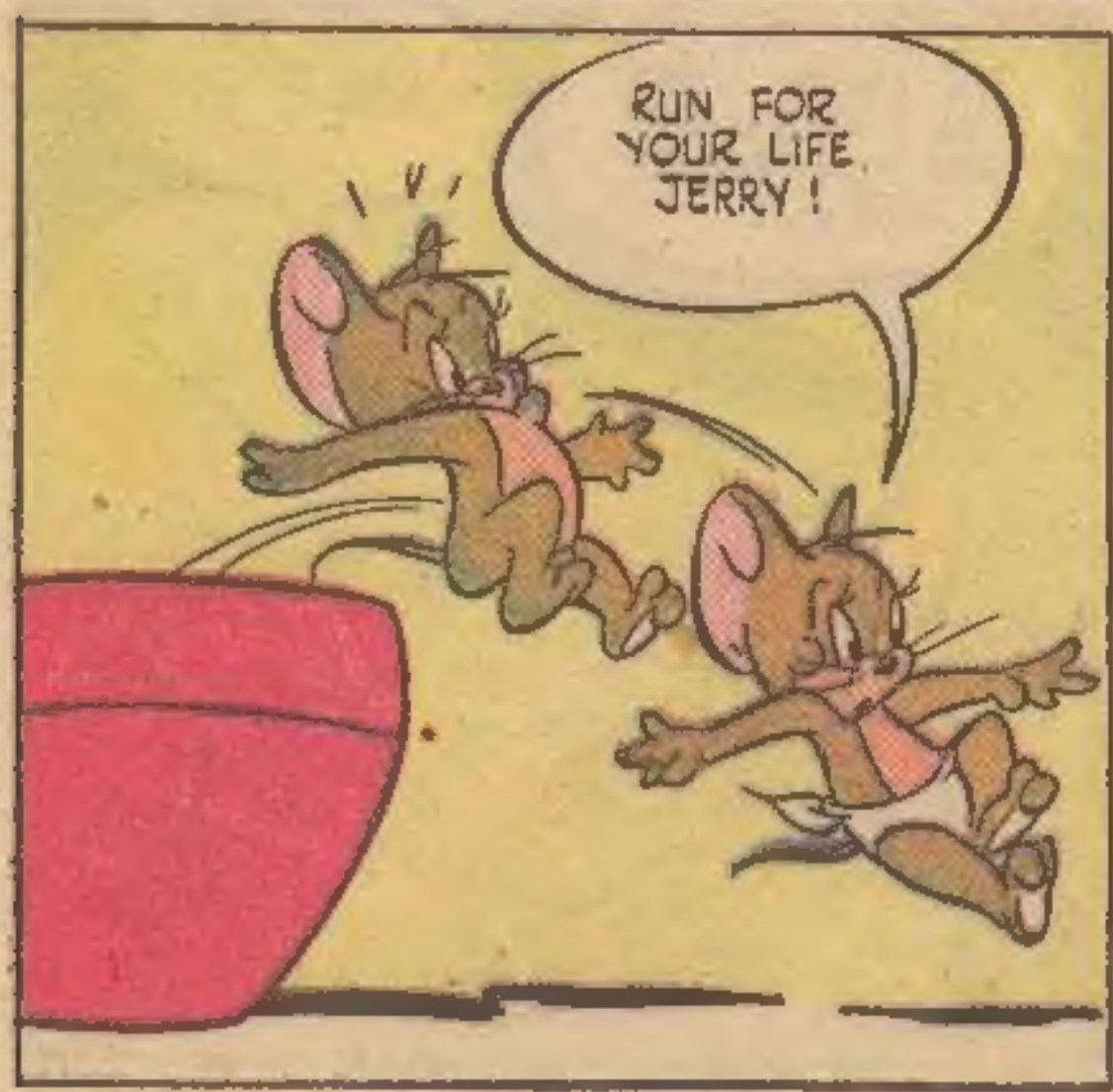

PHEE-EW ! – IT SMELLS AWFUL IN HERE !-NOTHING BUT OLD CIGAR AND CIGARETTE STUBS !
THIS IS THE TOUGHEST SPOT WE WERE EVER IN !

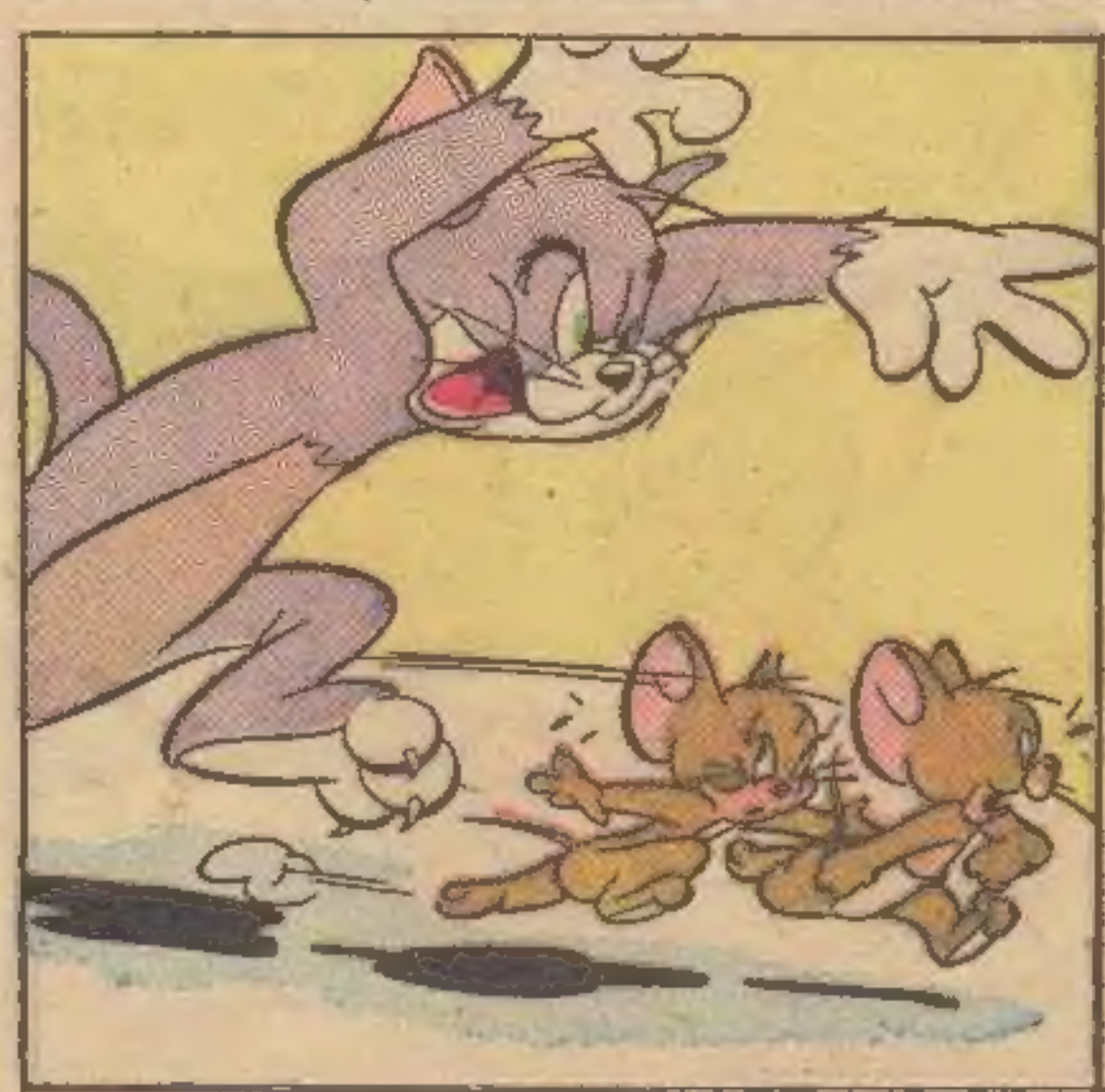
Y'KNOW, I'VE SEEN THE COOK TAKE THIS BOTTOM OFF THE ASH TRAY TO CLEAN IT.
WELL, WE CAN TRY IT !


PILE THE STUBS UP ON THIS SIDE.

ONE - TWO - THREE -


CRASH!
EEEOW!


RUN FOR YOUR LIFE, JERRY!



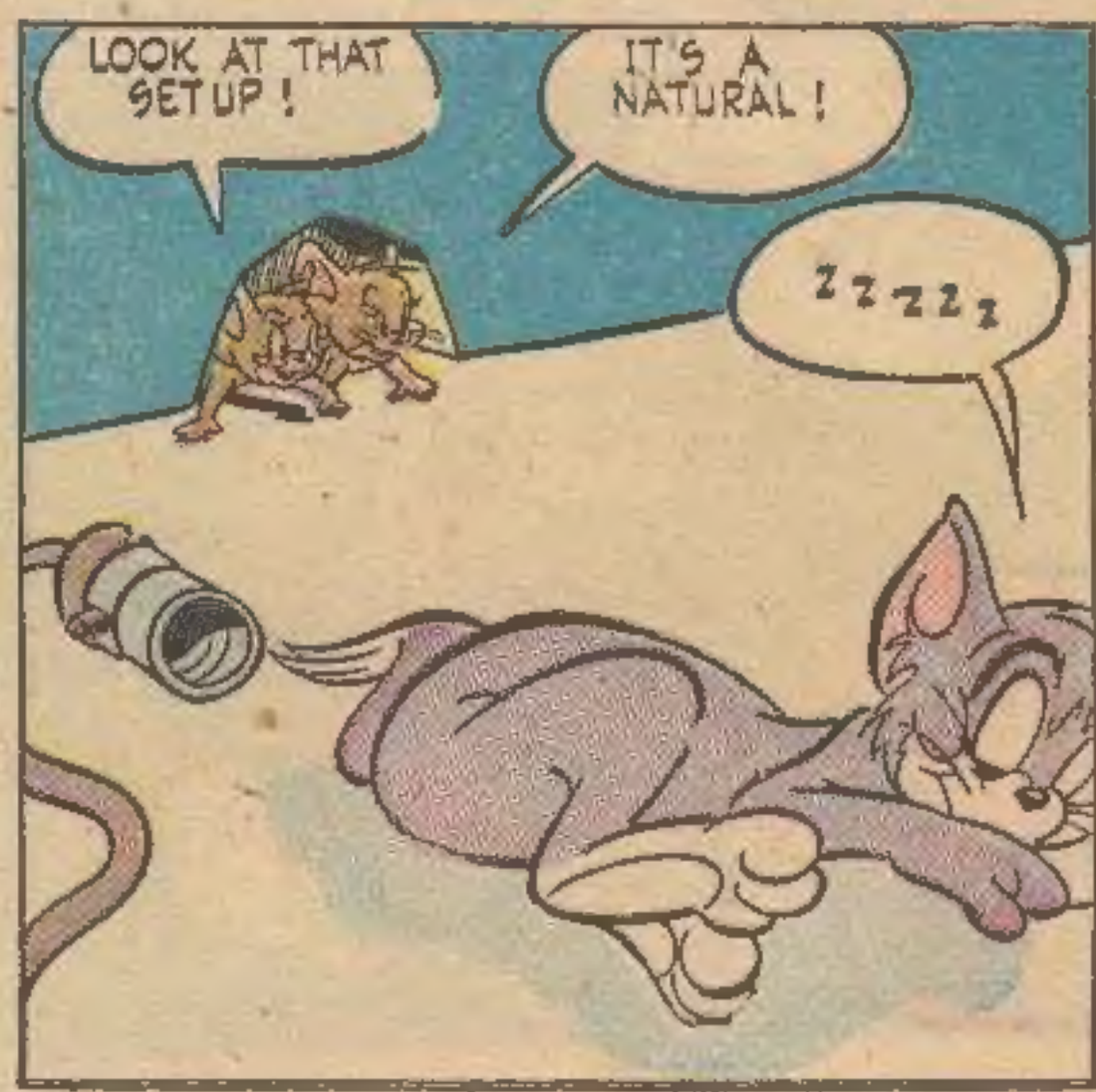
WE MADE IT.

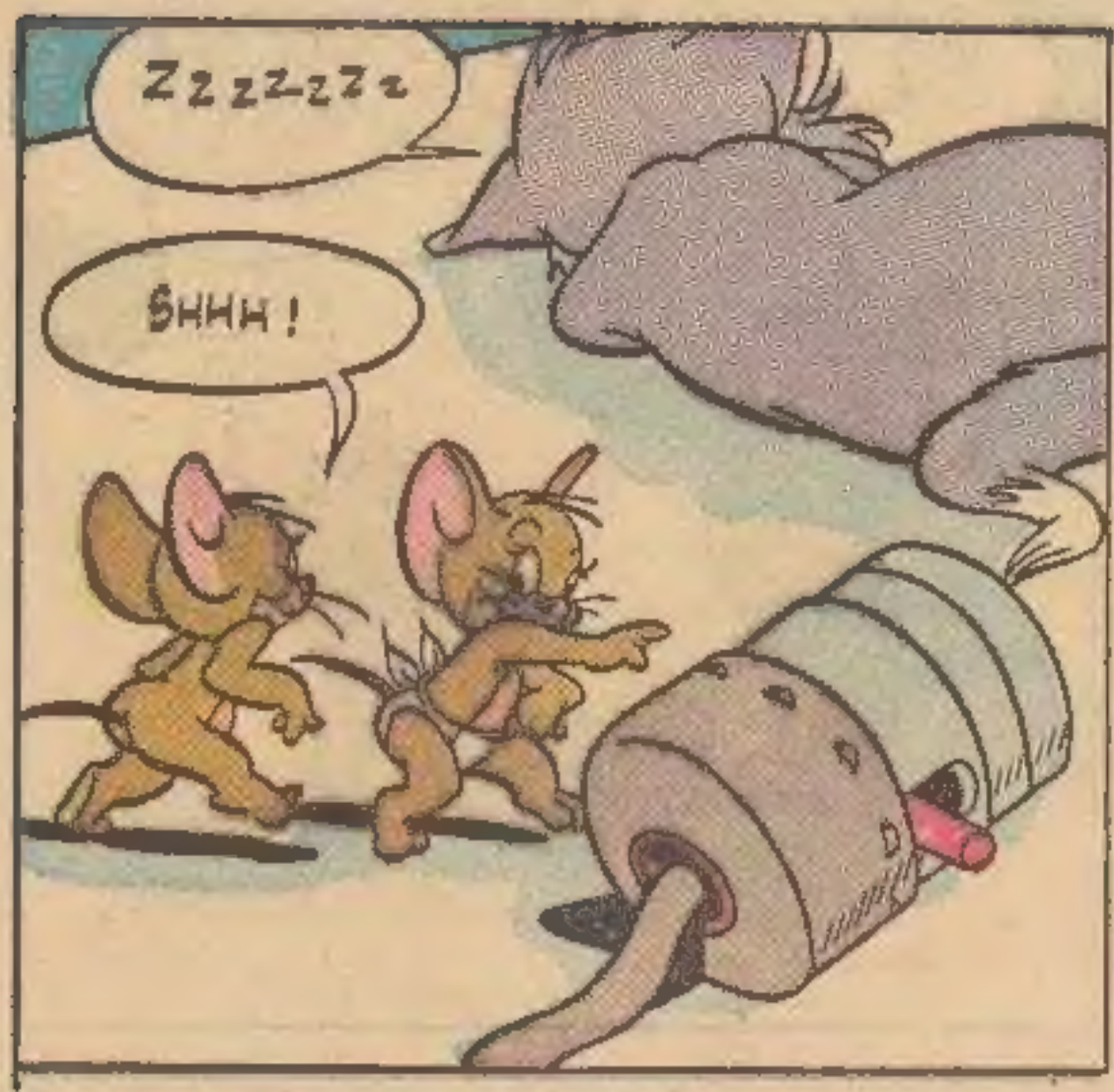
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! (PUFF)
(PUFF-PUFF) IT WILL TAKE A LOT OF DOING TO GET EVEN WITH OLD TOM FOR THAT DIRTY TRICK.

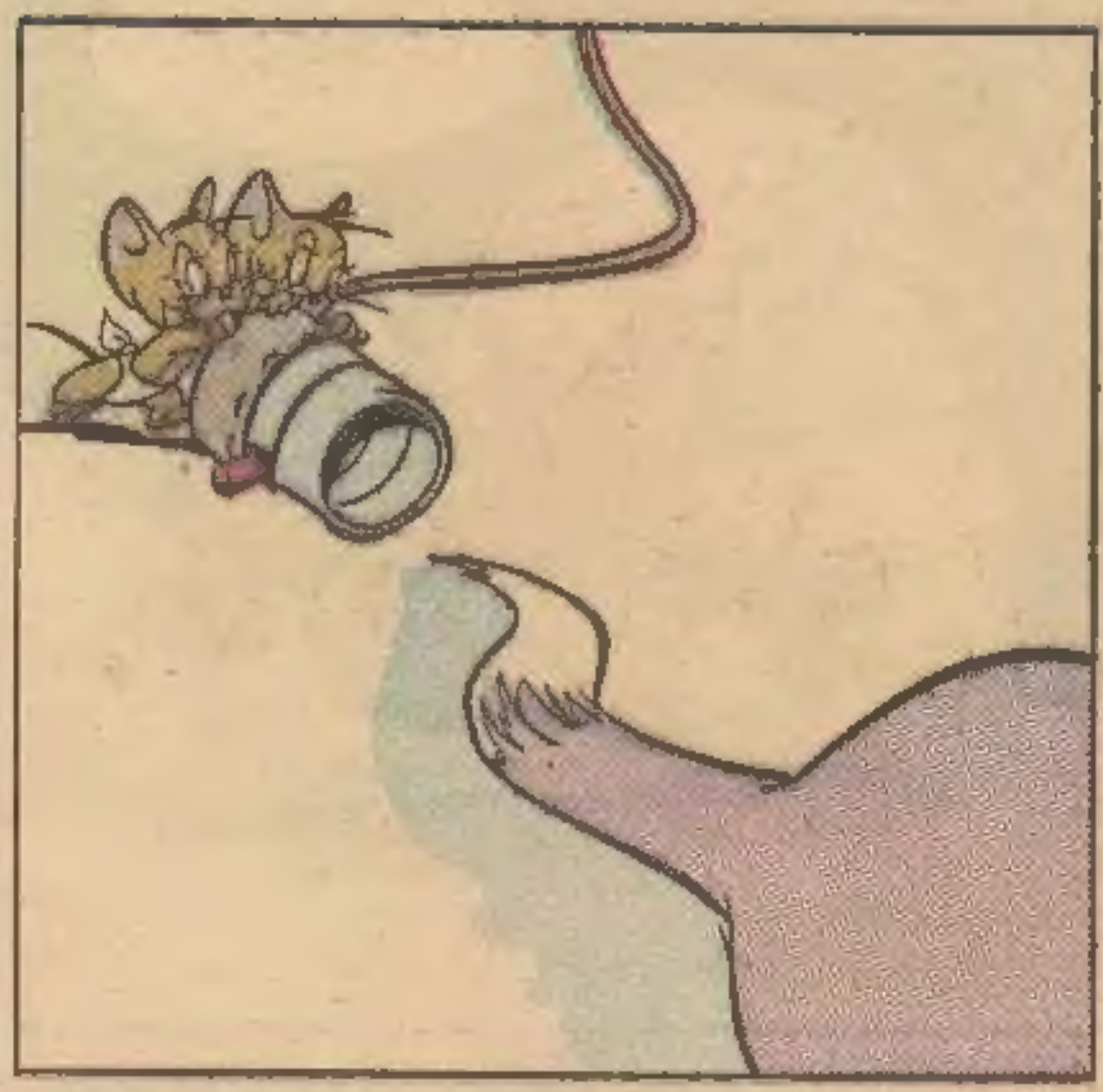
OH WELL, I WOULDN'T WANT TO EAT YOU FELLOWS WHEN YOUR FUR IS FULL OF CIGAR ASHES, ANYWAY! - HEH, HEH!

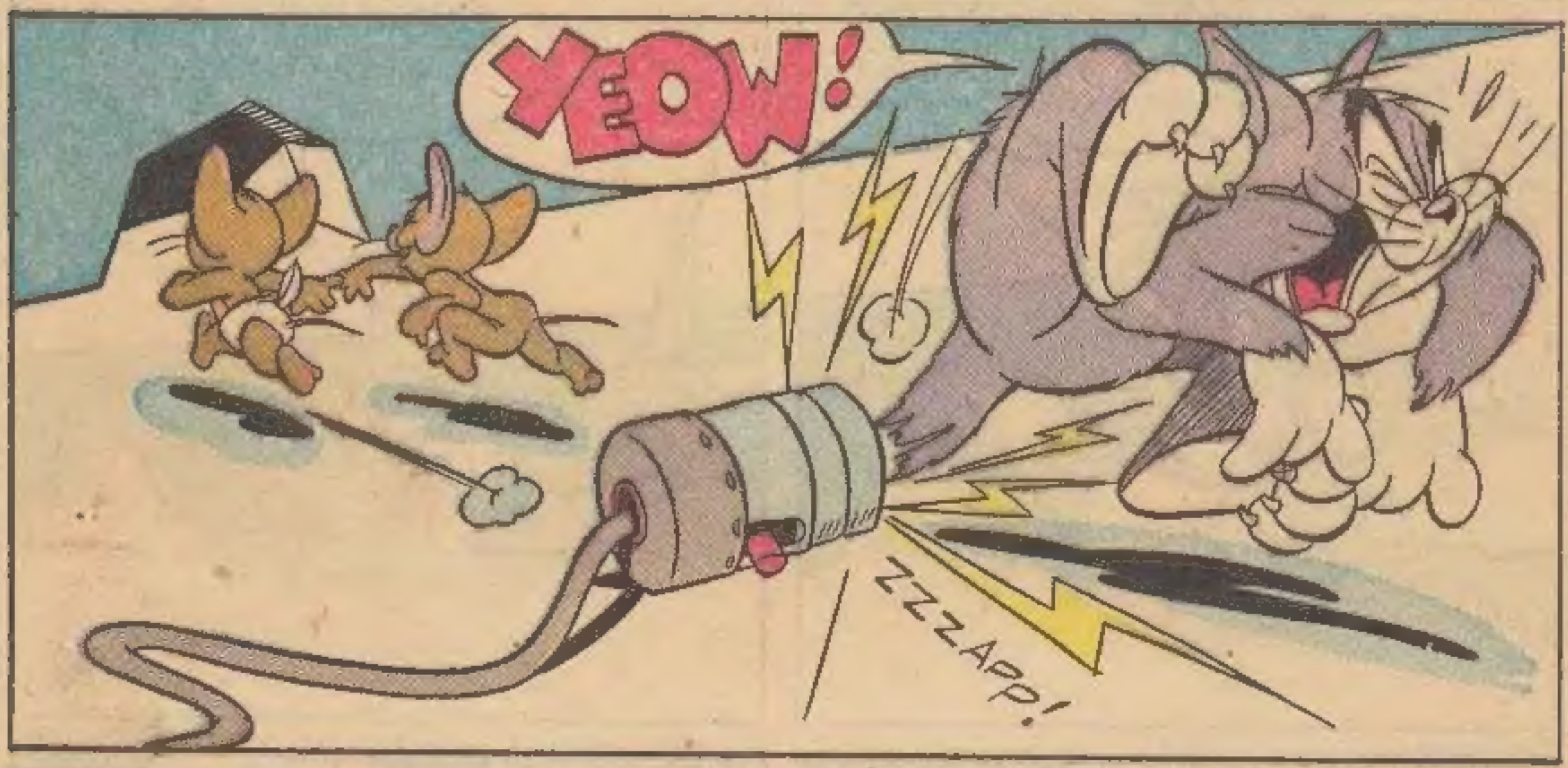
OH-UMM! - MIGHT AS WELL CONTINUE MY NAP, I GUESS - ZZZZZZ

JERRY, COME HERE - QUICK!


LOOK AT THAT SETUP!
IT'S A NATURAL!
ZZZZZ


ZZZZZZZ
SHHH!

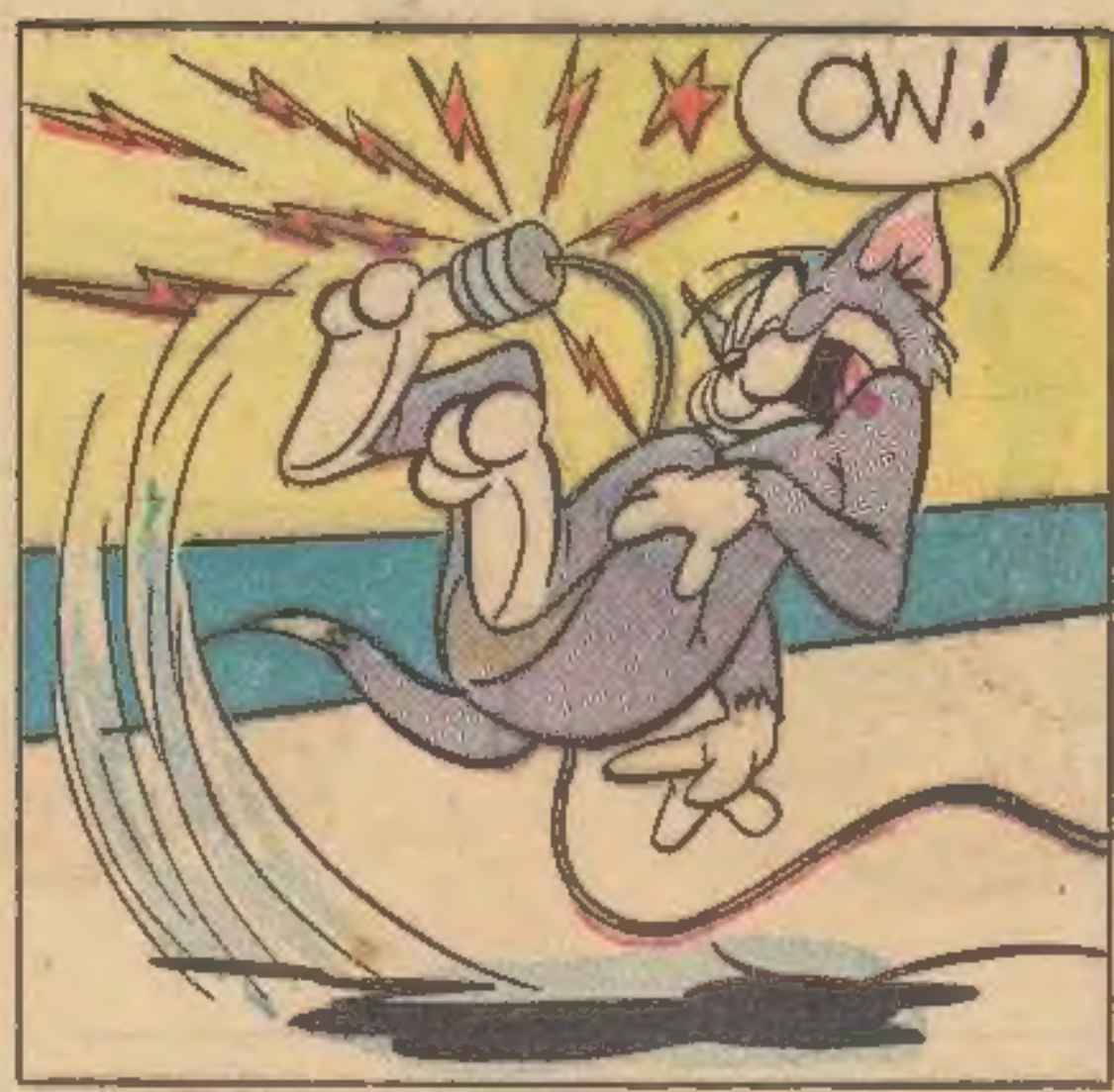


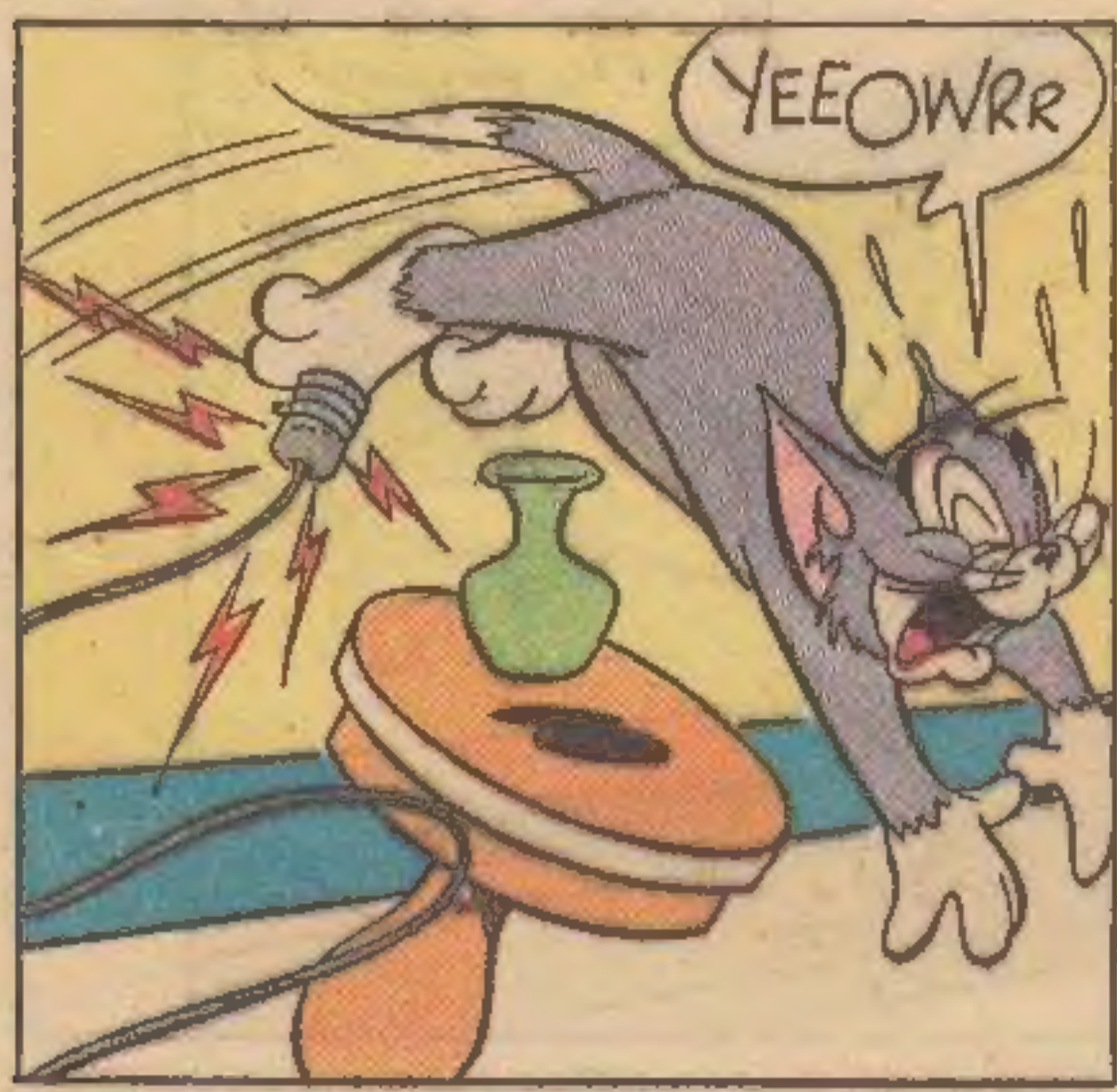

YEOW!
ZZZAPP!

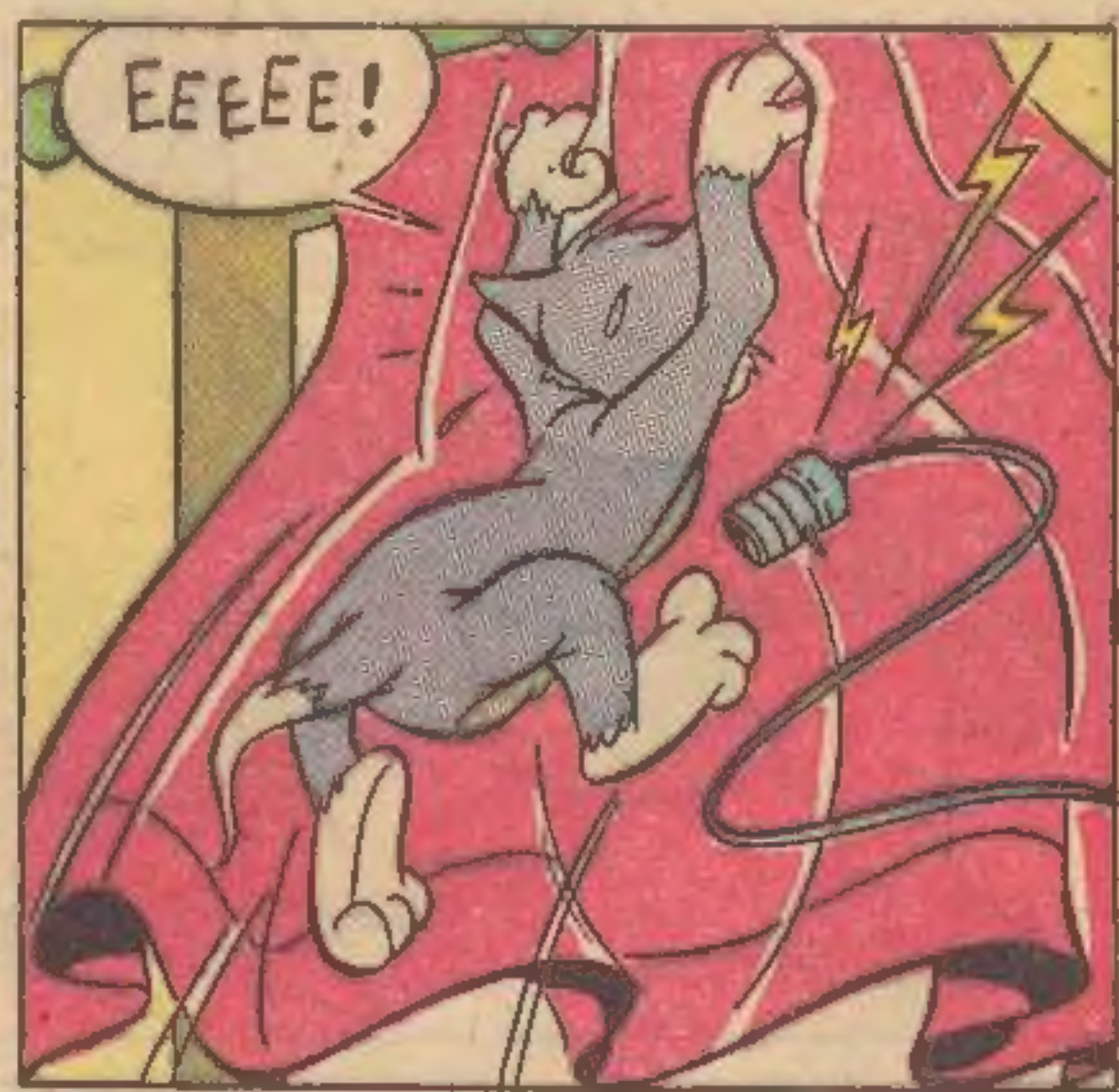
OWWOOO!

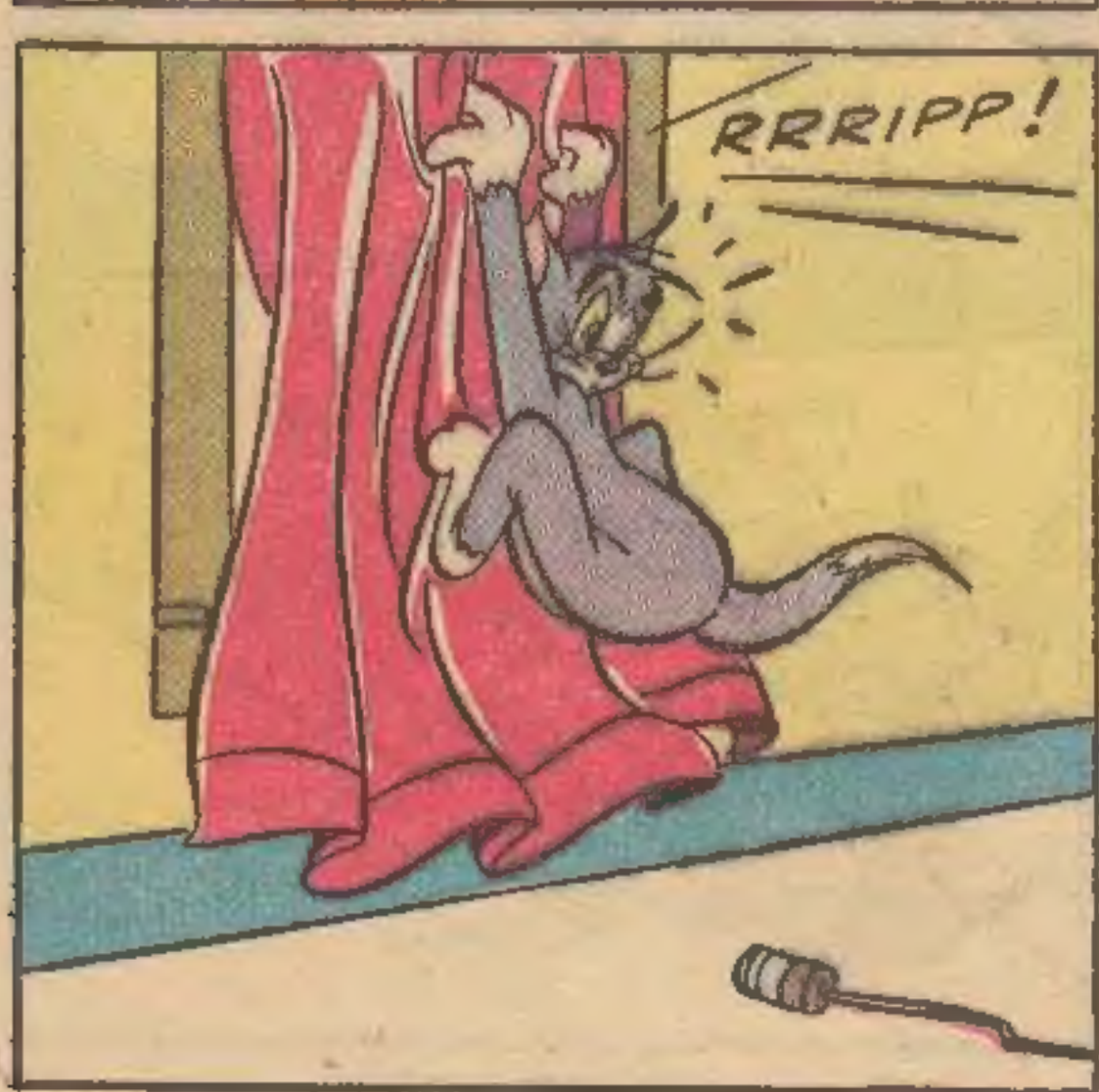
WHO DID THAT ?- WHAT IS THIS THING ANYWAY ?

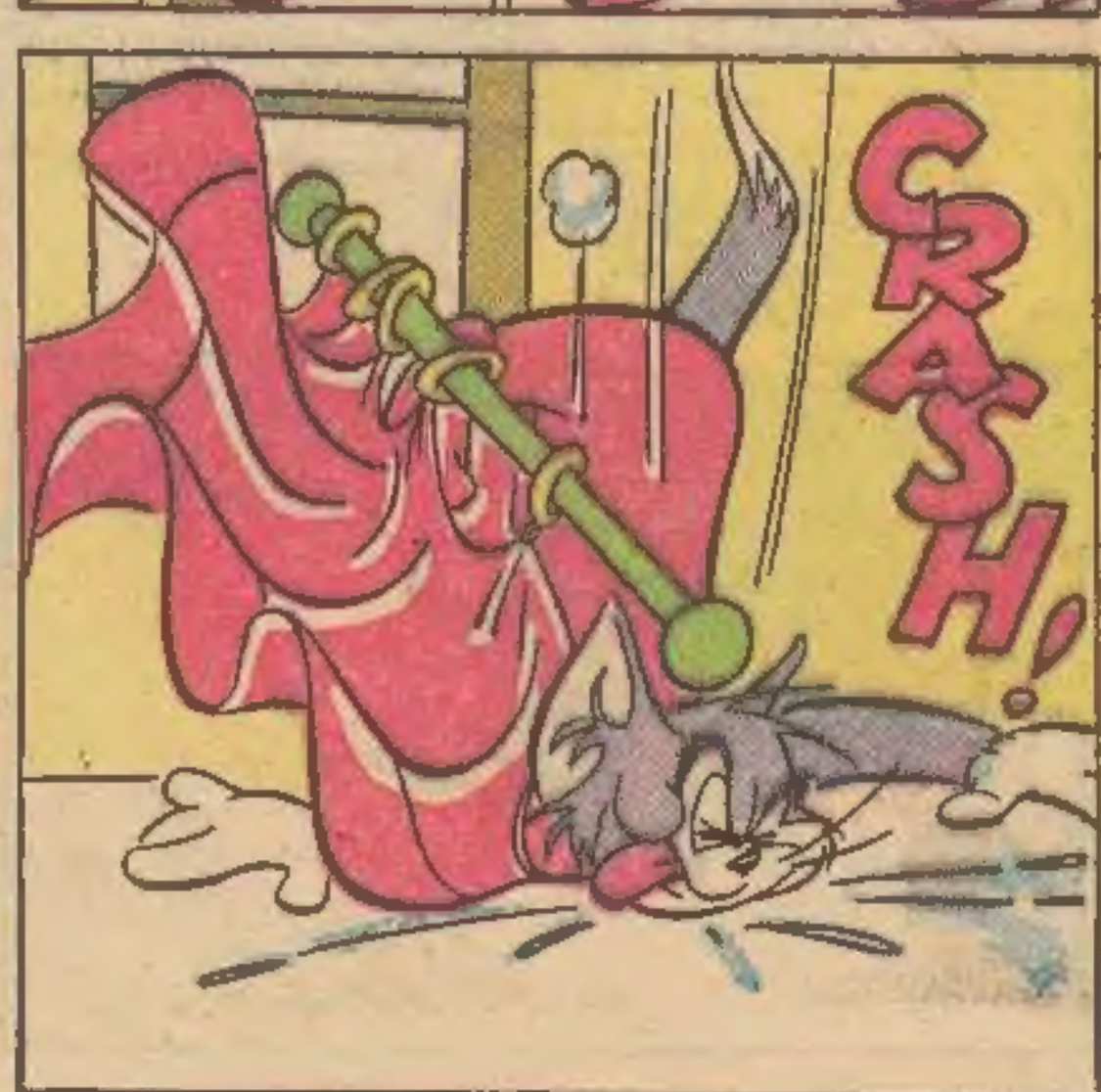
OUT OF MY WAY !

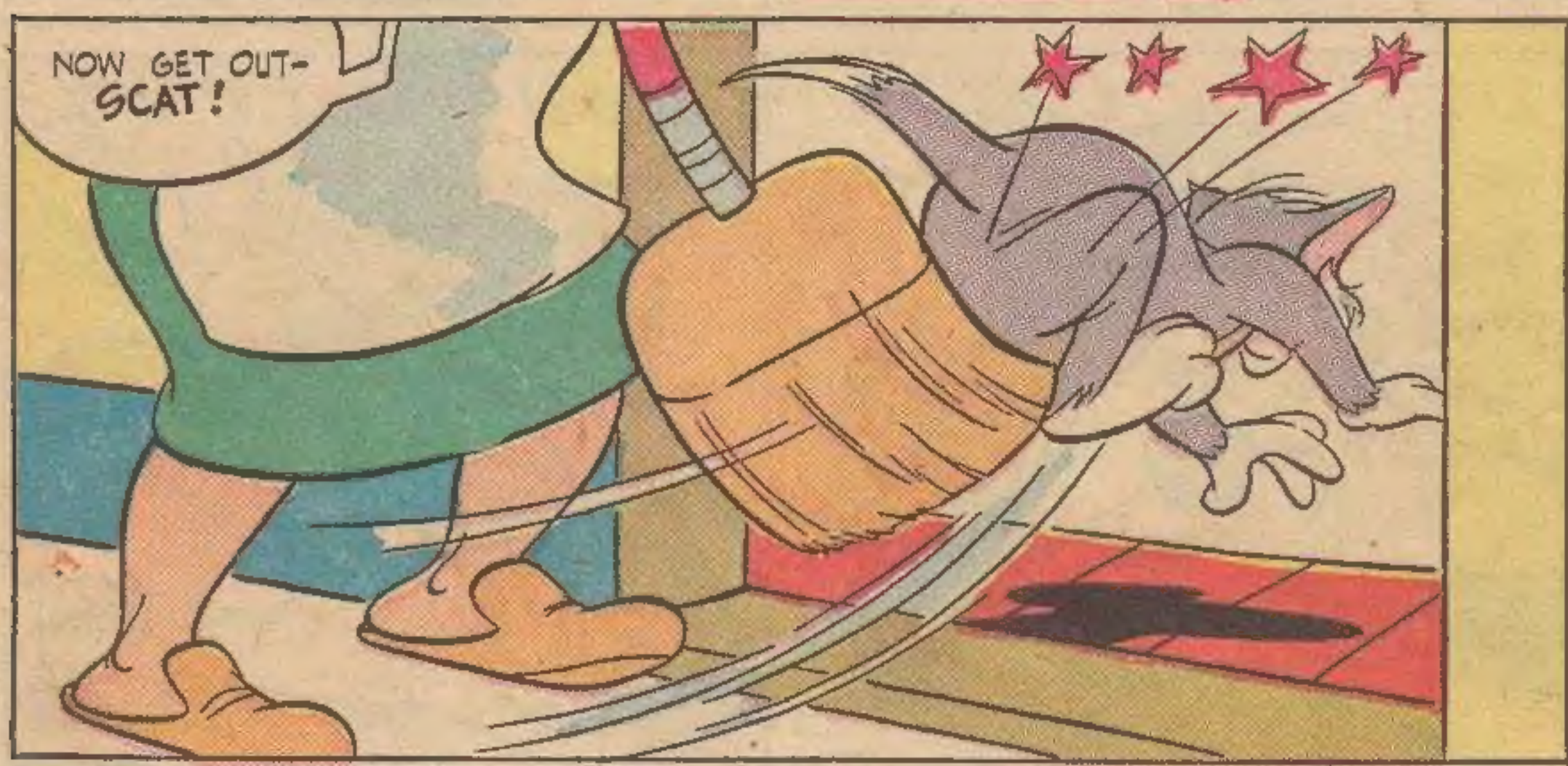

OW!


YEEOWRR


EEEEE!


RRRIPP!


CRASH!



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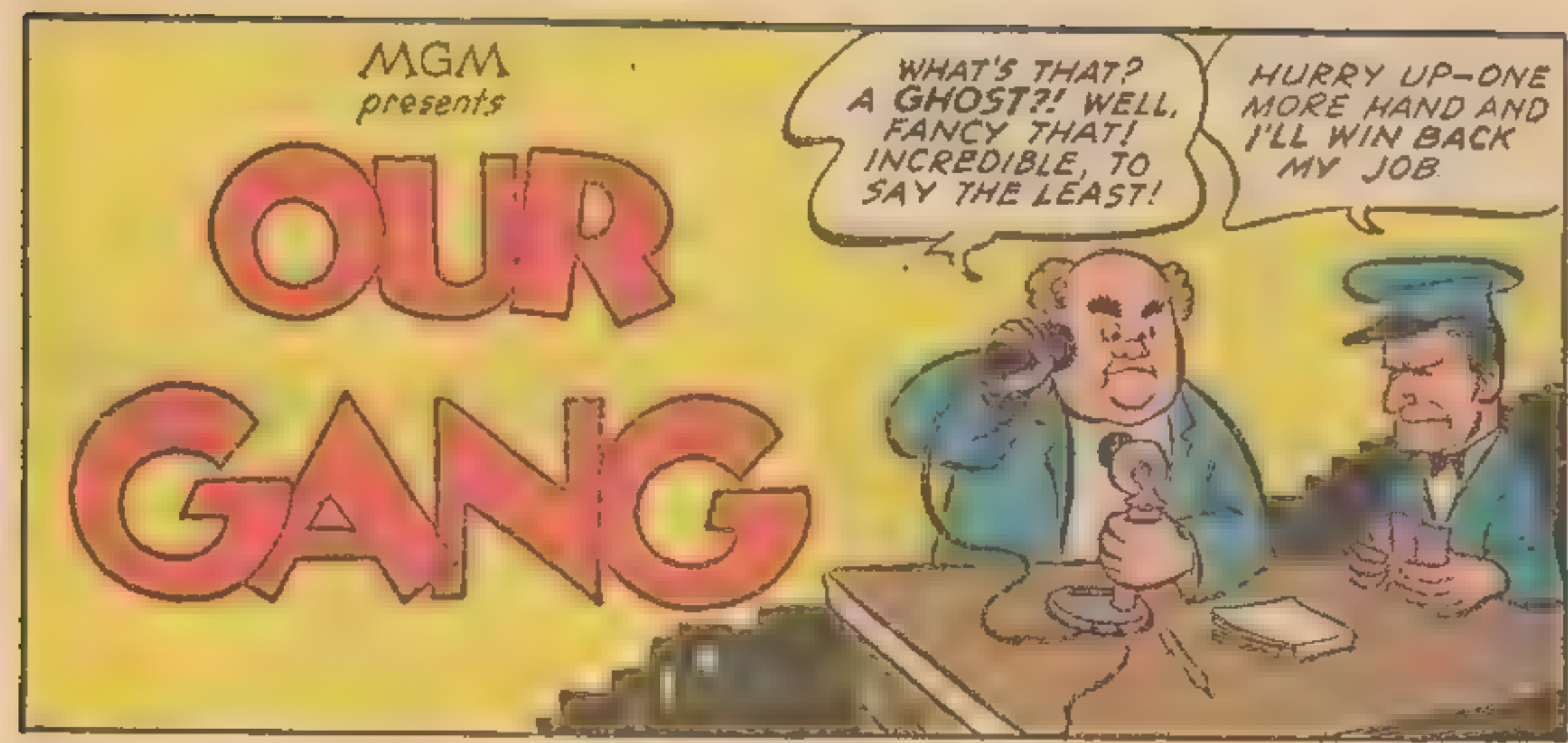
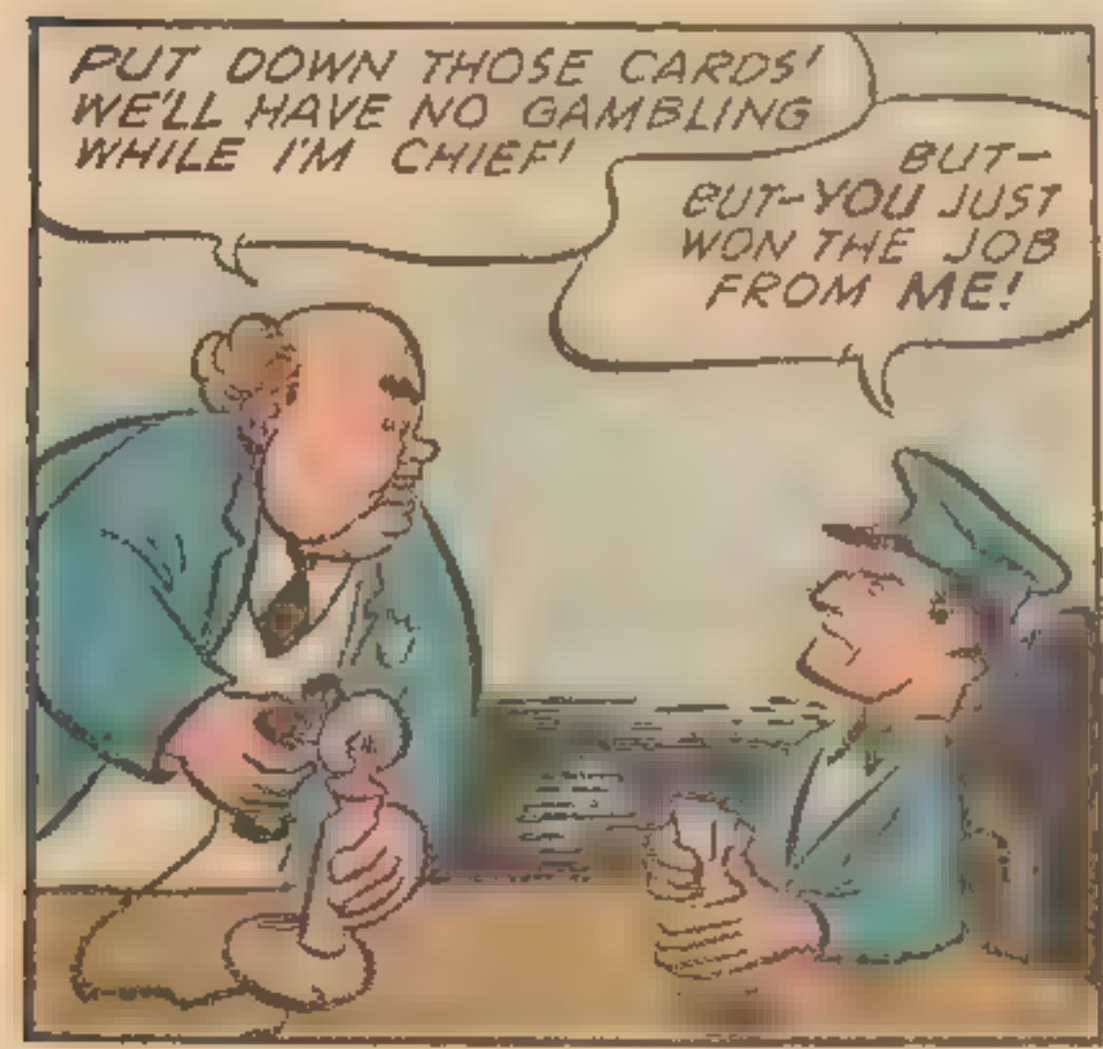
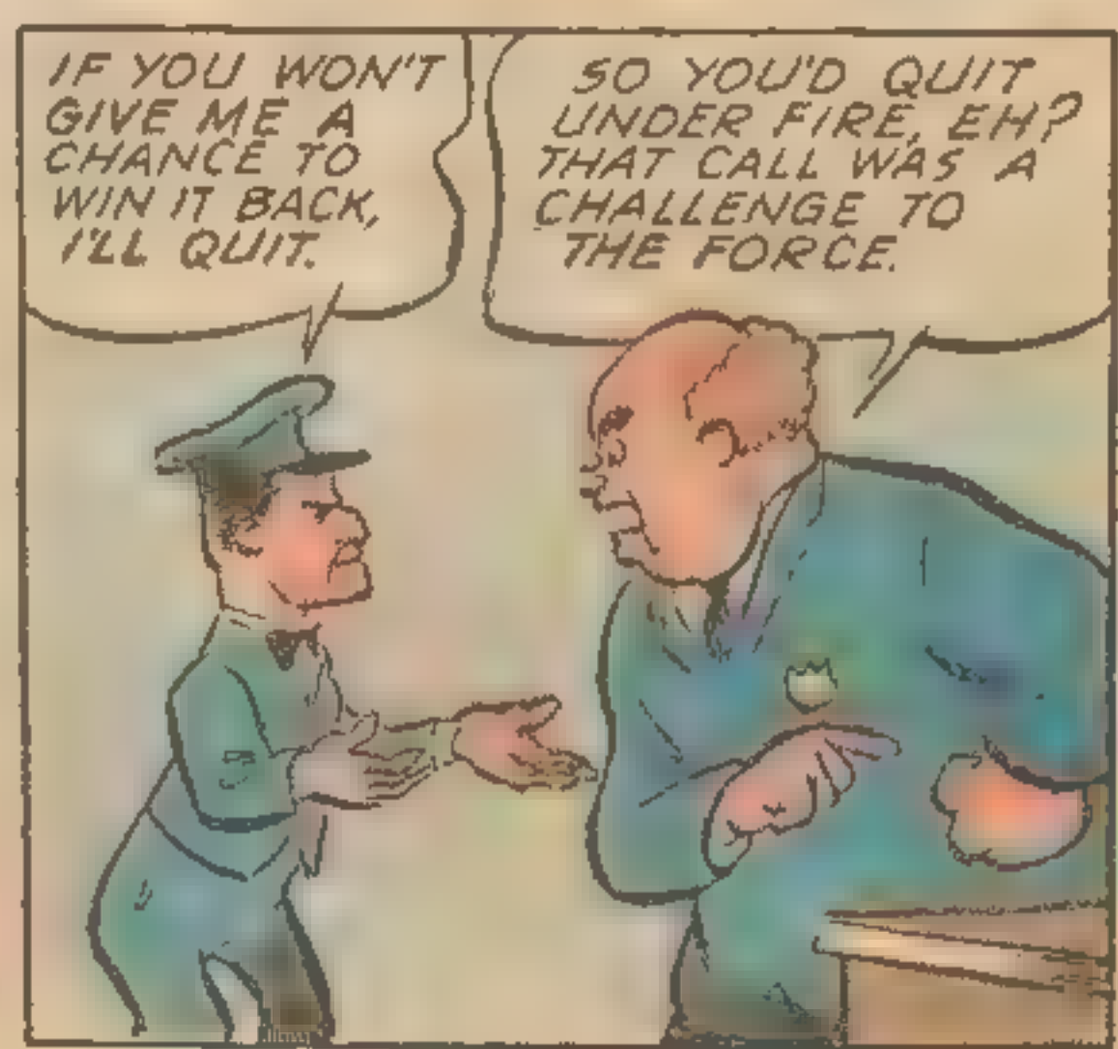
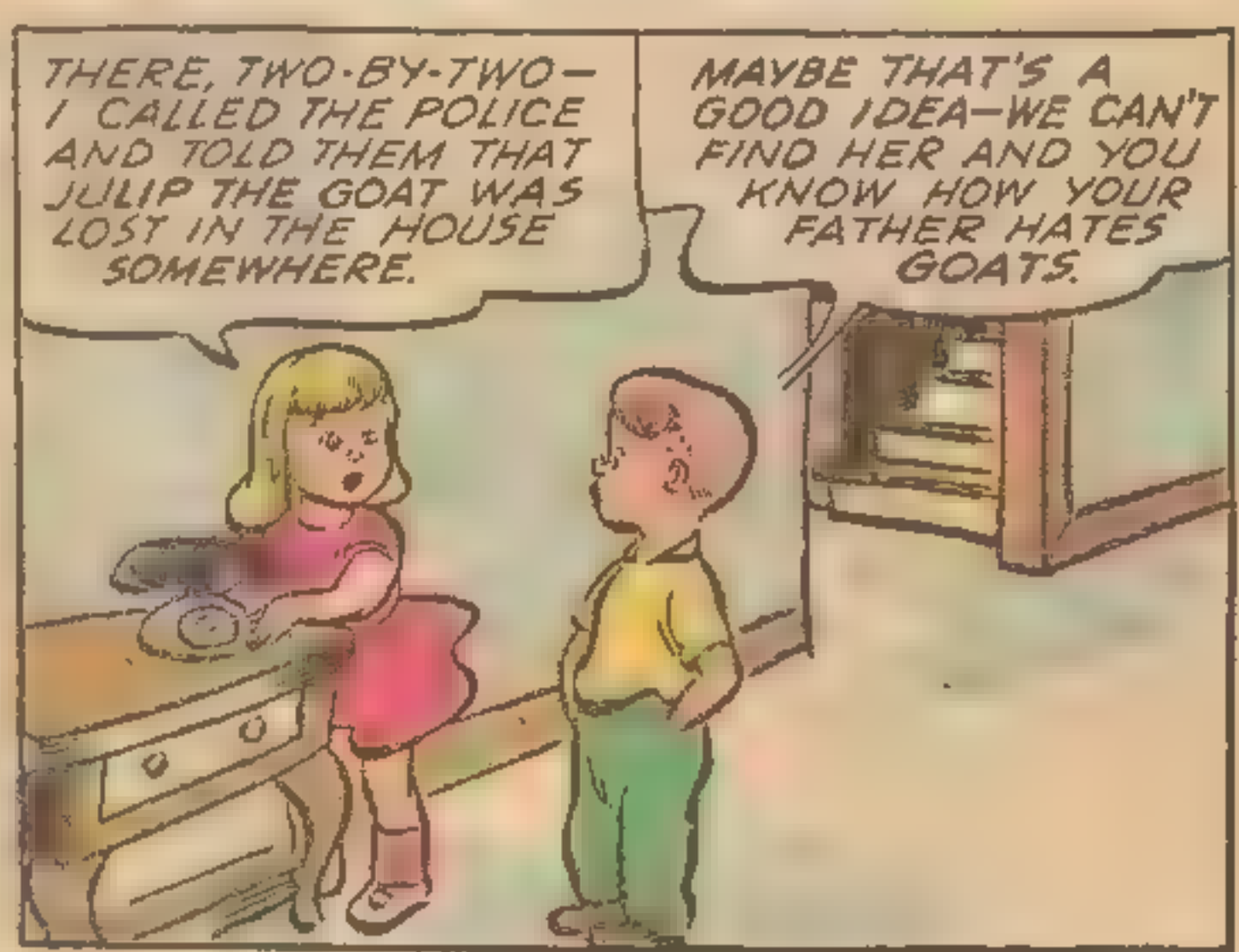
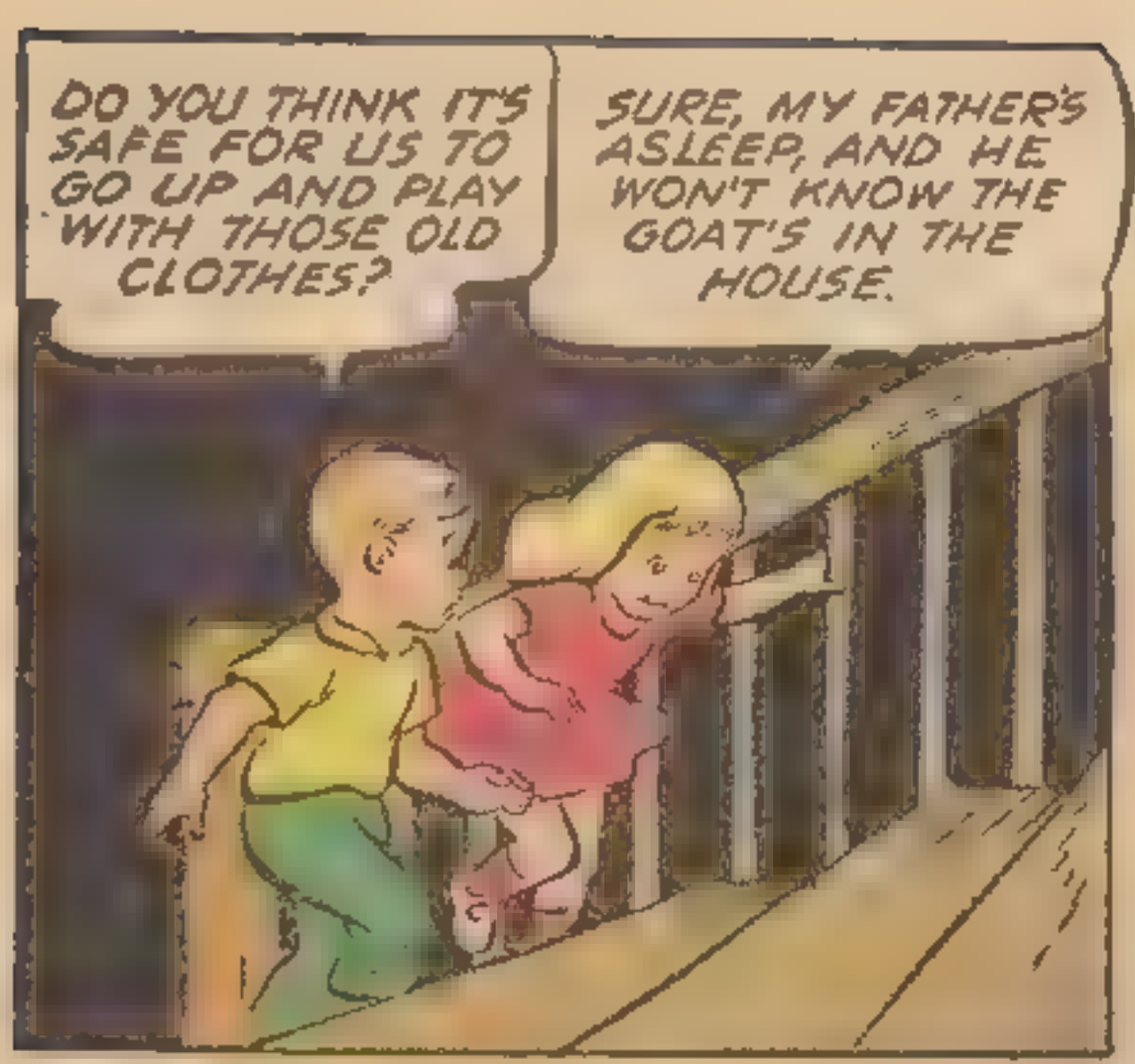
OUR GANG

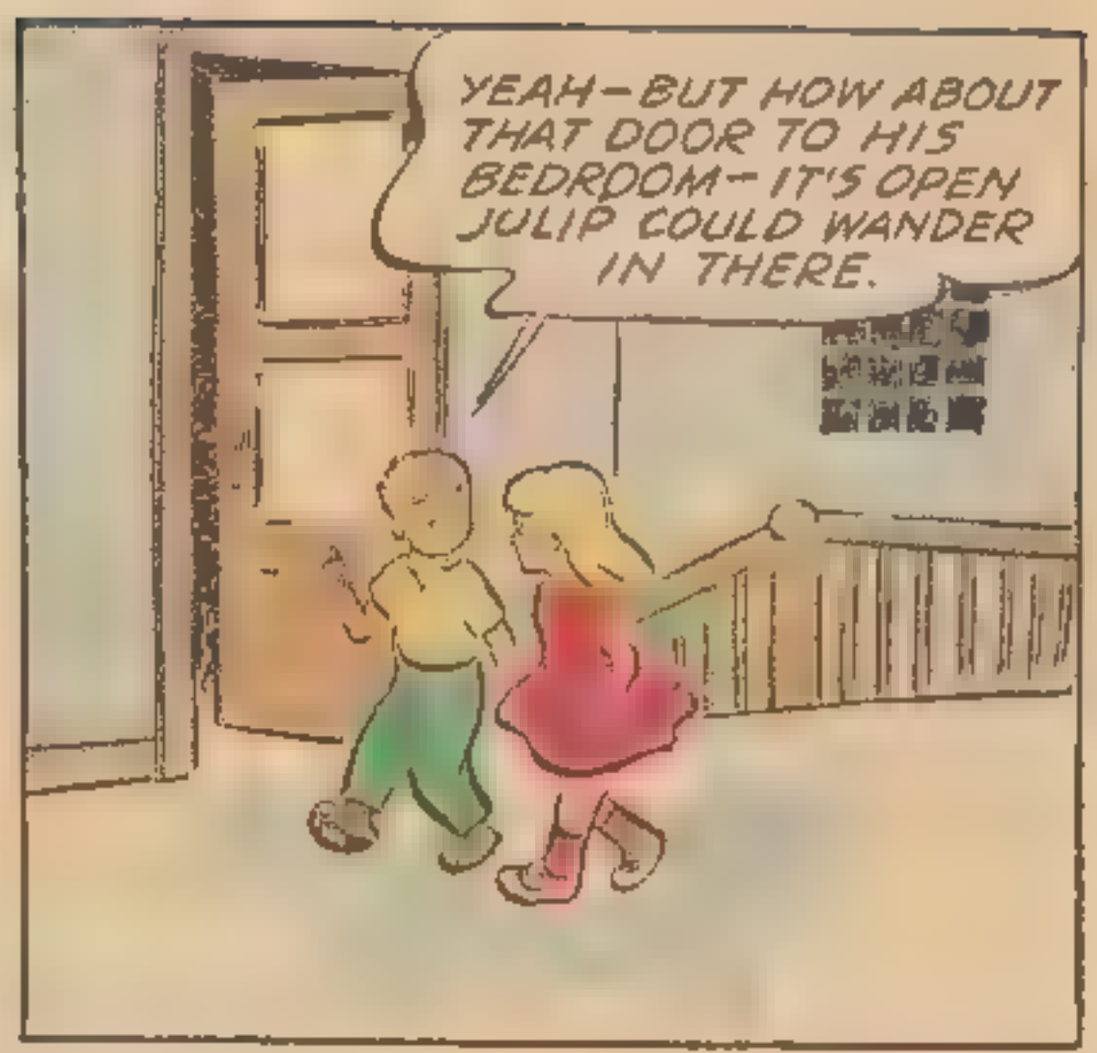




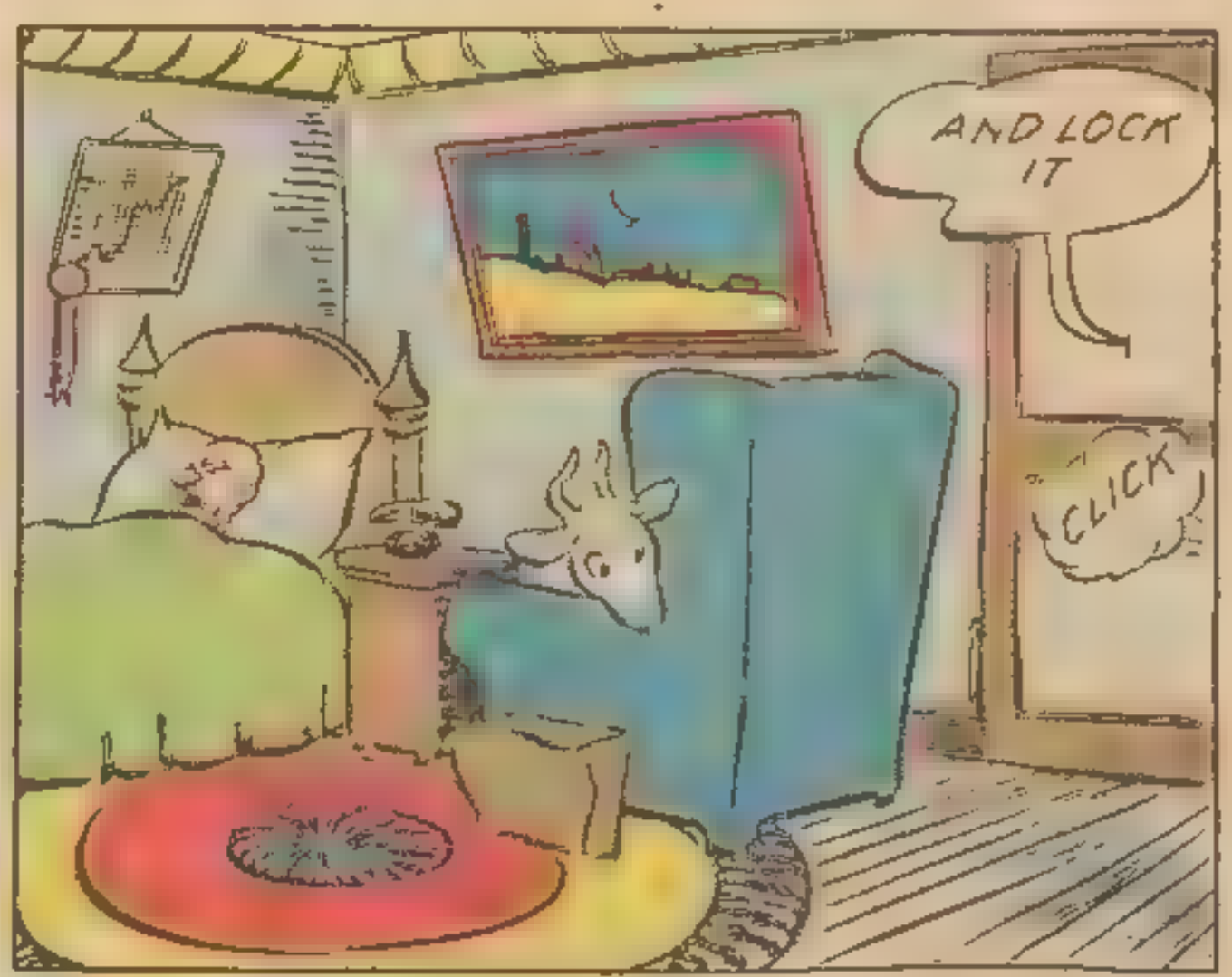


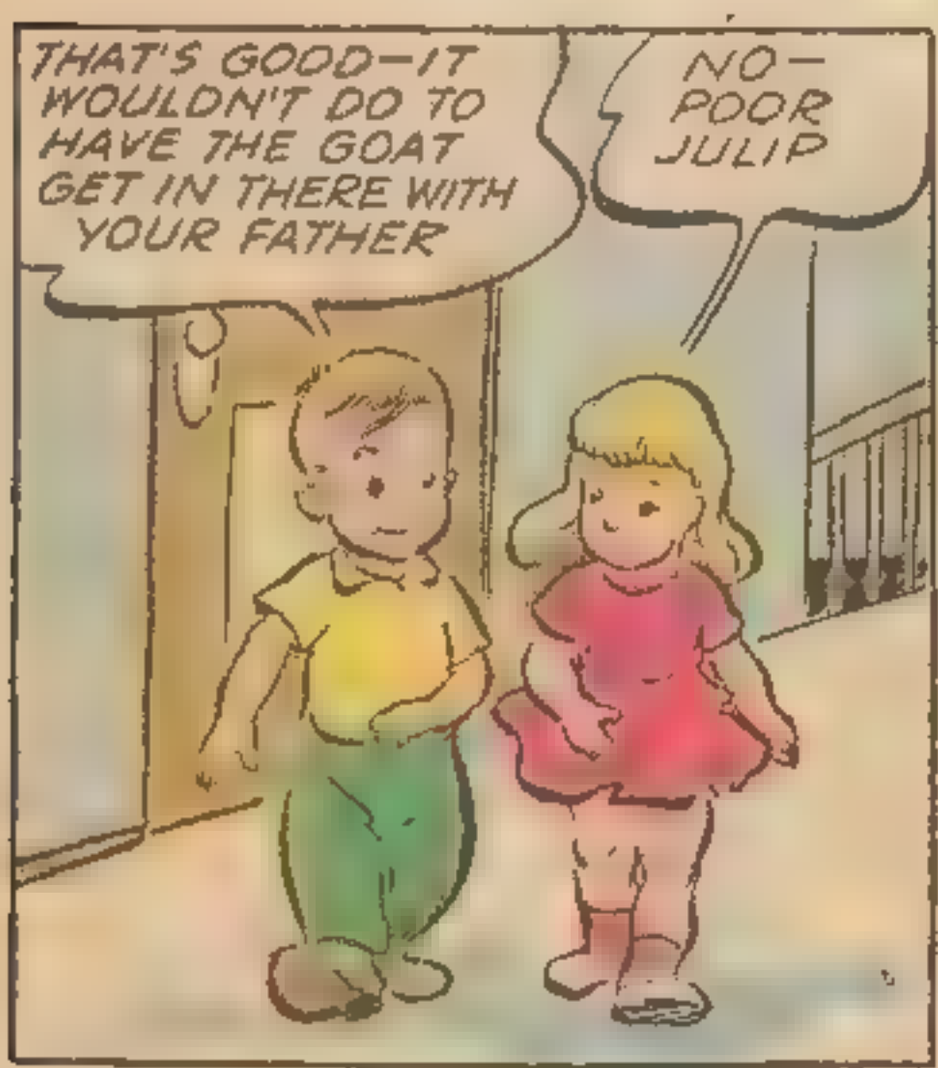


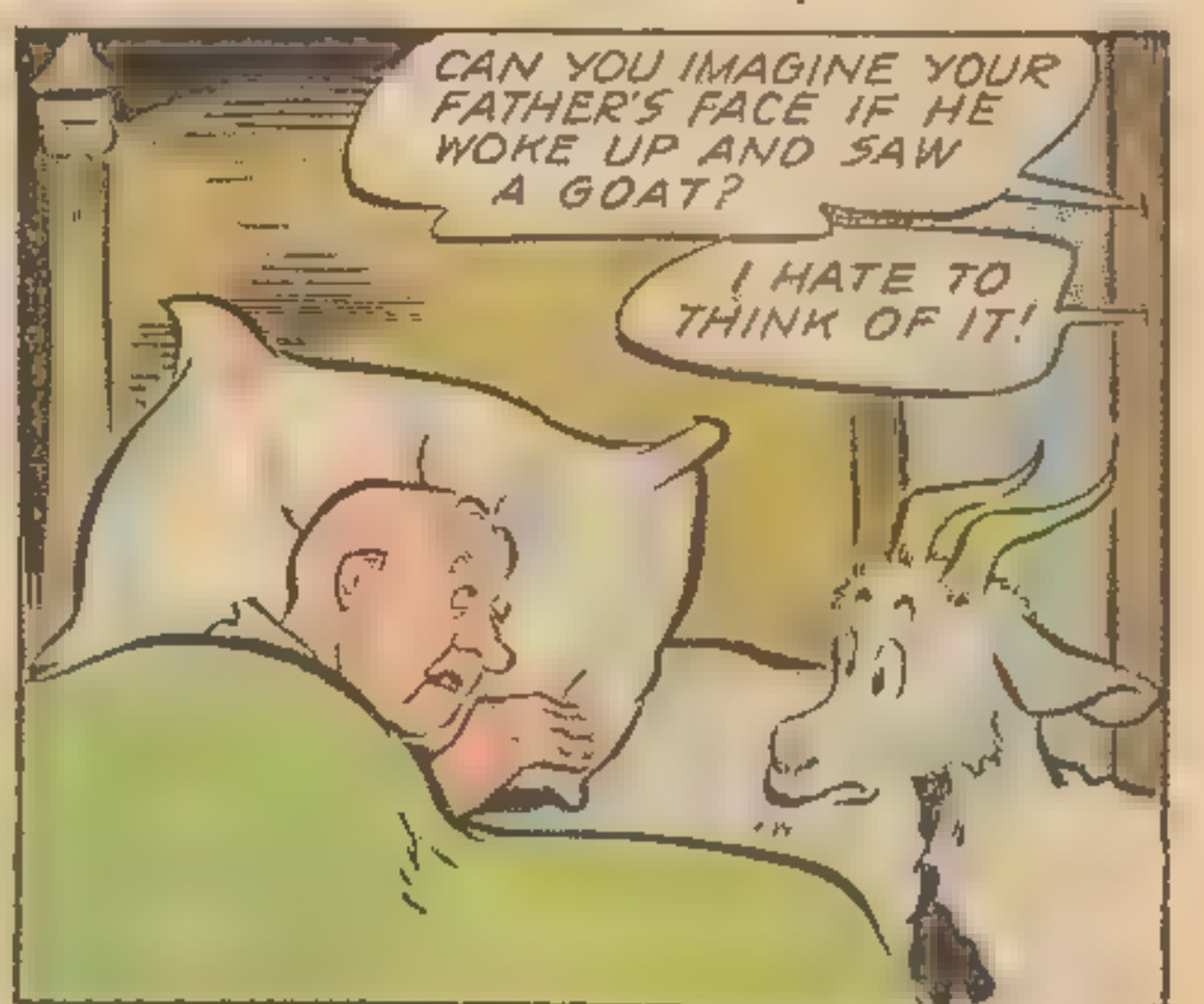

DO YOU THINK IT'S SAFE FOR US TO GO UP AND PLAY WITH THOSE OLD CLOTHES?
SURE, MY FATHER'S ASLEEP, AND HE WON'T KNOW THE GOAT'S IN THE HOUSE.

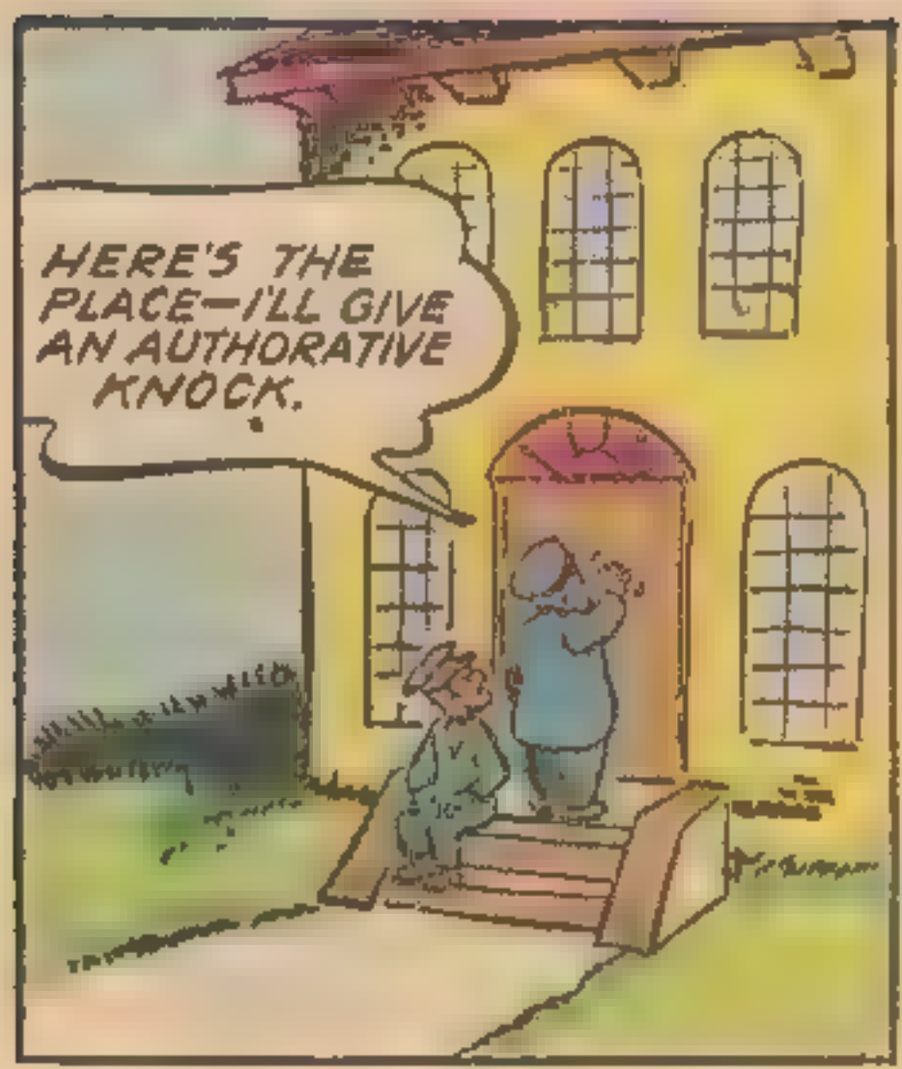

YEAH—BUT HOW ABOUT THAT DOOR TO HIS BEDROOM—IT'S OPEN JULIP COULD WANDER IN THERE.

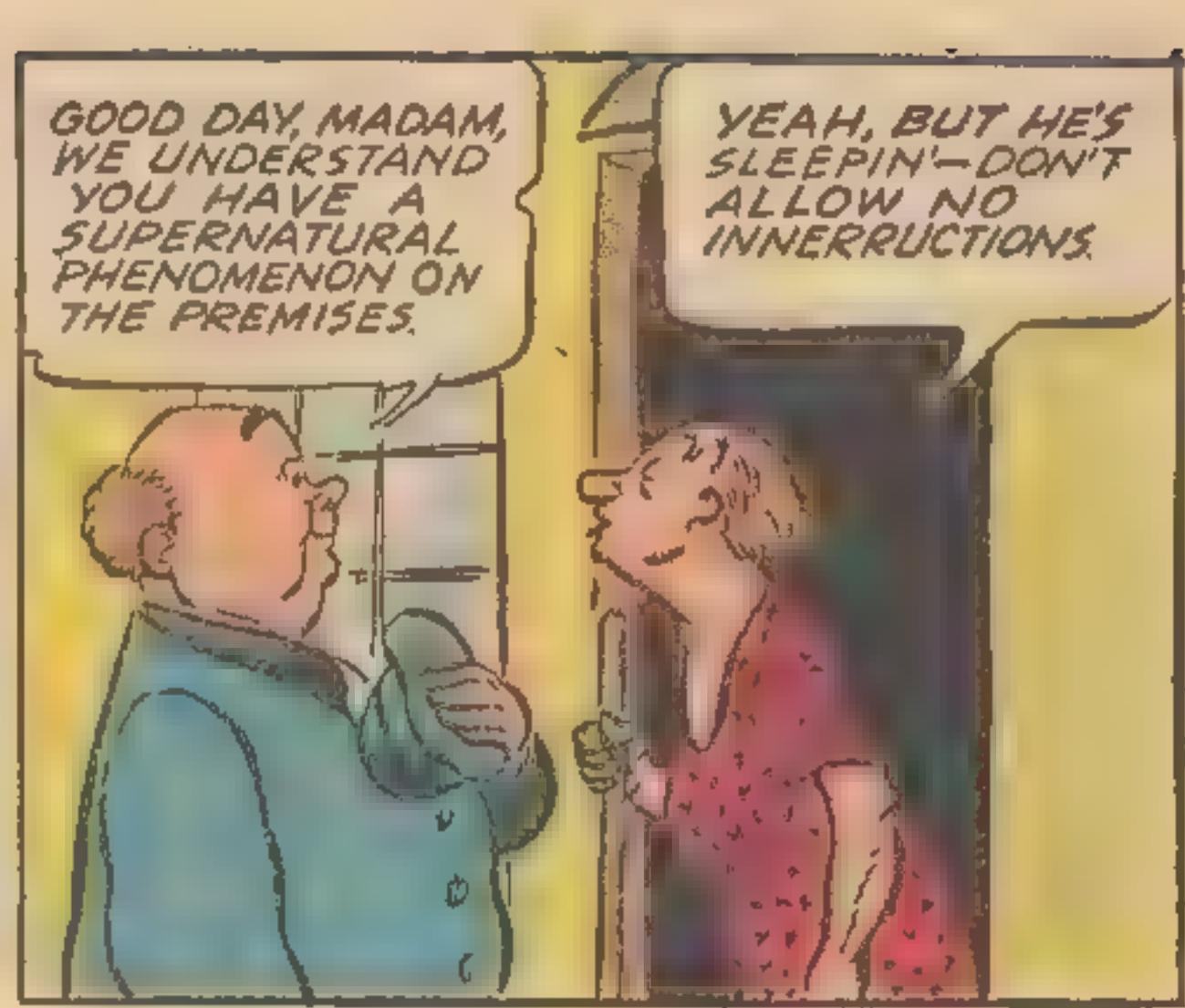
HECK—I'LL FIX THAT... I'LL JUST CLOSE HIS DOOR QUIETLY...

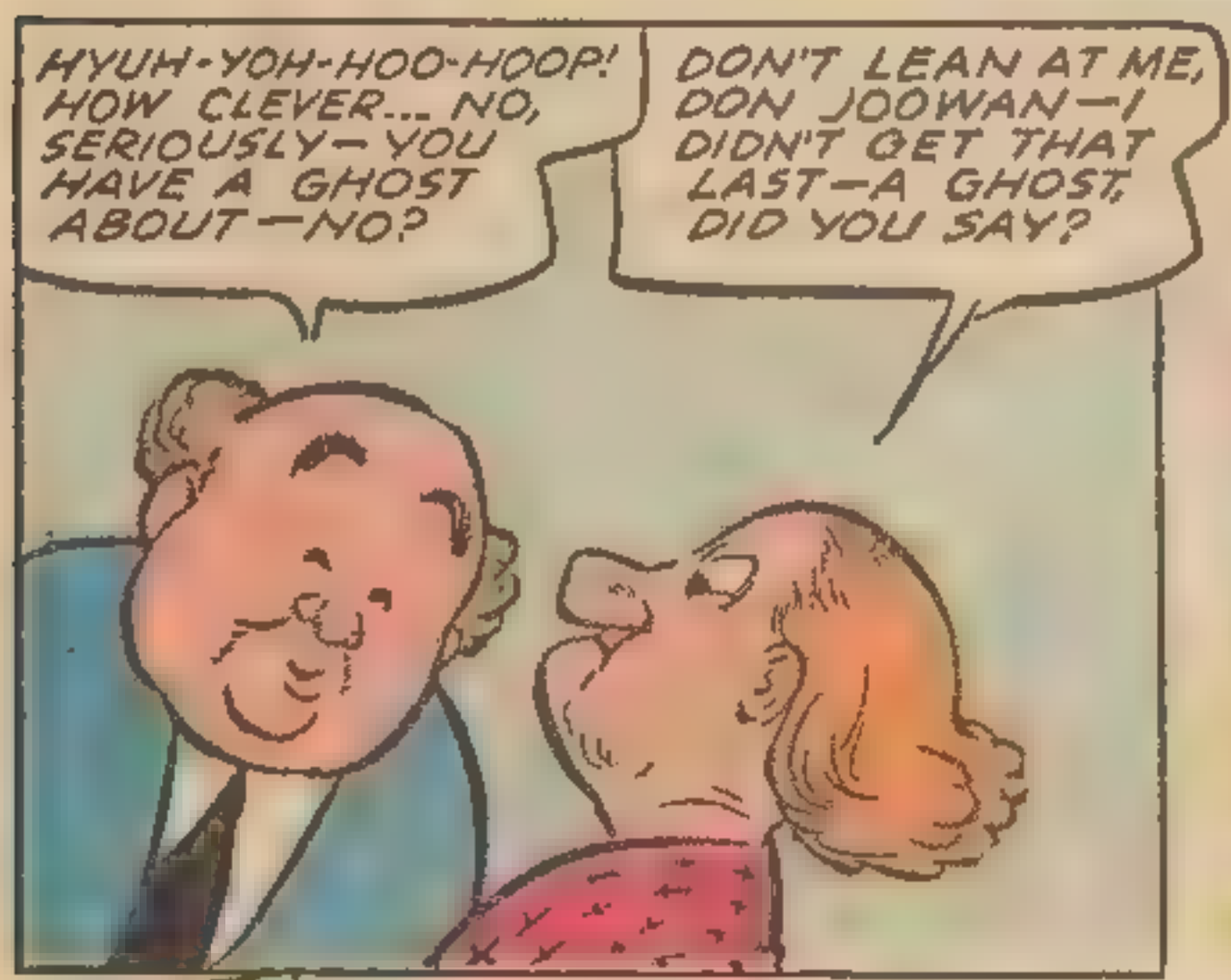

AND LOCK IT
CLICK

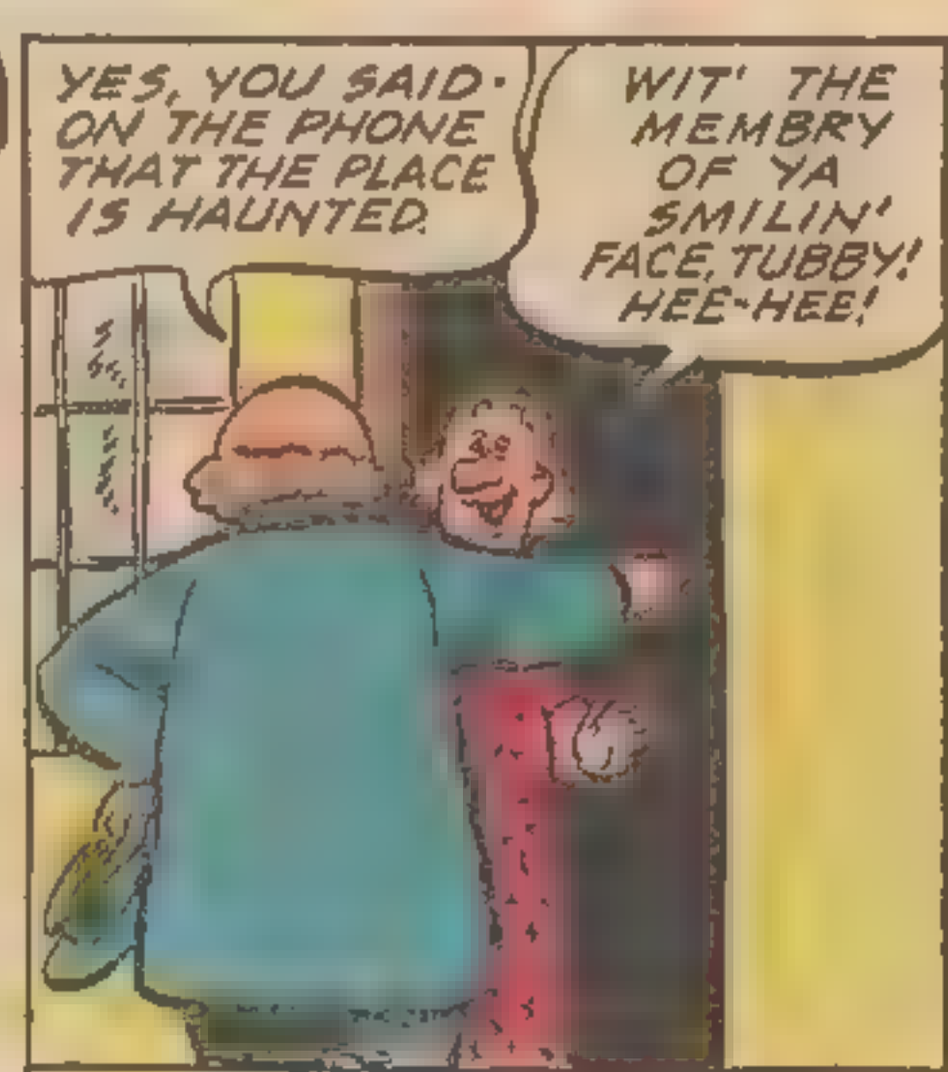

THAT'S GOOD—IT WOULDN'T DO TO HAVE THE GOAT GET IN THERE WITH YOUR FATHER
NO—POOR JULIP


CAN YOU IMAGINE YOUR FATHER'S FACE IF HE WOKE UP AND SAW A GOAT?
I HATE TO THINK OF IT!

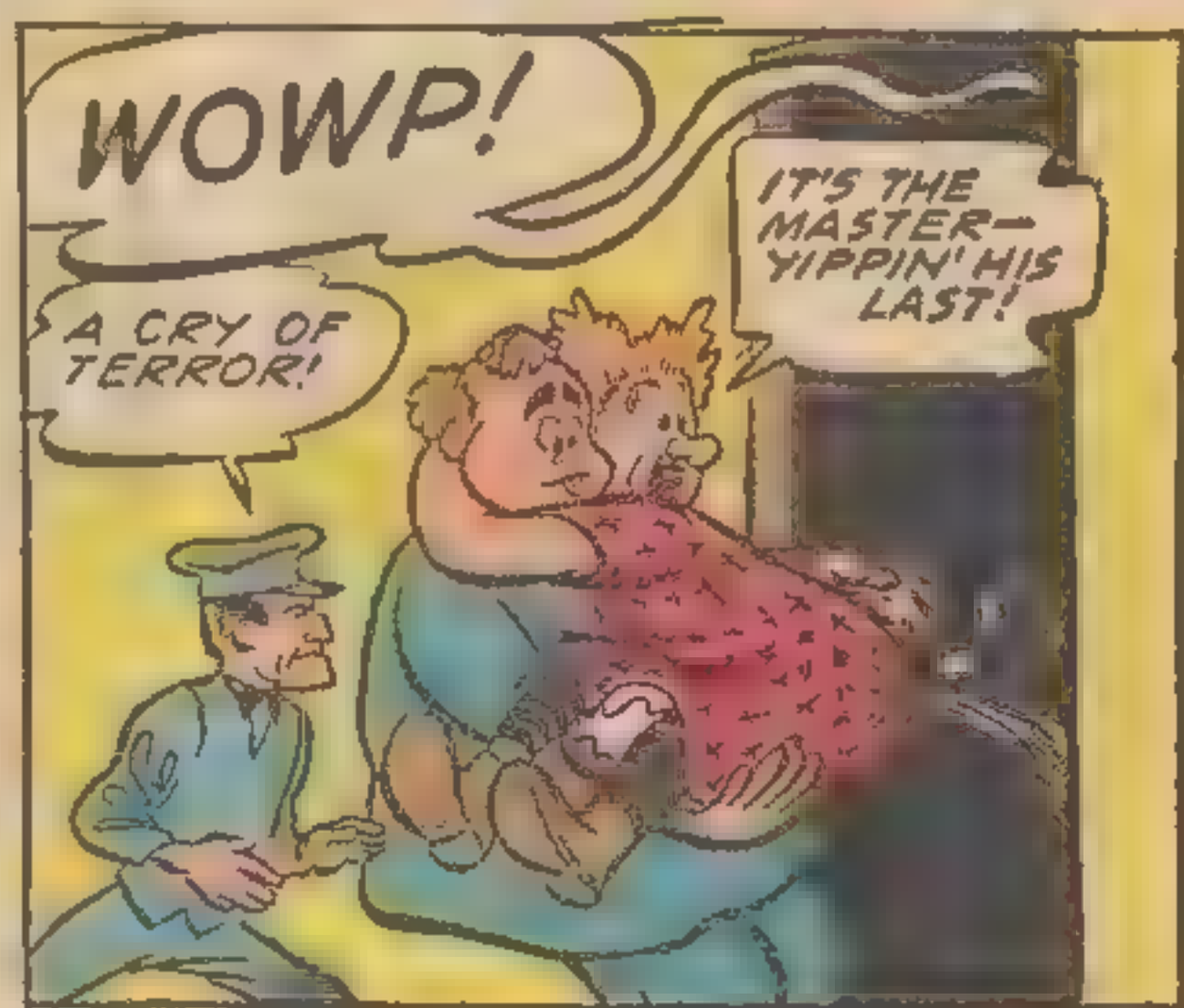

HERE'S THE PLACE—I'LL GIVE AN AUTHORATIVE KNOCK.

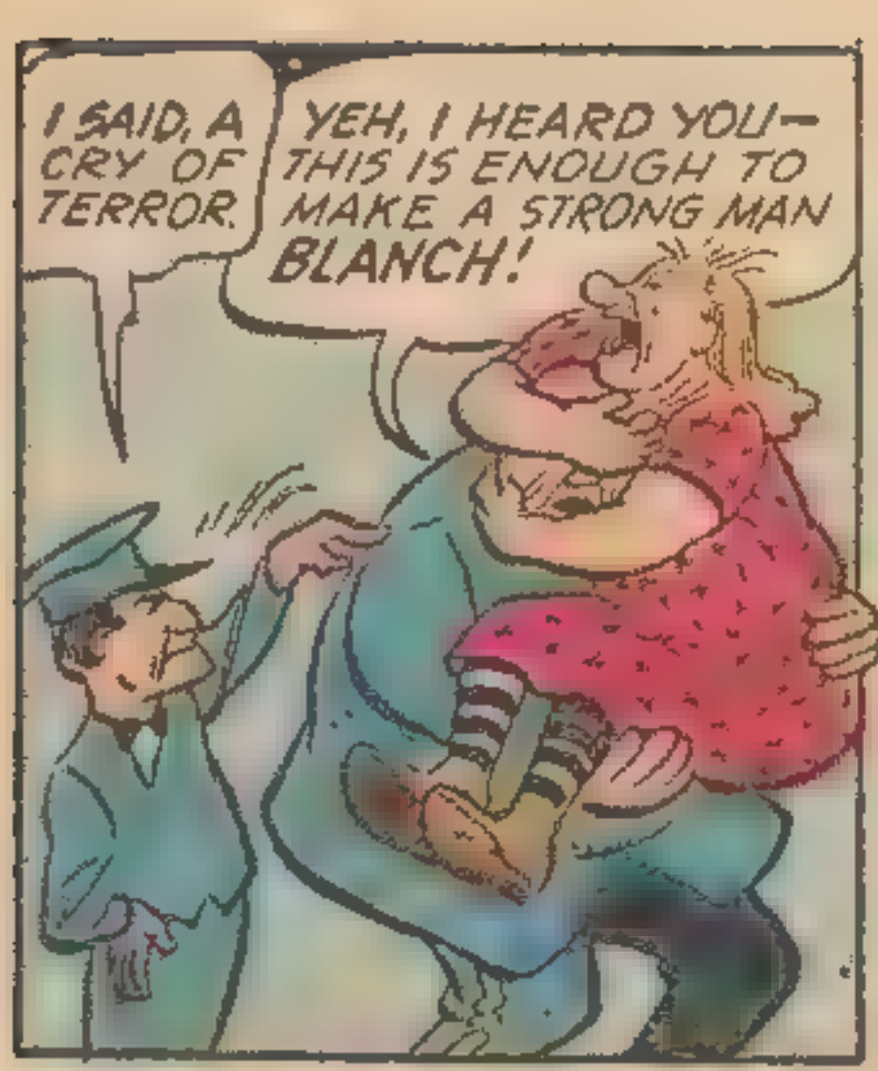

GOOD DAY, MADAM, WE UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE A SUPERNATURAL PHENOMENON ON THE PREMISES.
YEAH, BUT HE'S SLEEPIN'—DON'T ALLOW NO INNERRUCTIONS.


HYUH-YOH-HOO-HOOP! HOW CLEVER... NO, SERIOUSLY—YOU HAVE A GHOST ABOUT—NO?
DON'T LEAN AT ME, DON JOOWAN—I DIDN'T GET THAT LAST—A GHOST, DID YOU SAY?

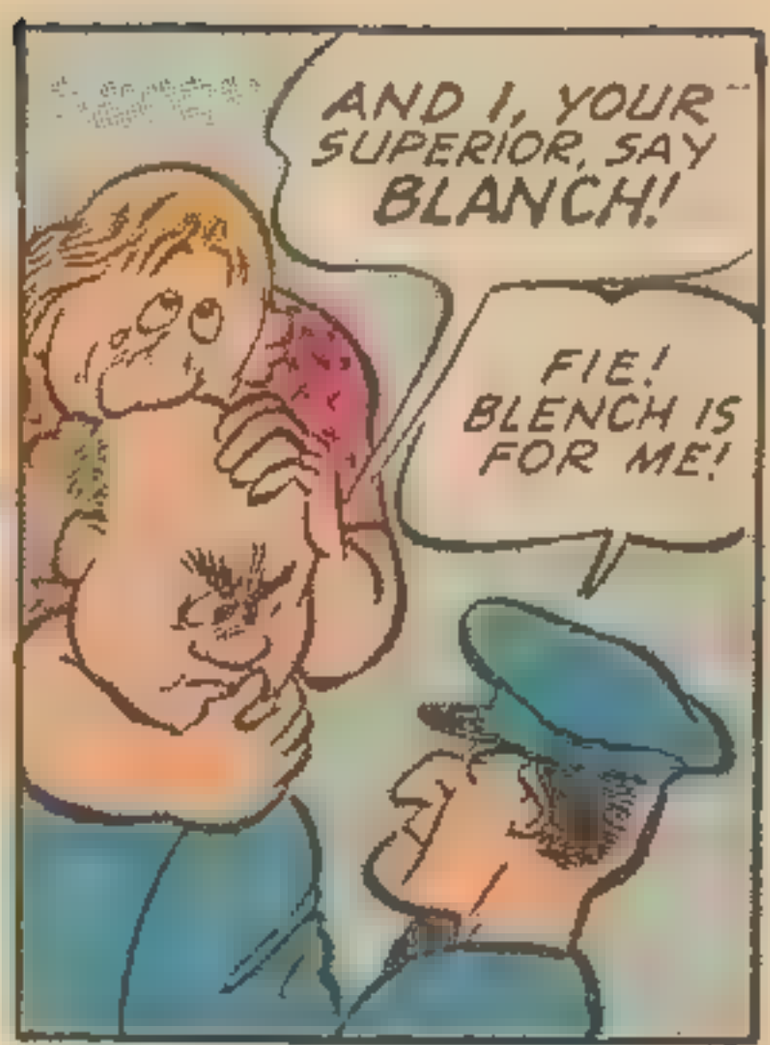

YES, YOU SAID ON THE PHONE THAT THE PLACE IS HAUNTED.
WIT' THE MEMBRY OF YA SMILIN' FACE, TUBBY! HEE-HEE!

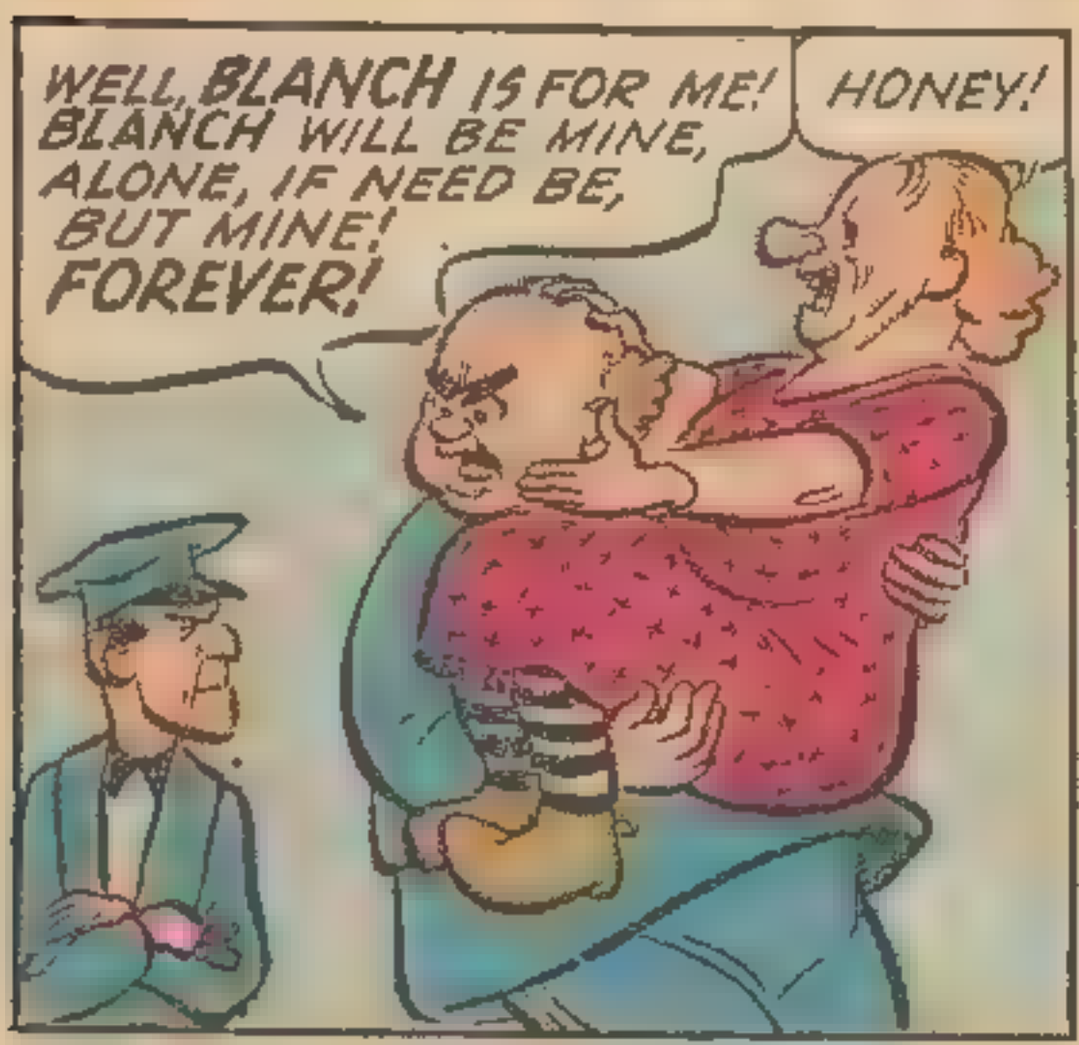
UPSTAIRS
WHAT!? A GOAT!

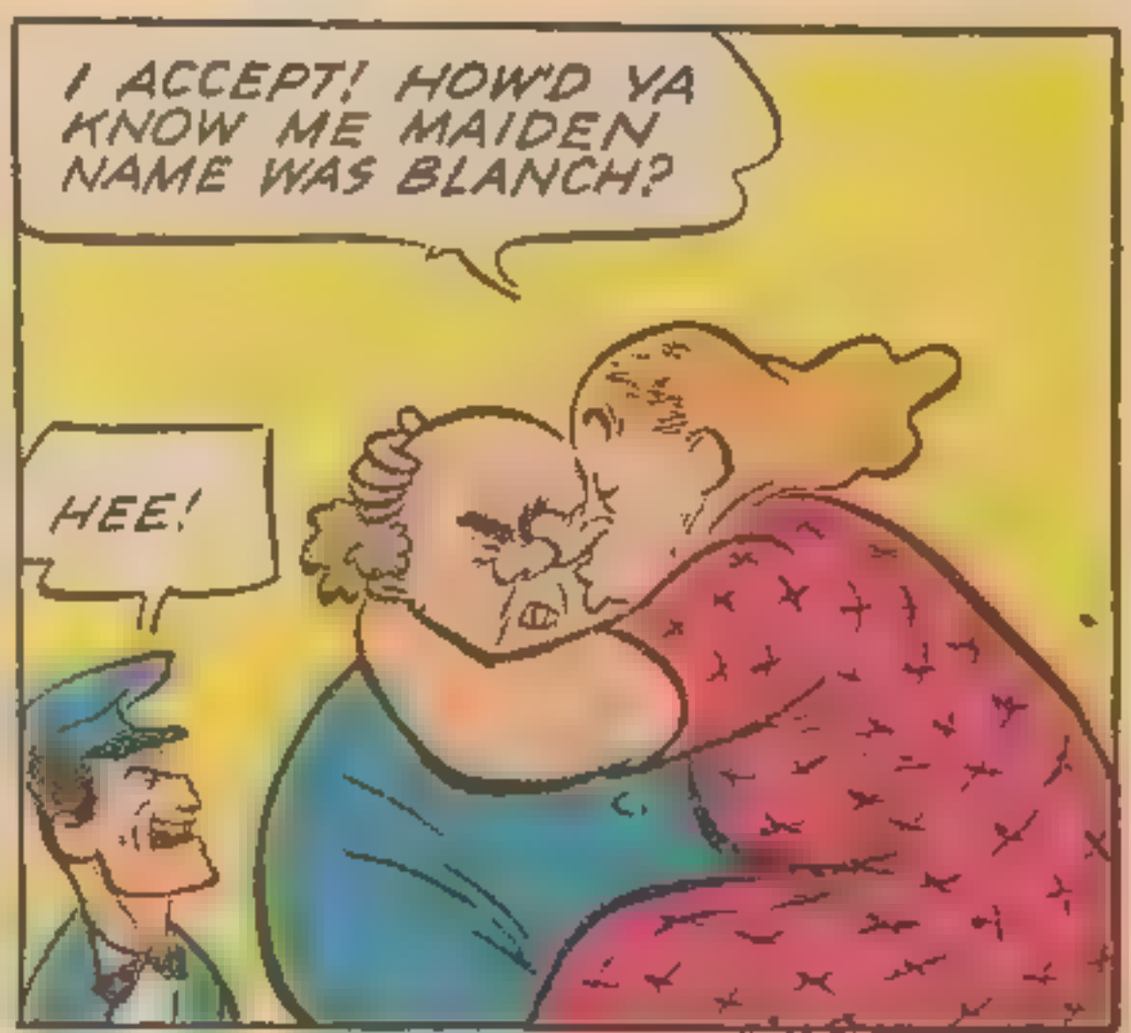

WOWP!
A CRY OF TERROR!
IT'S THE MASTER—YIPPIN' HIS LAST!

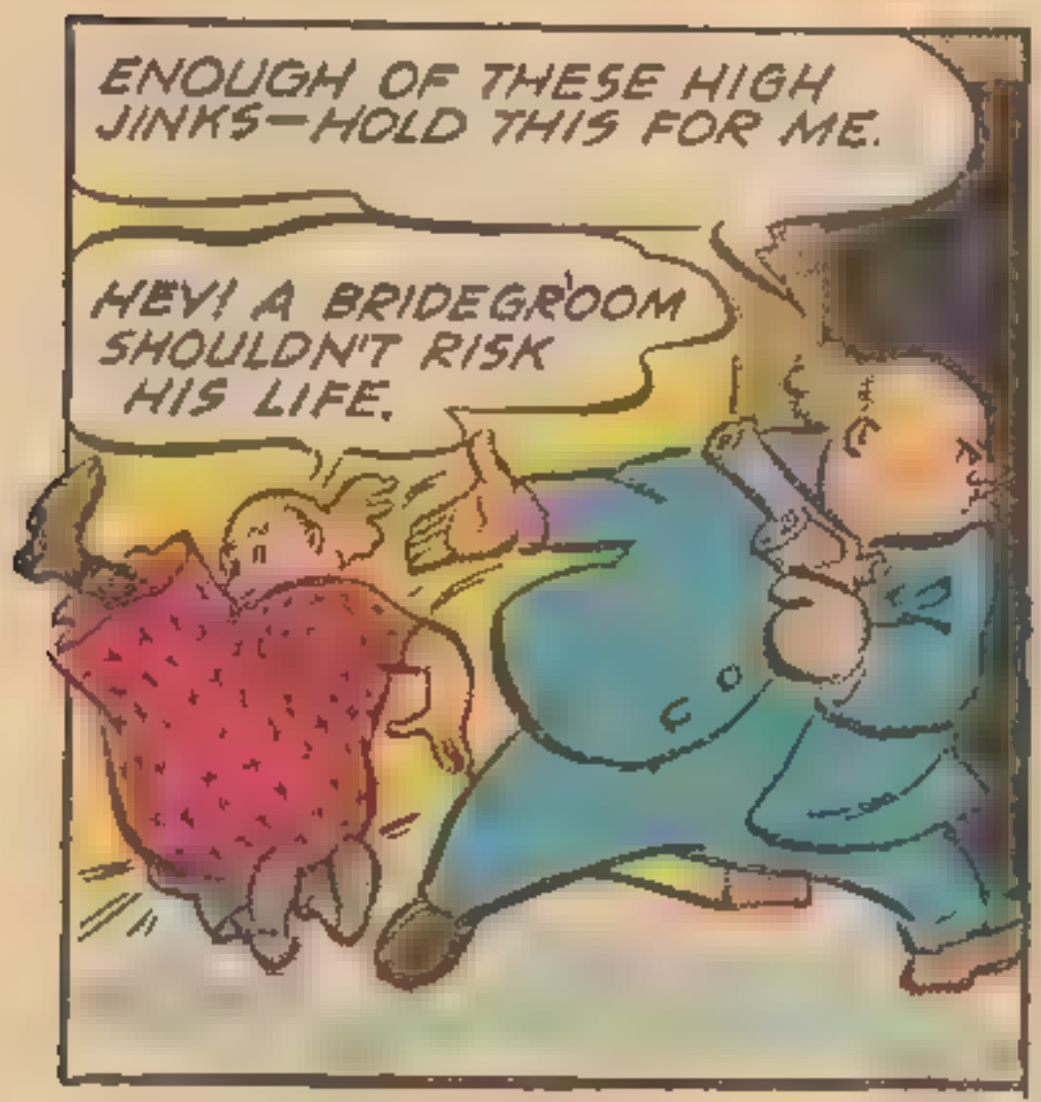

I SAID, A CRY OF TERROR.
YEH, I HEARD YOU— THIS IS ENOUGH TO MAKE A STRONG MAN BLANCH!

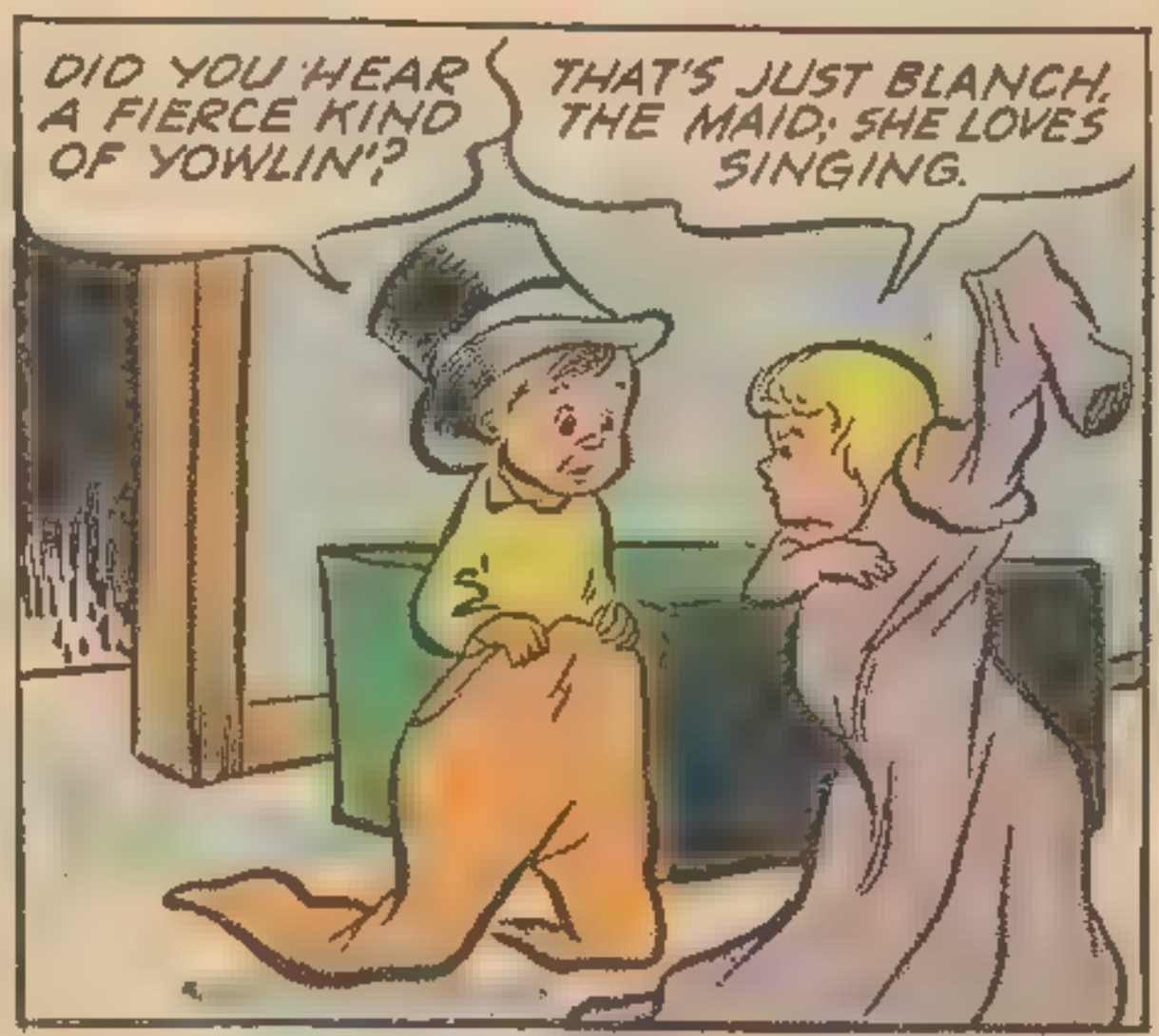
HUMPH—WE OF THE LITERATI ALWAYS SAY "BLENCH."

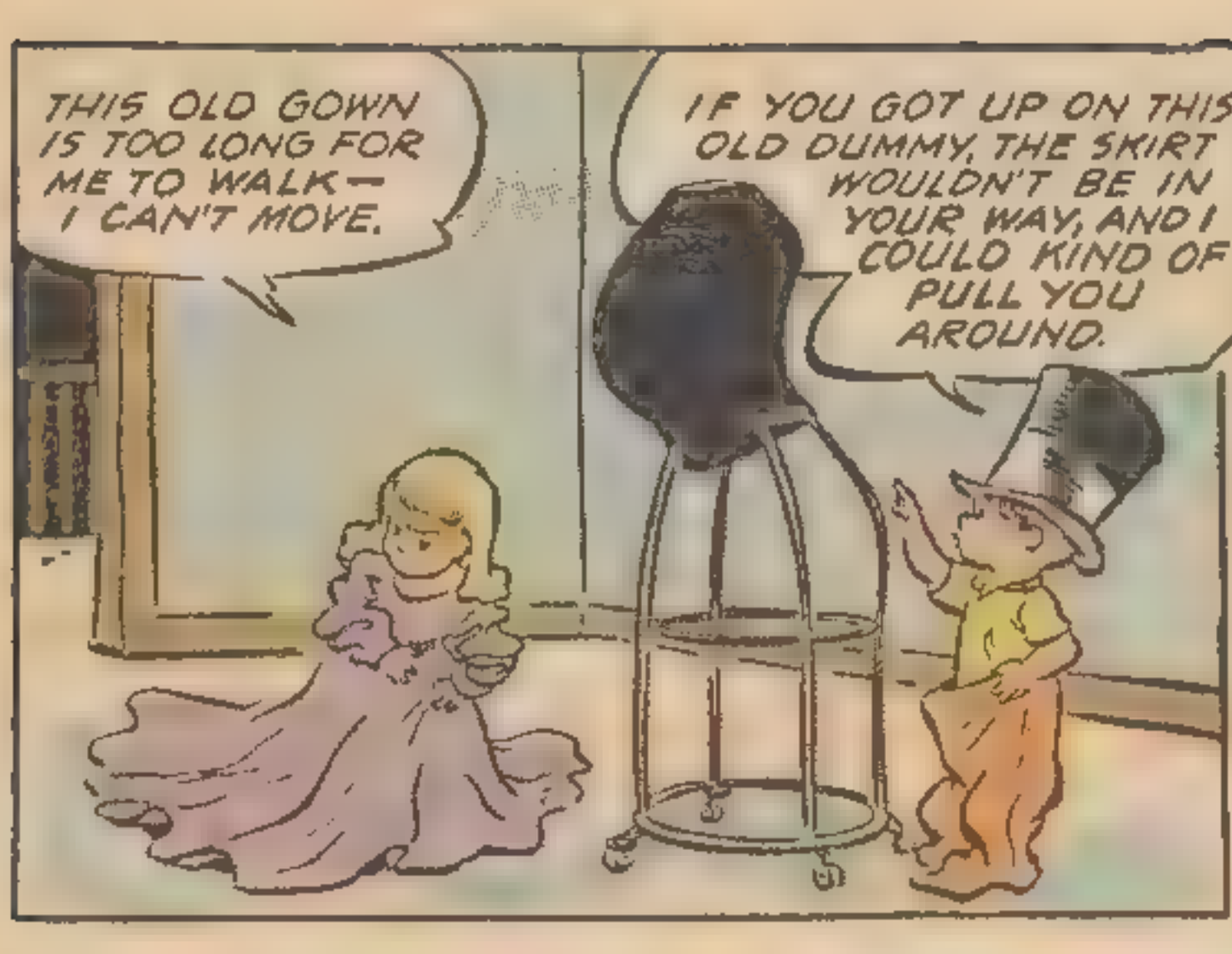

AND I, YOUR SUPERIOR, SAY BLANCH!
FIE! BLENCH IS FOR ME!


WELL, BLANCH IS FOR ME! BLANCH WILL BE MINE, ALONE, IF NEED BE, BUT MINE! FOREVER!
HONEY!

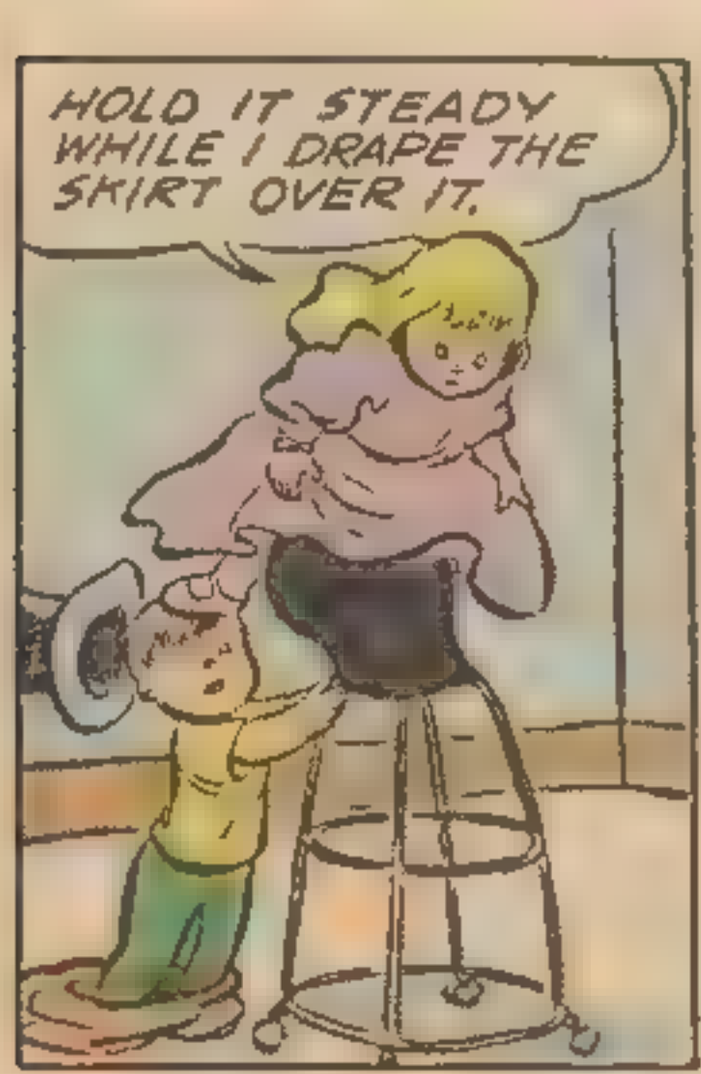

I ACCEPT! HOW'D YA KNOW ME MAIDEN NAME WAS BLANCH?
HEE!

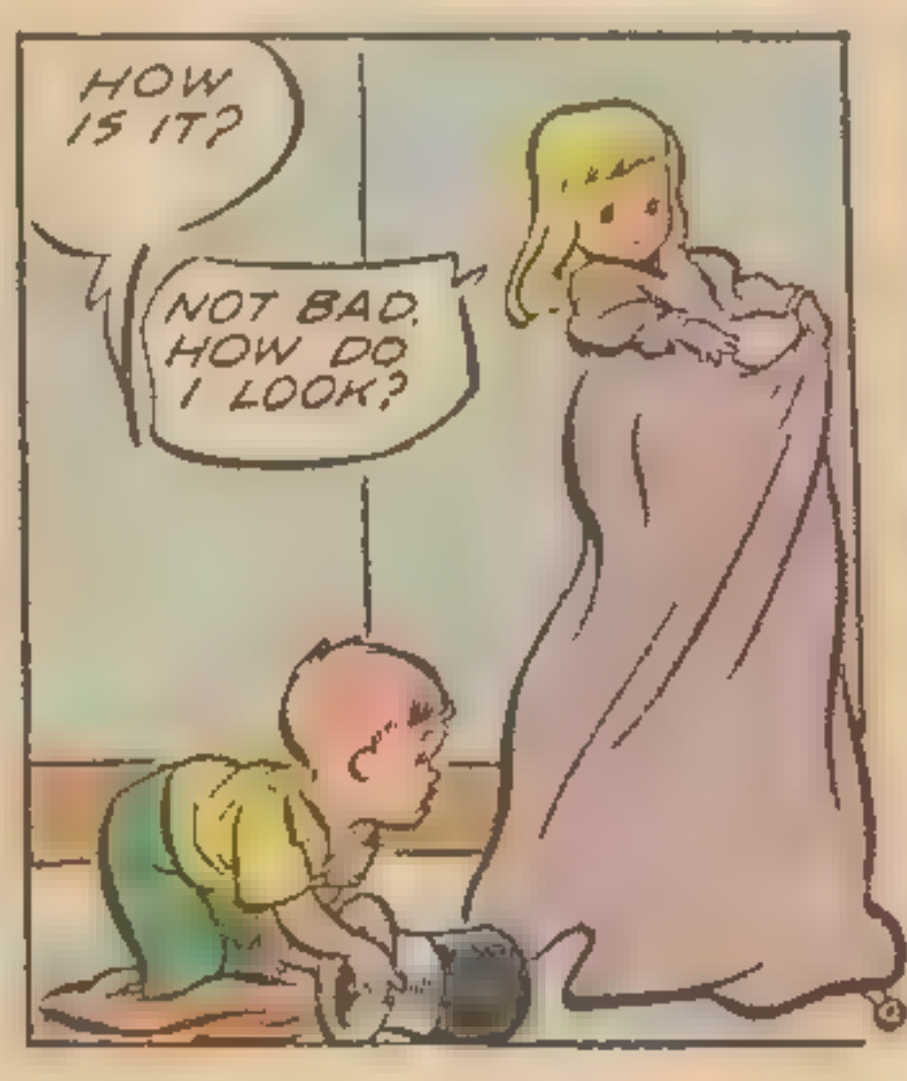

ENOUGH OF THESE HIGH JINKS—HOLD THIS FOR ME.
HEY! A BRIDEGROOM SHOULDN'T RISK HIS LIFE.

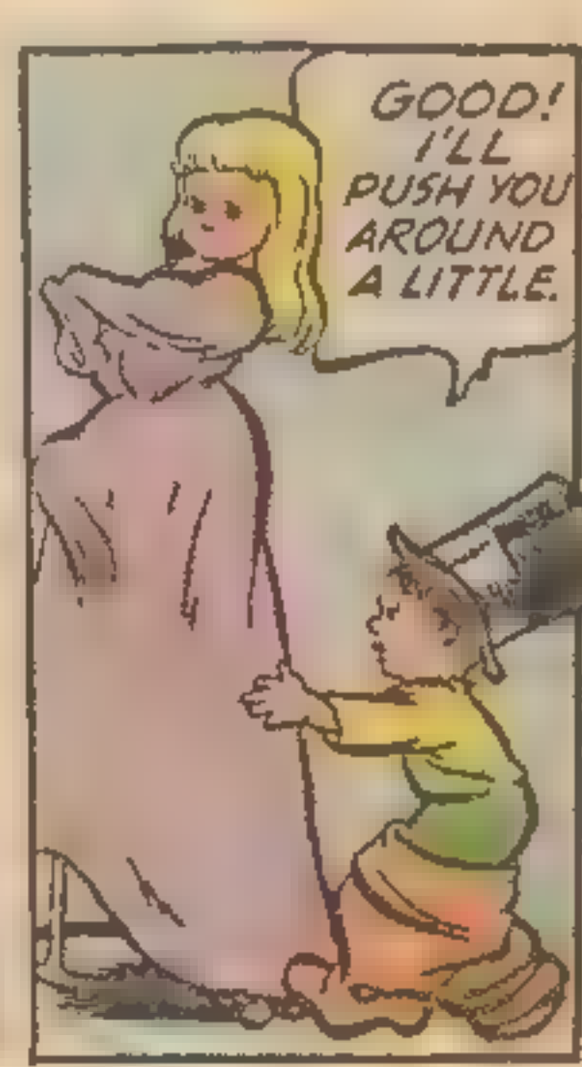

DID YOU HEAR A FIERCE KIND OF YOWLIN'?
THAT'S JUST BLANCH, THE MAID; SHE LOVES SINGING.


THIS OLD GOWN IS TOO LONG FOR ME TO WALK— I CAN'T MOVE.
IF YOU GOT UP ON THIS OLD DUMMY, THE SKIRT WOULDN'T BE IN YOUR WAY, AND I COULD KIND OF PULL YOU AROUND.

GOOD IDEA—GIVE ME A BOOST.

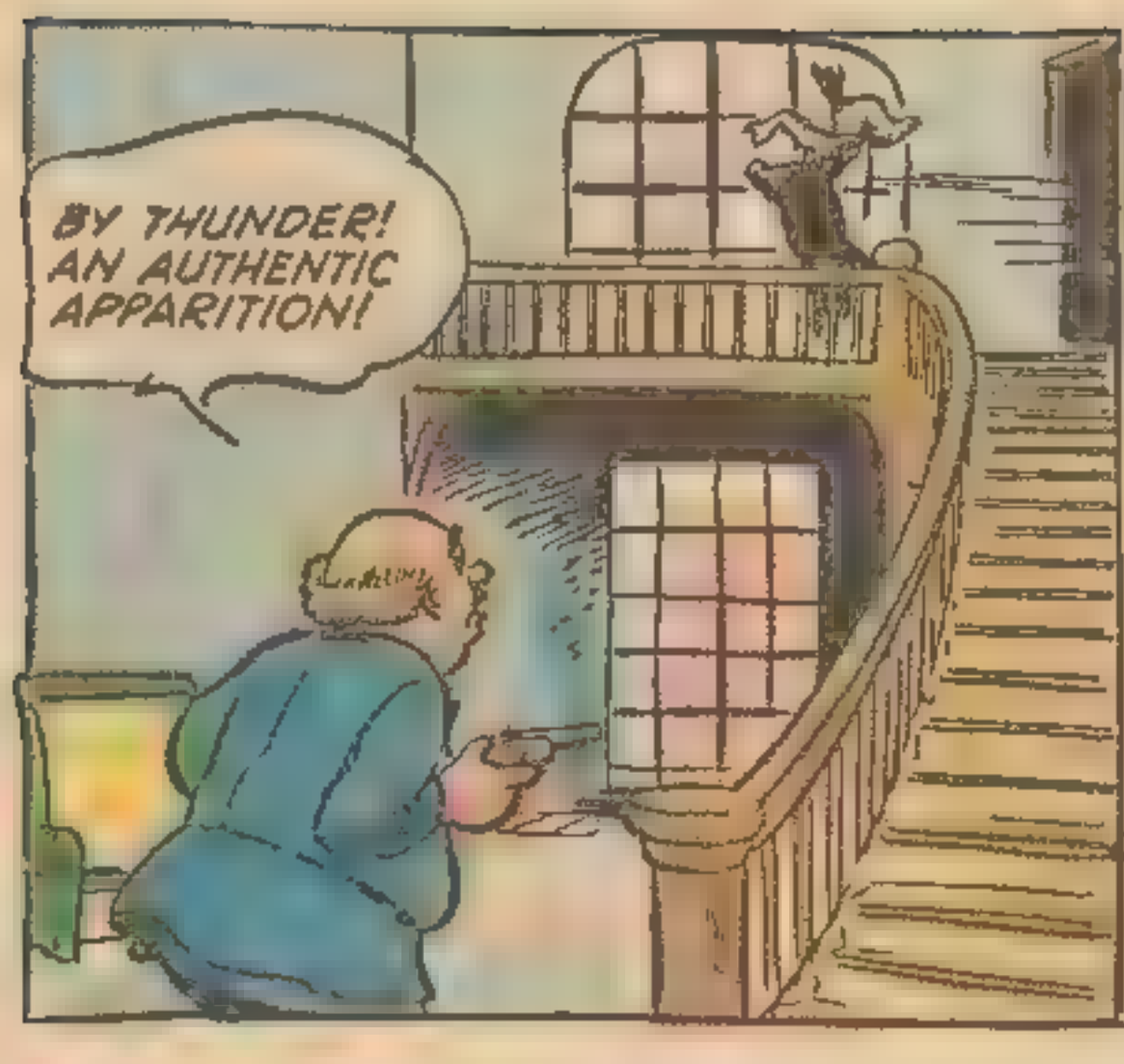

HOLD IT STEADY WHILE I DRAPE THE SKIRT OVER IT.

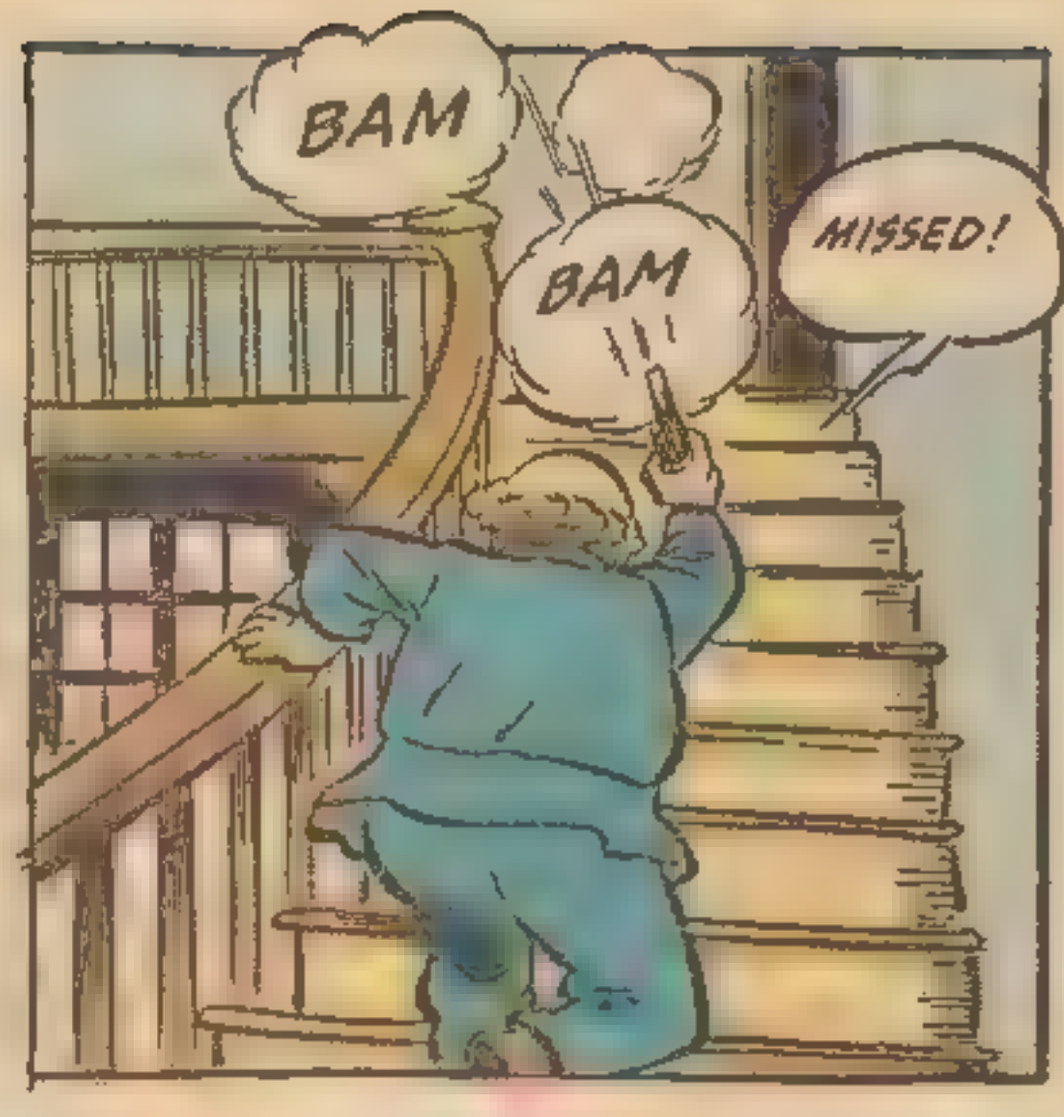

HOW IS IT?
NOT BAD. HOW DO I LOOK?

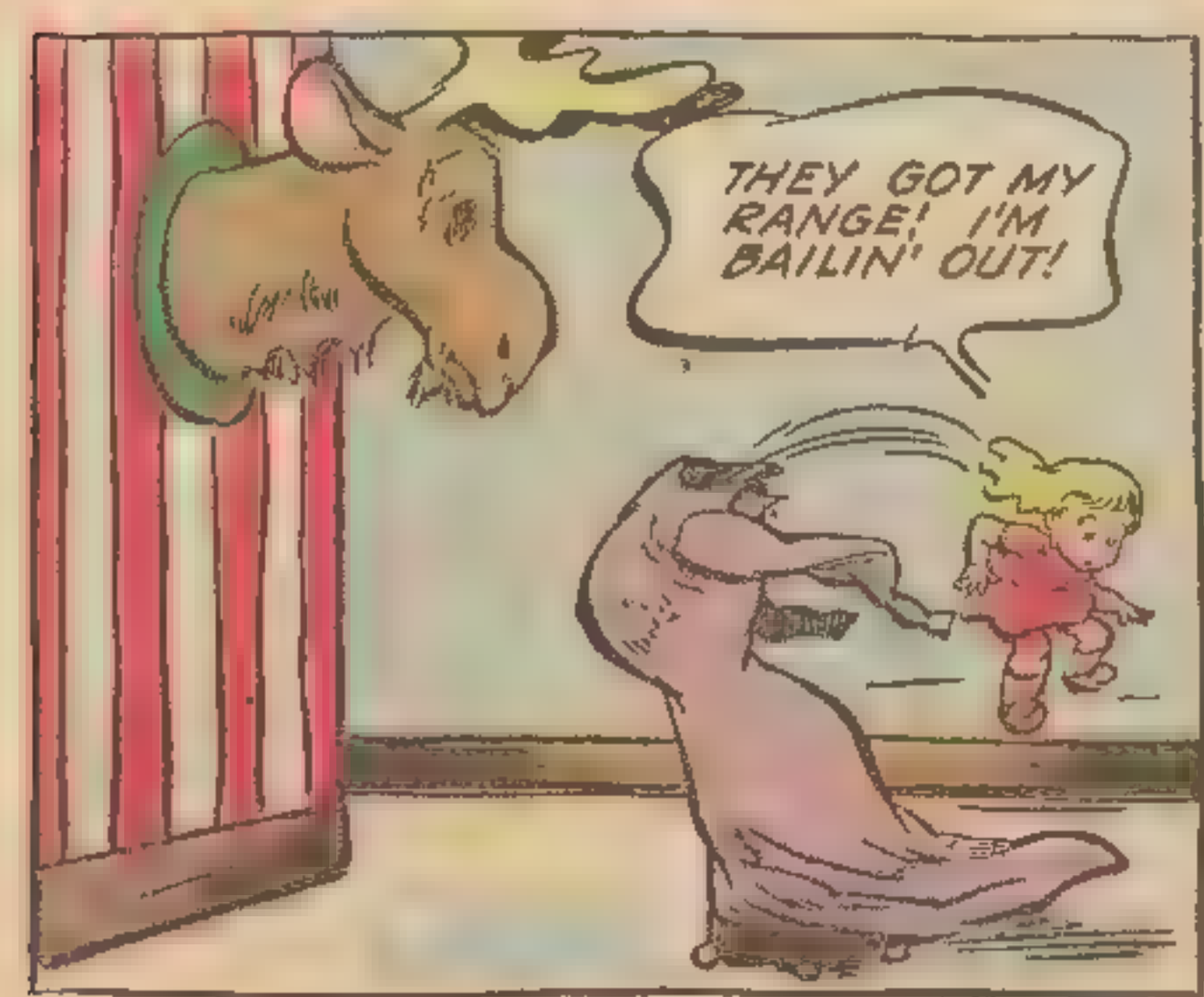

GOOD! I'LL PUSH YOU AROUND A LITTLE.

NOT TOO FAST!
I CAN'T HELP IT! I'M TRIPPING ON THESE PANTS.

YEOWP! HELP! WOOOOOOOOO!

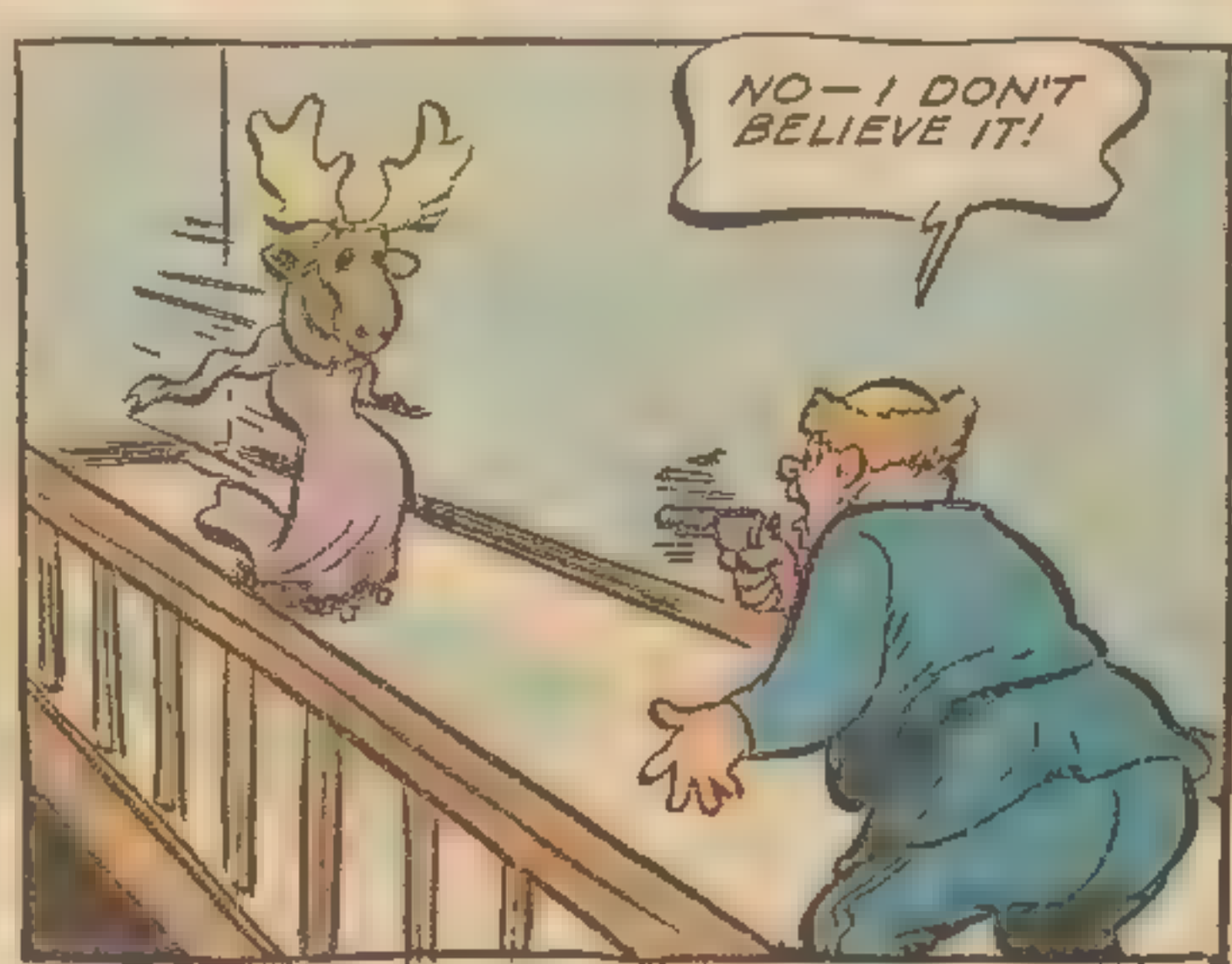

BY THUNDER! AN AUTHENTIC APPARITION!

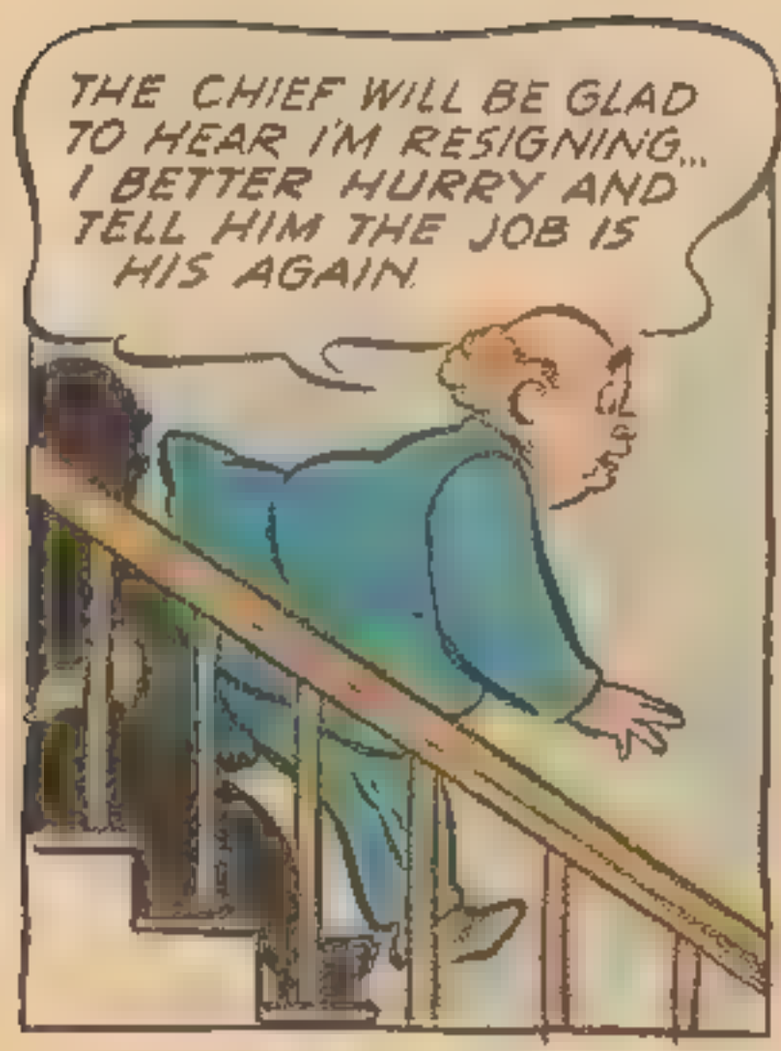

BAM
BAM
MISSED!

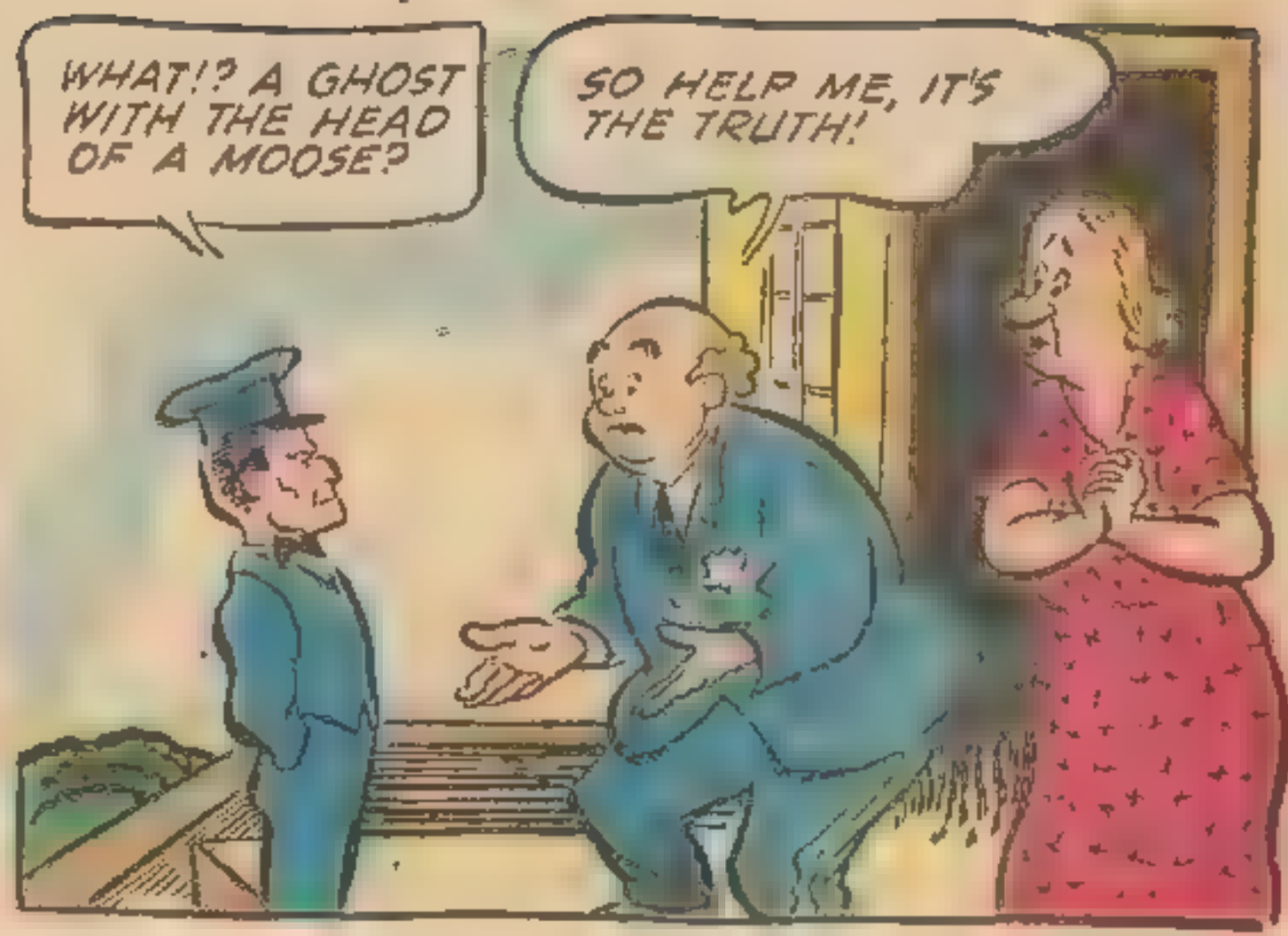

THEY GOT MY RANGE! I'M BAILIN' OUT!

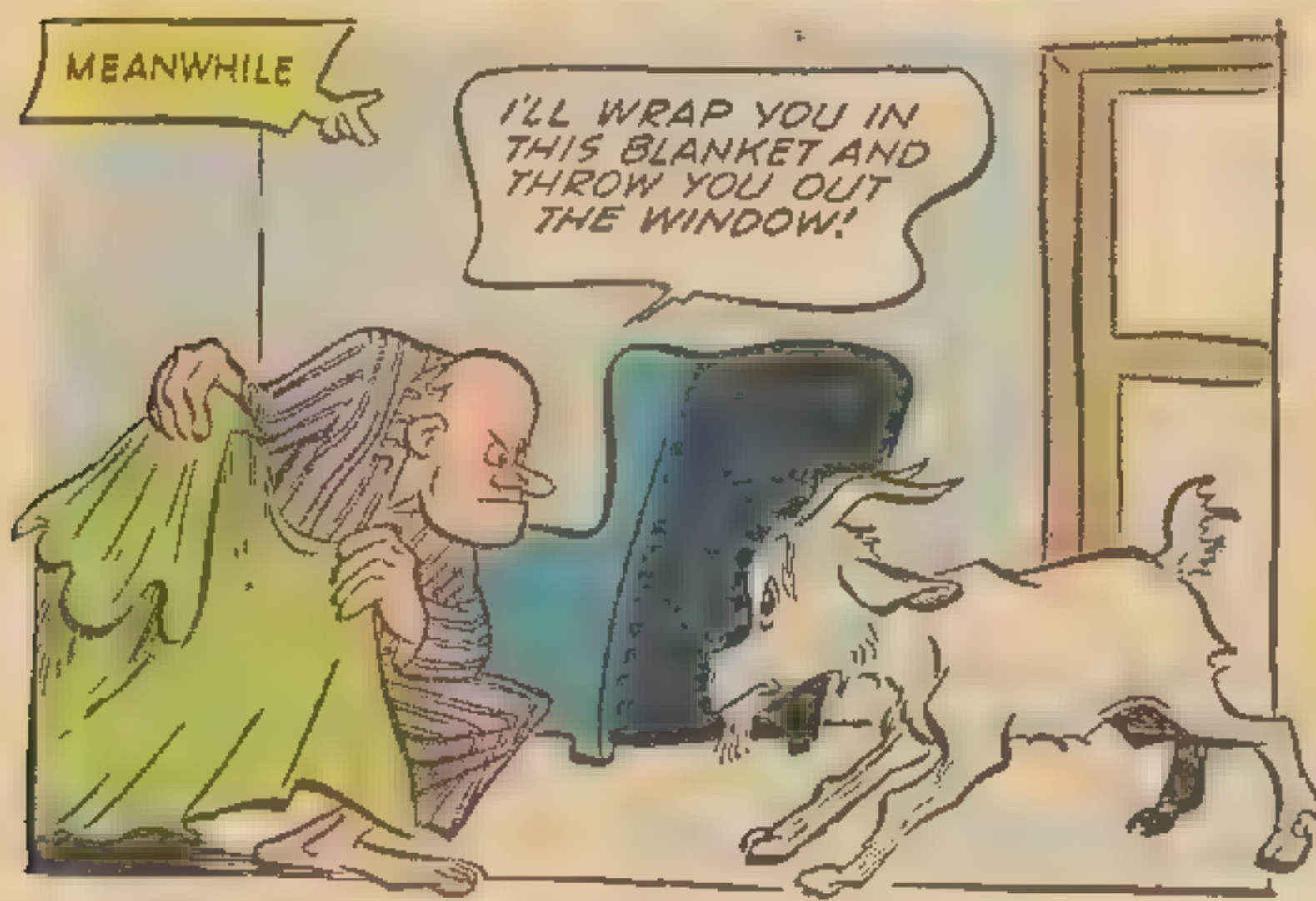
BUMP

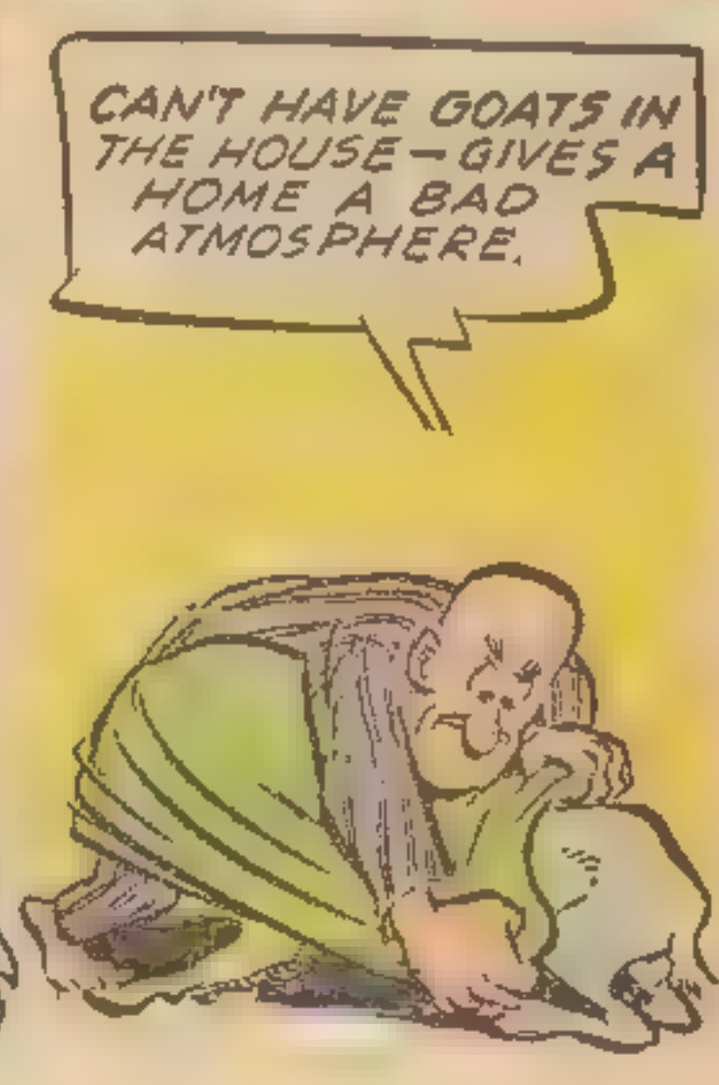
BWANG


NO—I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

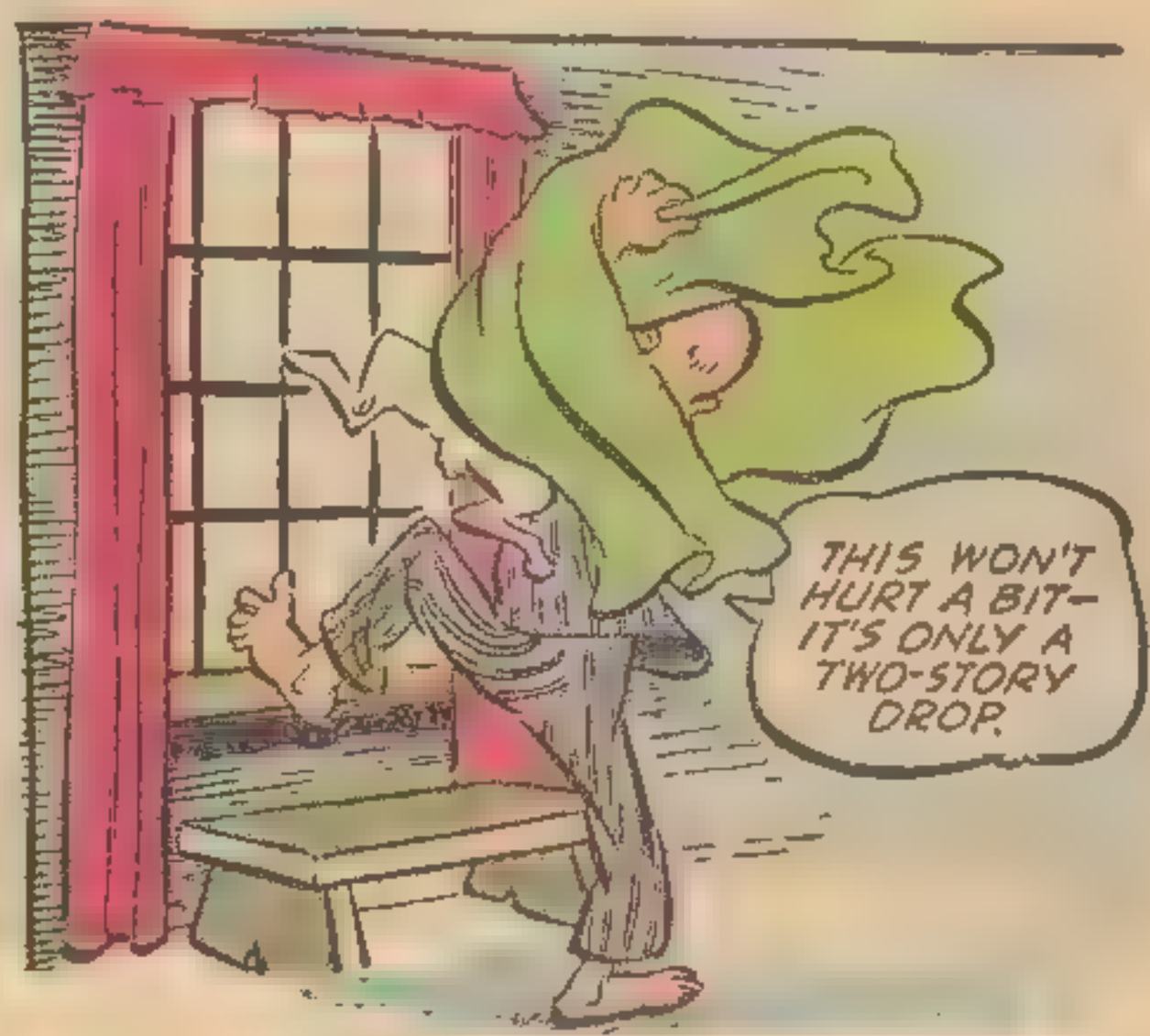

THE CHIEF WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR I'M RESIGNING... I BETTER HURRY AND TELL HIM THE JOB IS HIS AGAIN.


WHAT!? A GHOST WITH THE HEAD OF A MOOSE?
SO HELP ME, IT'S THE TRUTH!

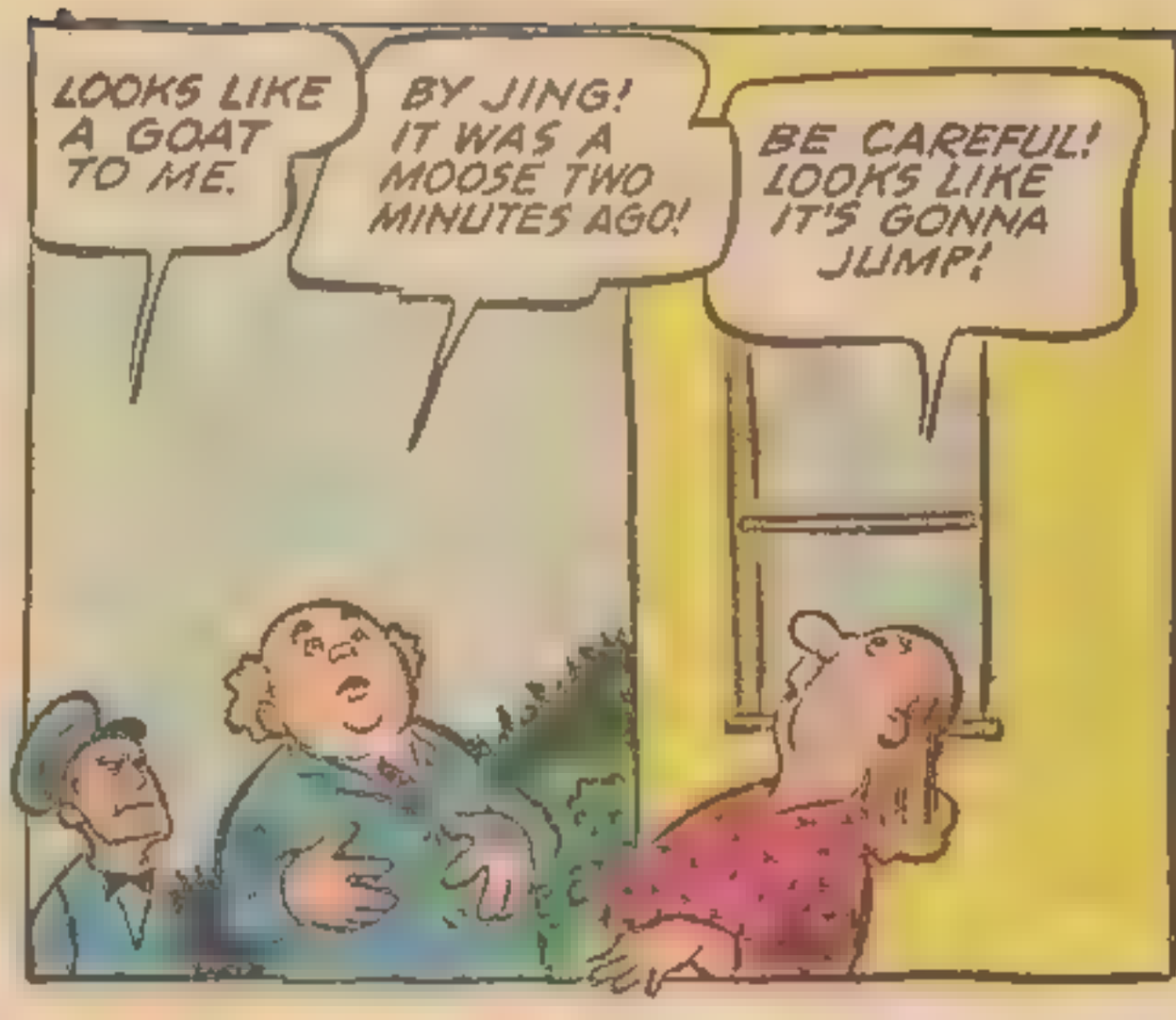

MEANWHILE
I'LL WRAP YOU IN THIS BLANKET AND THROW YOU OUT THE WINDOW!

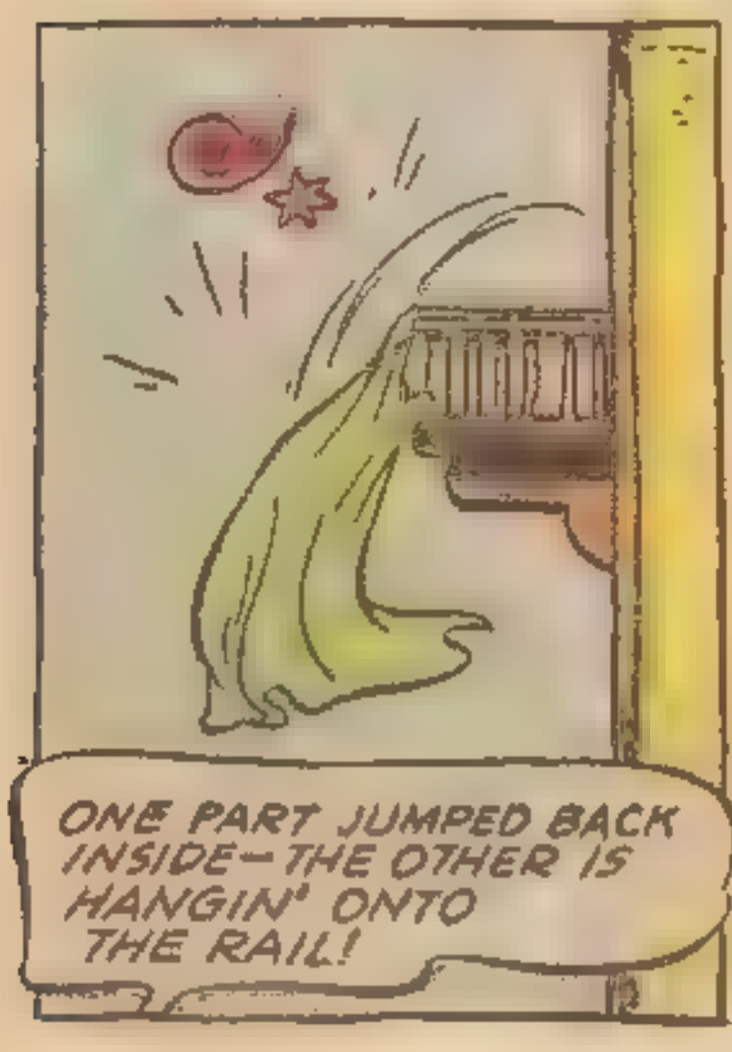

CAN'T HAVE GOATS IN THE HOUSE—GIVES A HOME A BAD ATMOSPHERE.

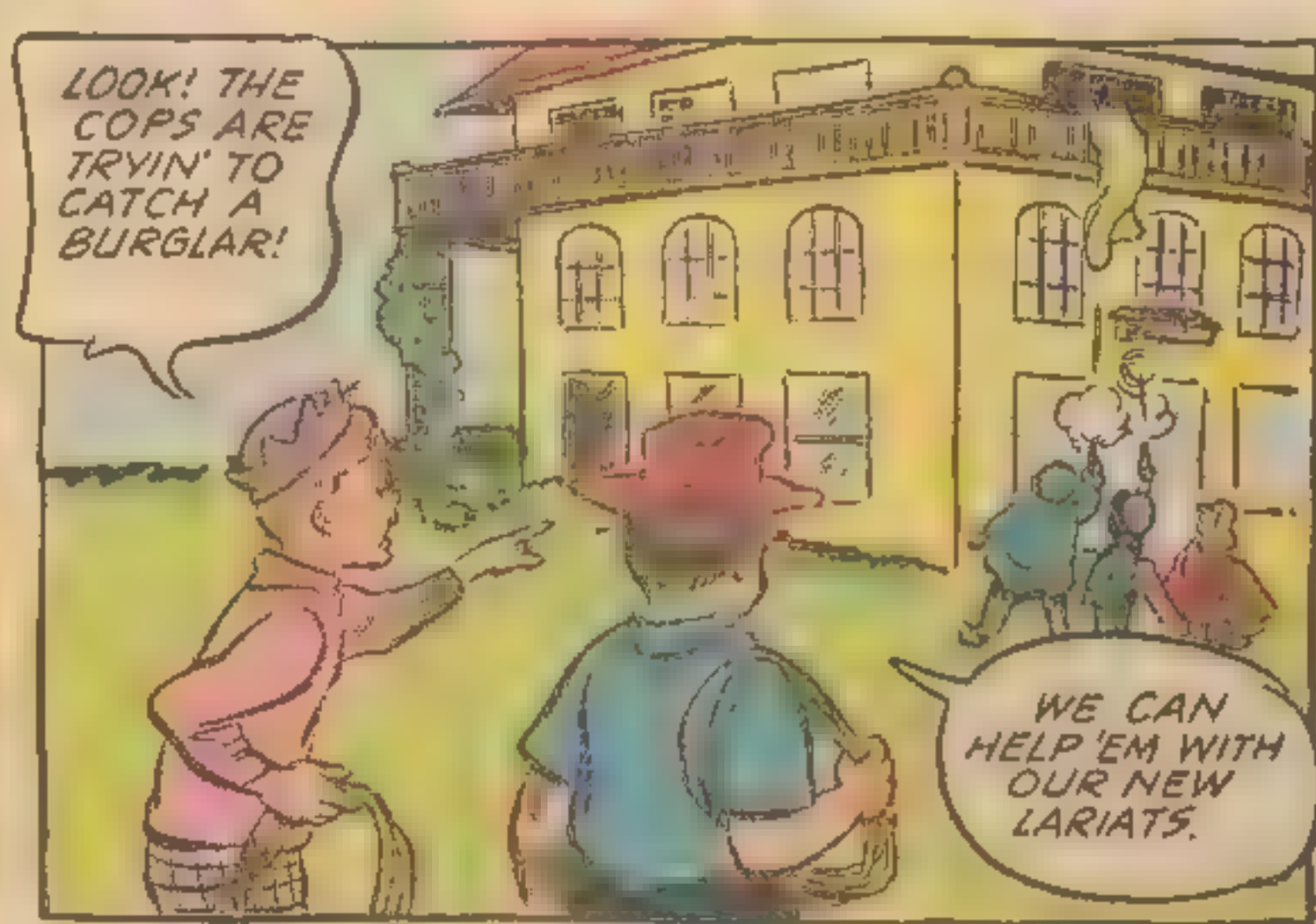
HOLD STILL, NOW...


THIS WON'T HURT A BIT—IT'S ONLY A TWO-STORY DROP.

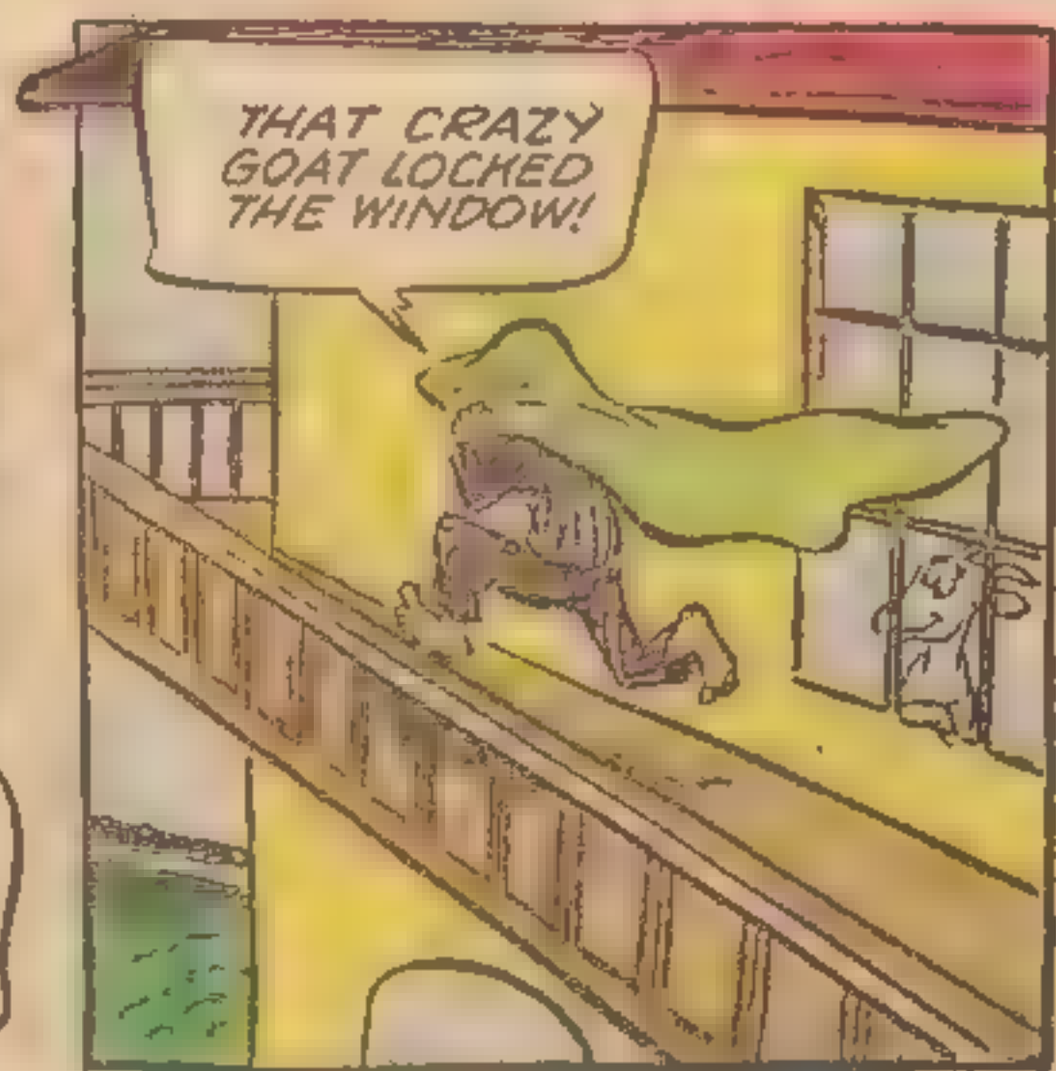
THERE! THERE'S PROOF! LOOK!
THAT'S A MOOSE?

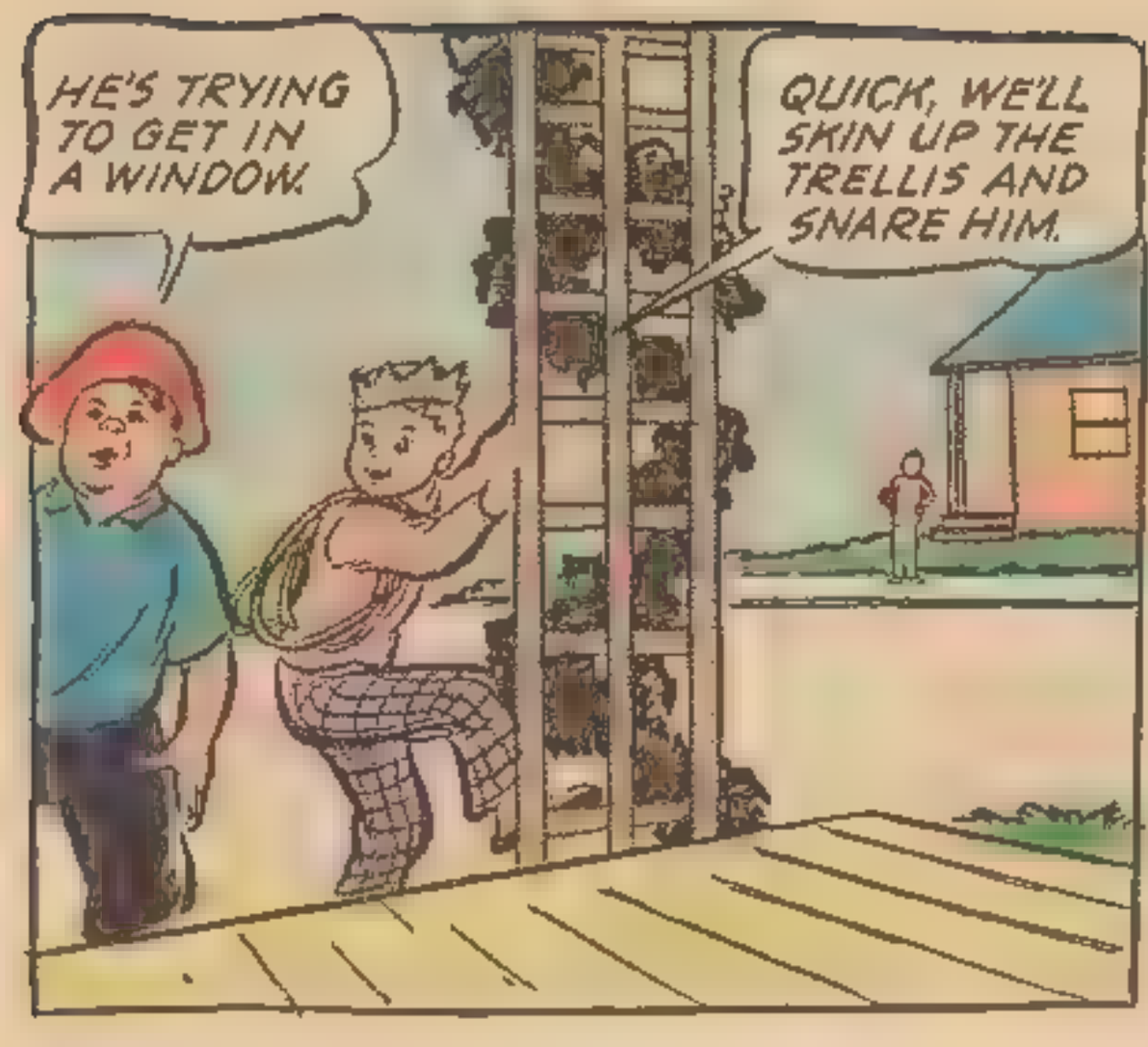

LOOKS LIKE A GOAT TO ME.
BY JING! IT WAS A MOOSE TWO MINUTES AGO!
BE CAREFUL! LOOKS LIKE IT'S GONNA JUMP!

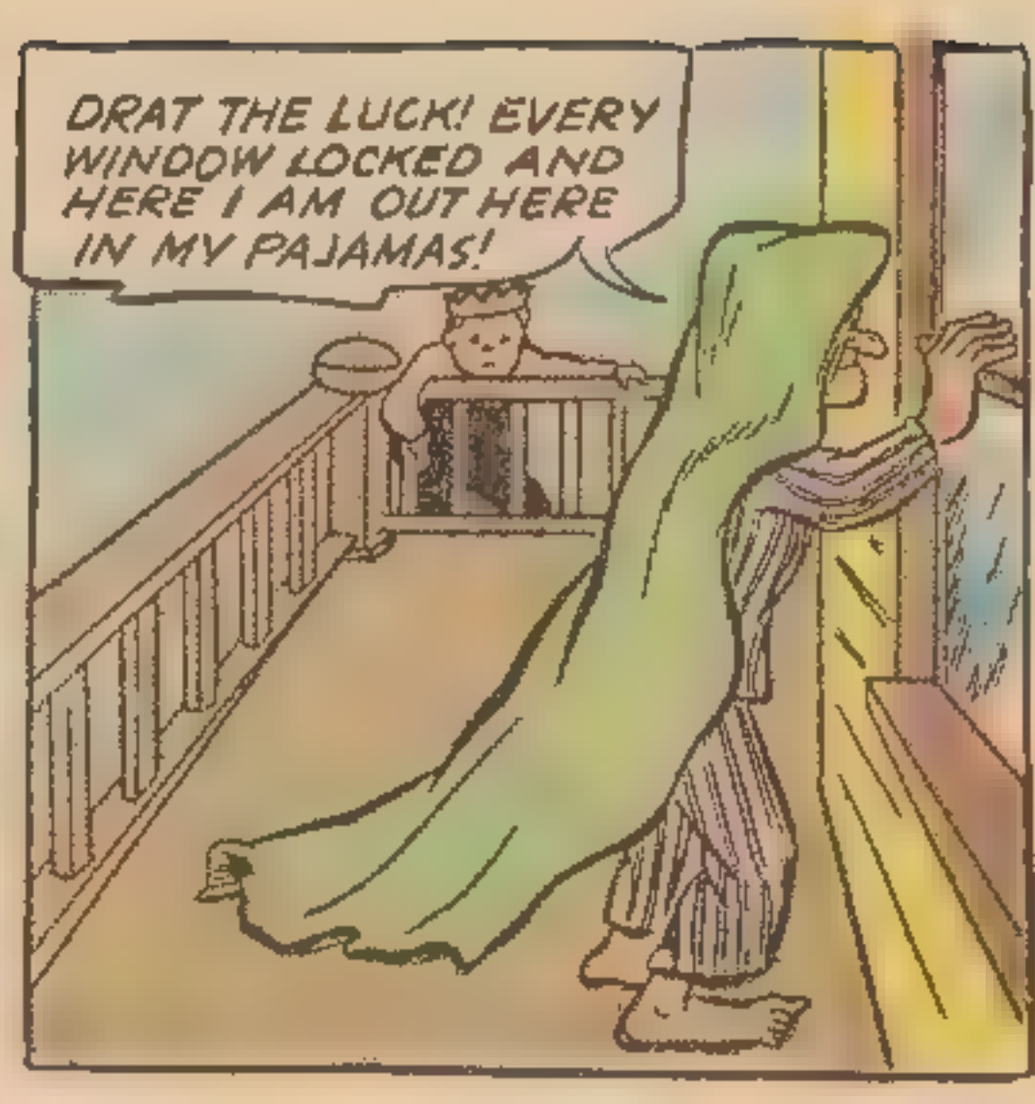

ONE PART JUMPED BACK INSIDE—THE OTHER IS HANGIN' ONTO THE RAIL!

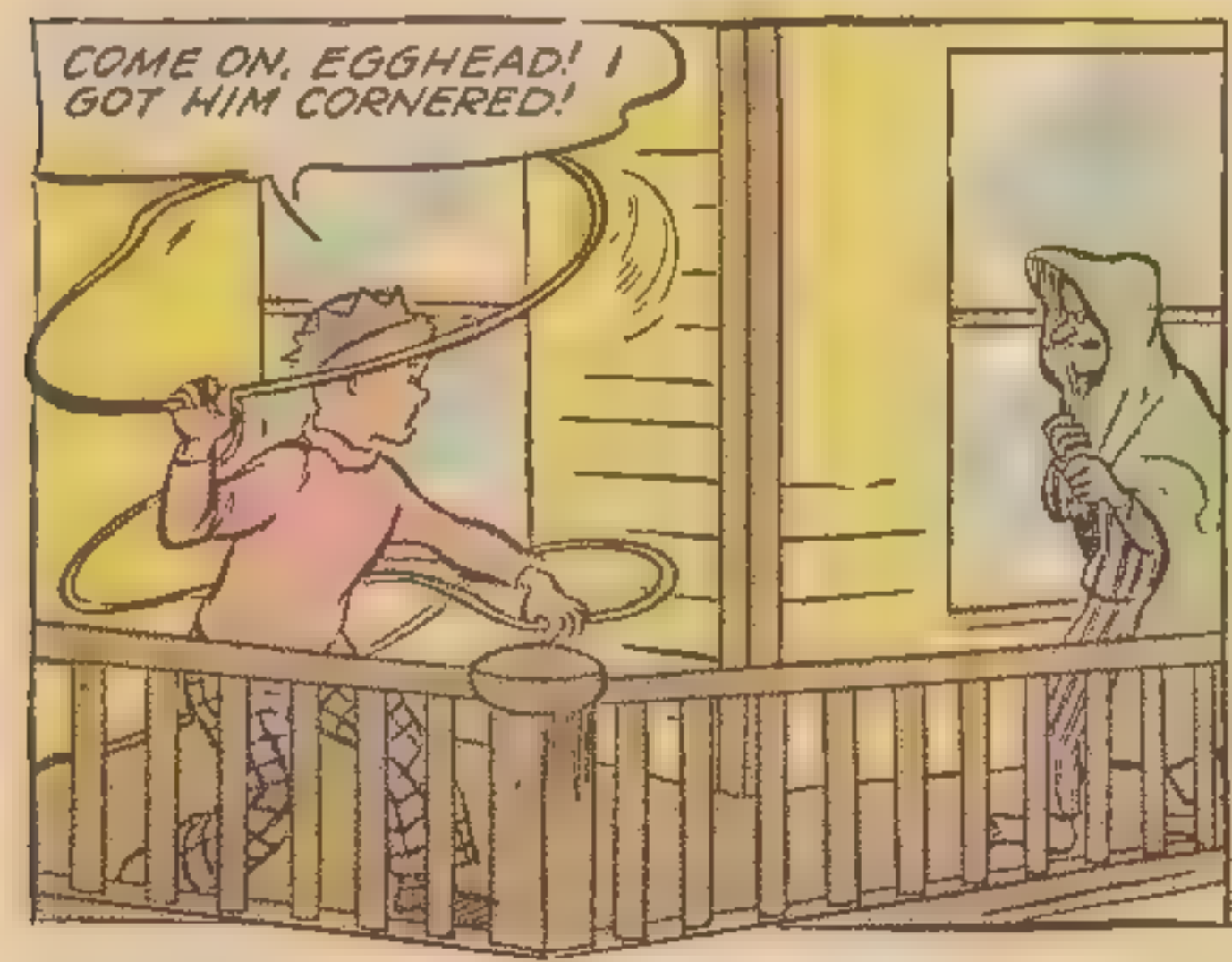

LOOK! THE COPS ARE TRYIN' TO CATCH A BURGLAR!
WE CAN HELP 'EM WITH OUR NEW LARIATS.

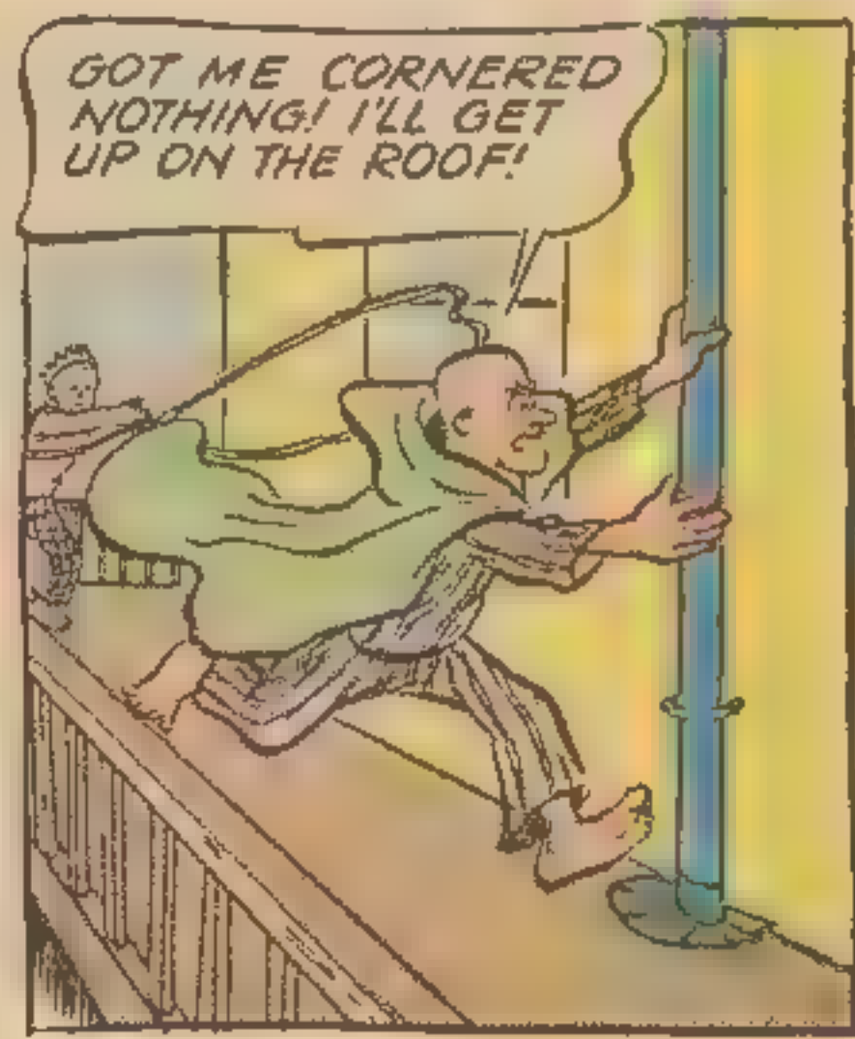
THANK GOODNESS OUR POLICE FORCE IS SUCH A BUNCH OF DIMWITS AND BAD SHOTS.

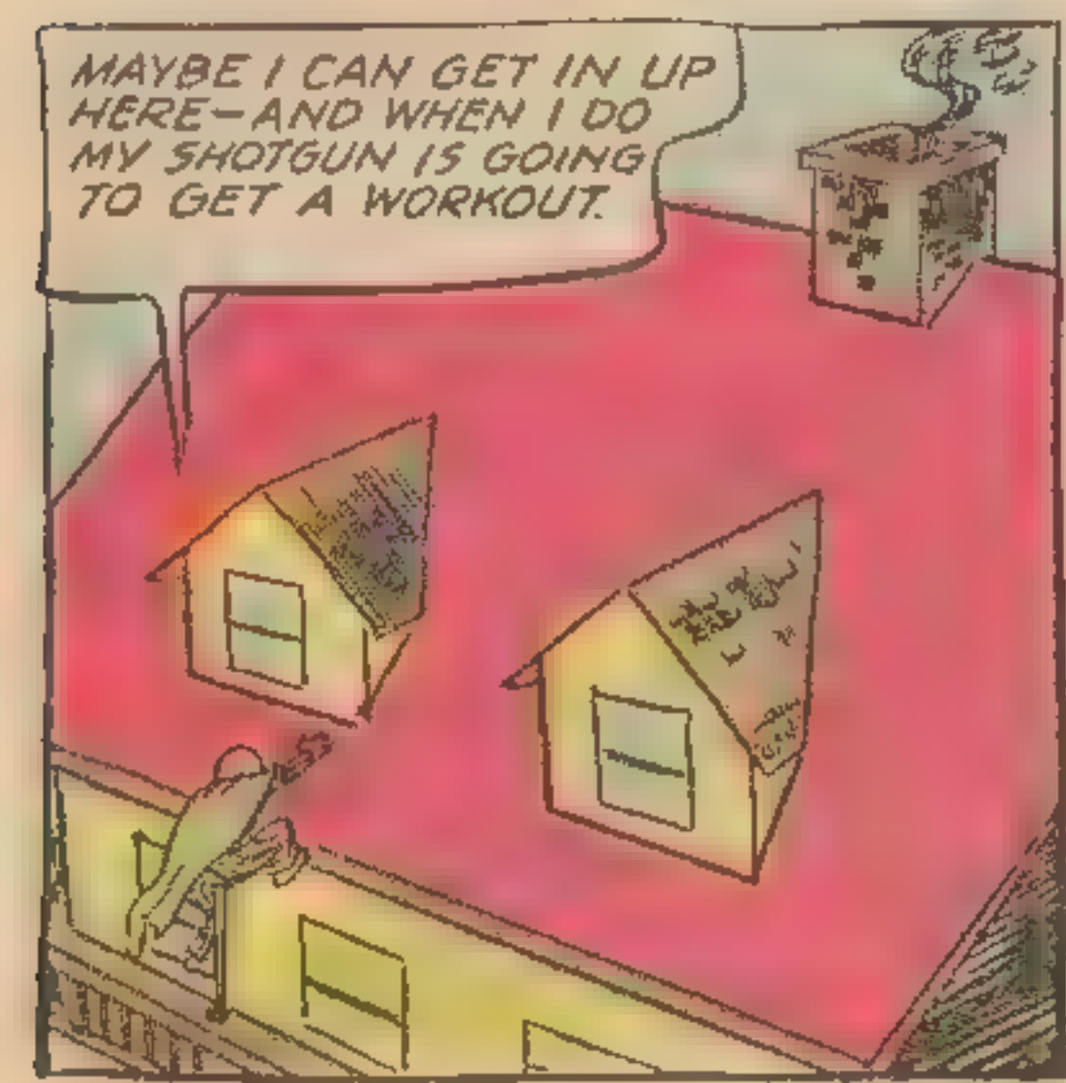

THAT CRAZY GOAT LOCKED THE WINDOW!

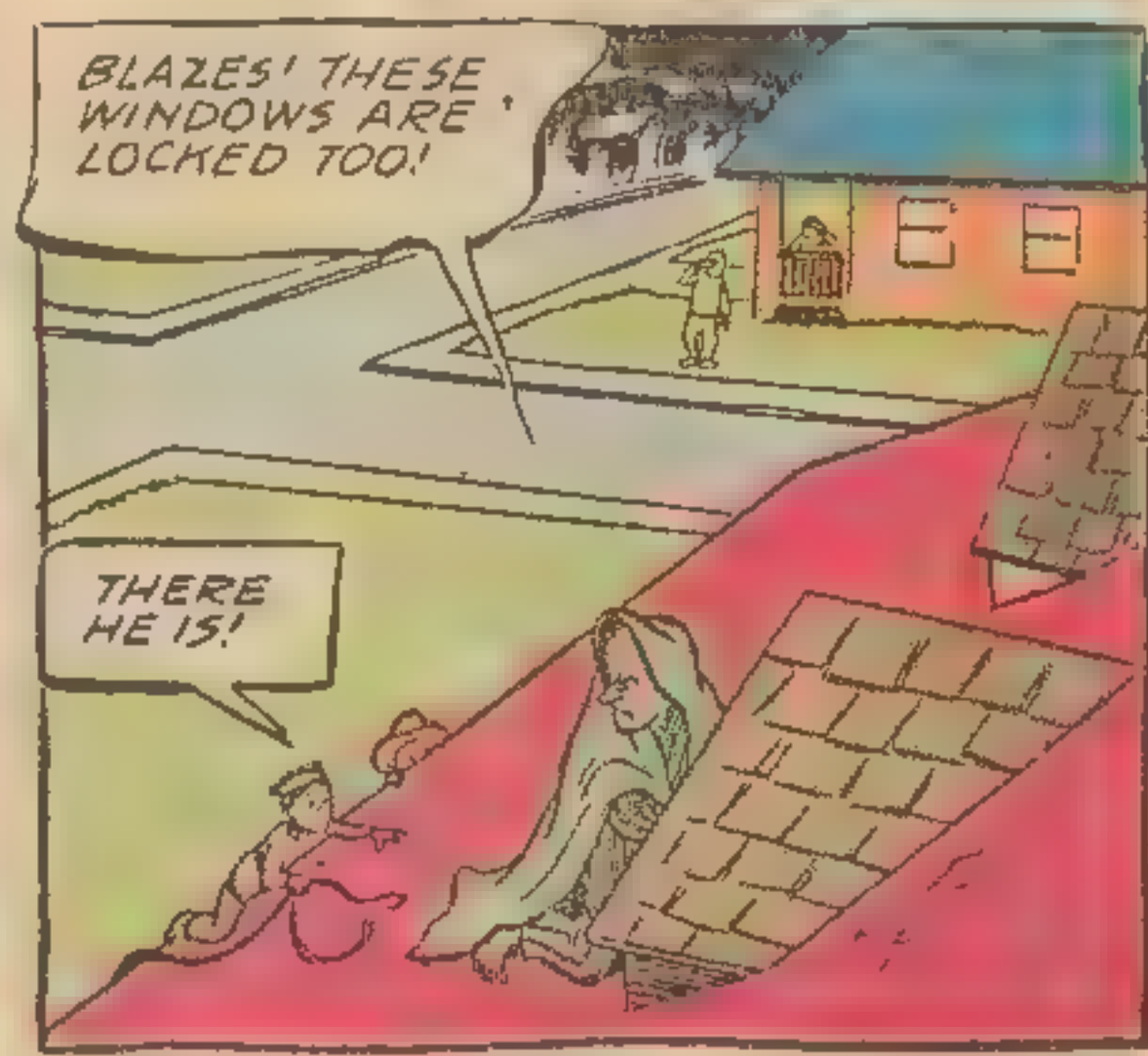

HE'S TRYING TO GET IN A WINDOW.
QUICK, WE'LL SKIN UP THE TRELLIS AND SNARE HIM.

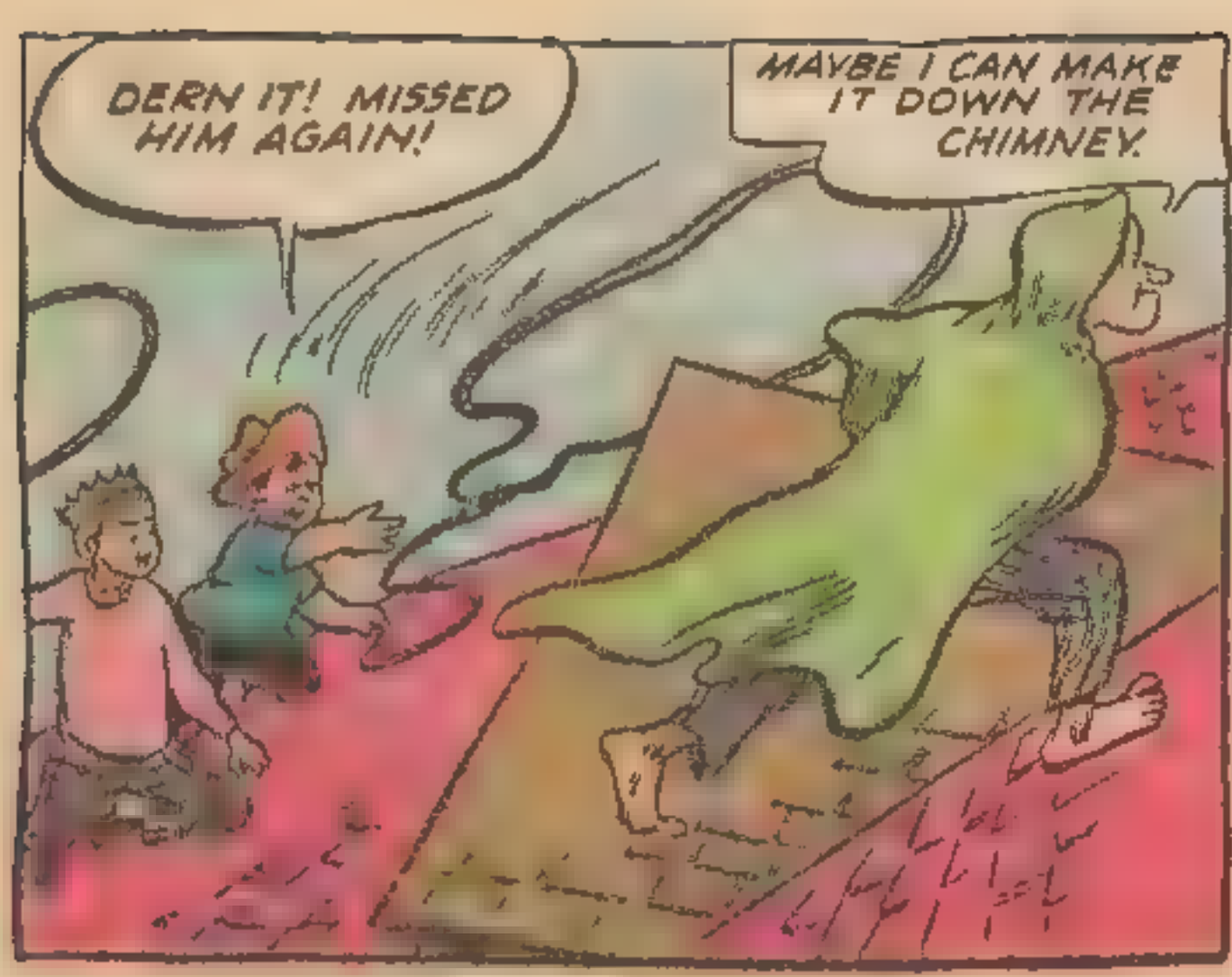

DRAT THE LUCK! EVERY WINDOW LOCKED AND HERE I AM OUT HERE IN MY PAJAMAS!

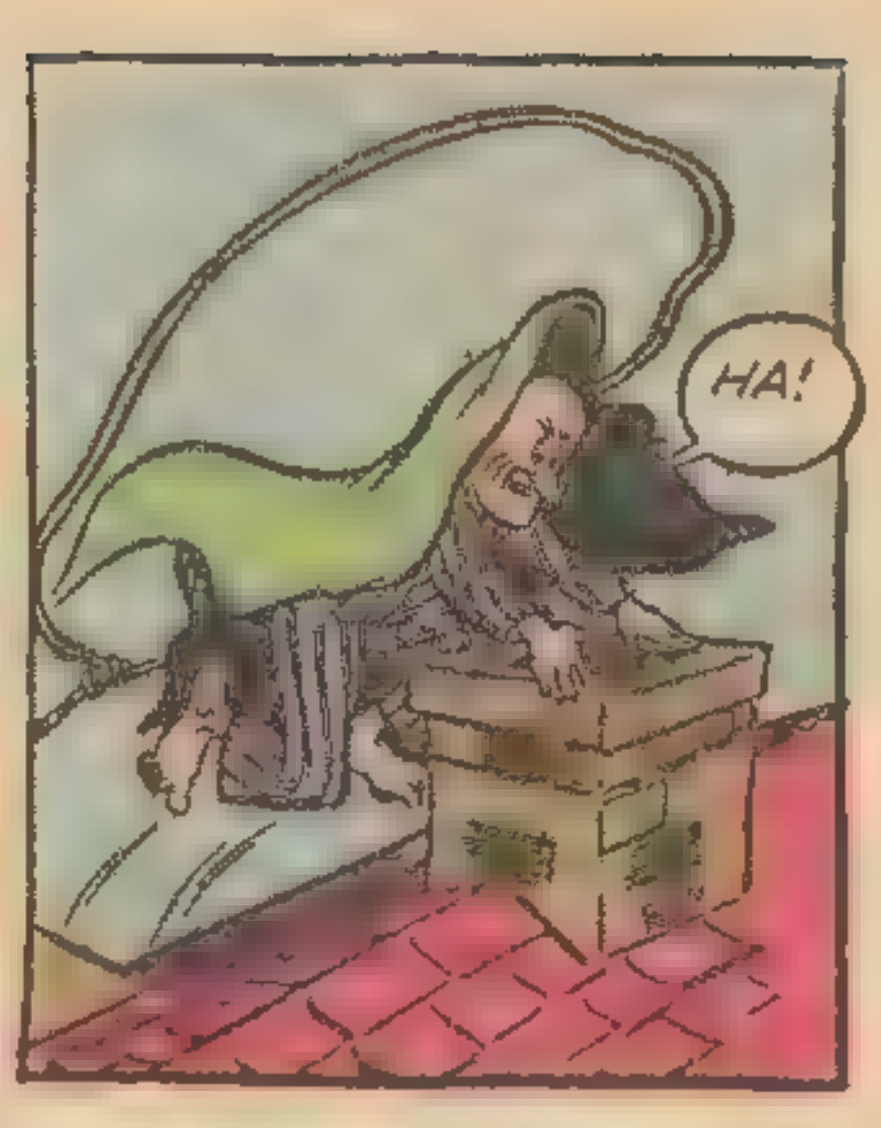

COME ON, EGGHEAD! I GOT HIM CORNERED!


GOT ME CORNERED NOTHING! I'LL GET UP ON THE ROOF!


MAYBE I CAN GET IN UP HERE—AND WHEN I DO MY SHOTGUN IS GOING TO GET A WORKOUT.


BLAZES! THESE WINDOWS ARE LOCKED TOO!
THERE HE IS!


DERN IT! MISSED HIM AGAIN!
MAYBE I CAN MAKE IT DOWN THE CHIMNEY.


HA!

THAT GOT HIM! HE'S TRAPPED!
GOOD HUNTING!

COME ON! THE BOYS HAVE HIM—NOW IT'S TIME FOR THE MEN TO TAKE OVER.
MAYBE WE SHOULD SEND FOR SOME.

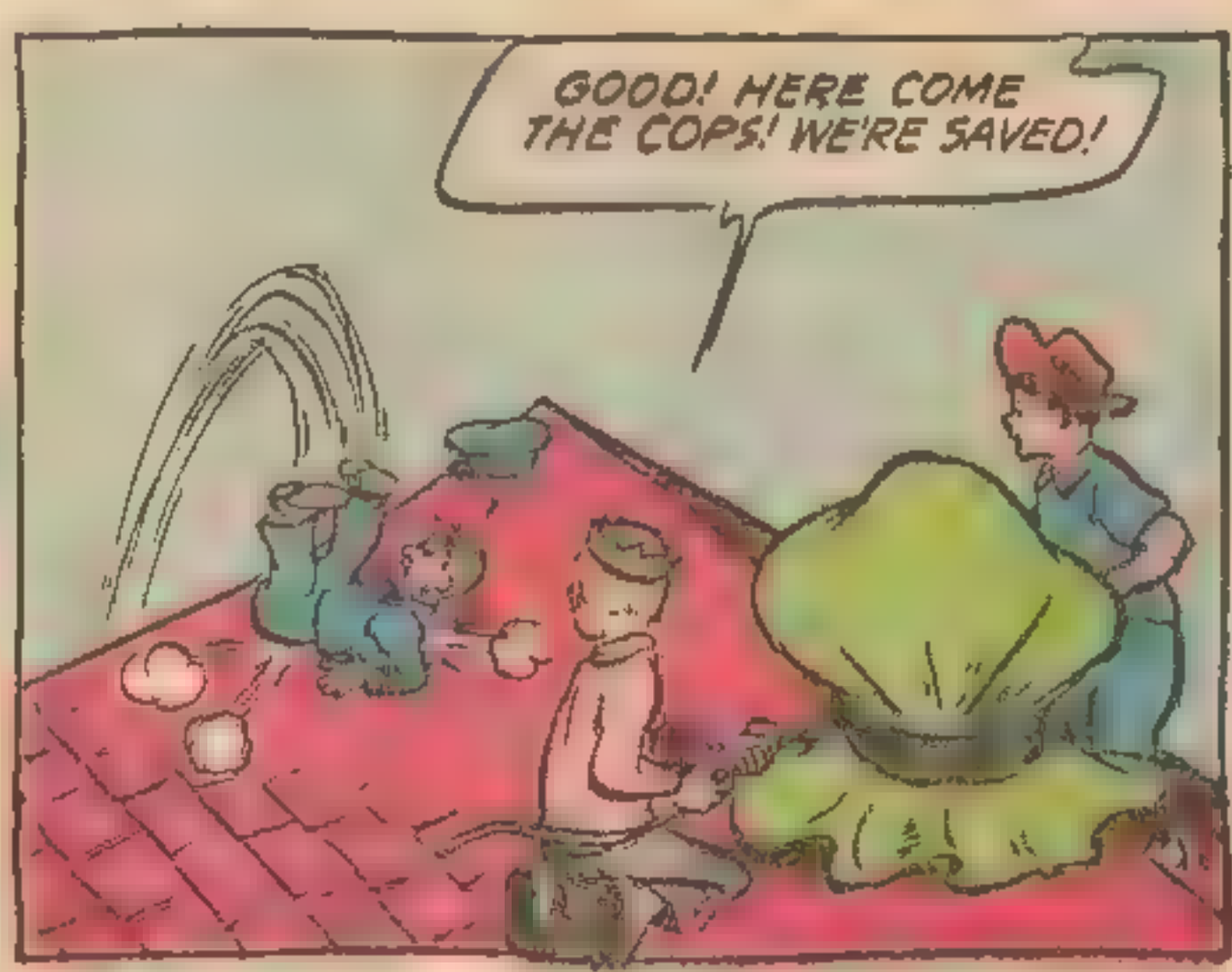
FOLLOW ME—YOUR CHIEF LEADS!
OH, YOU'RE IN AGAIN?

HELP!
EXCUSE ME.

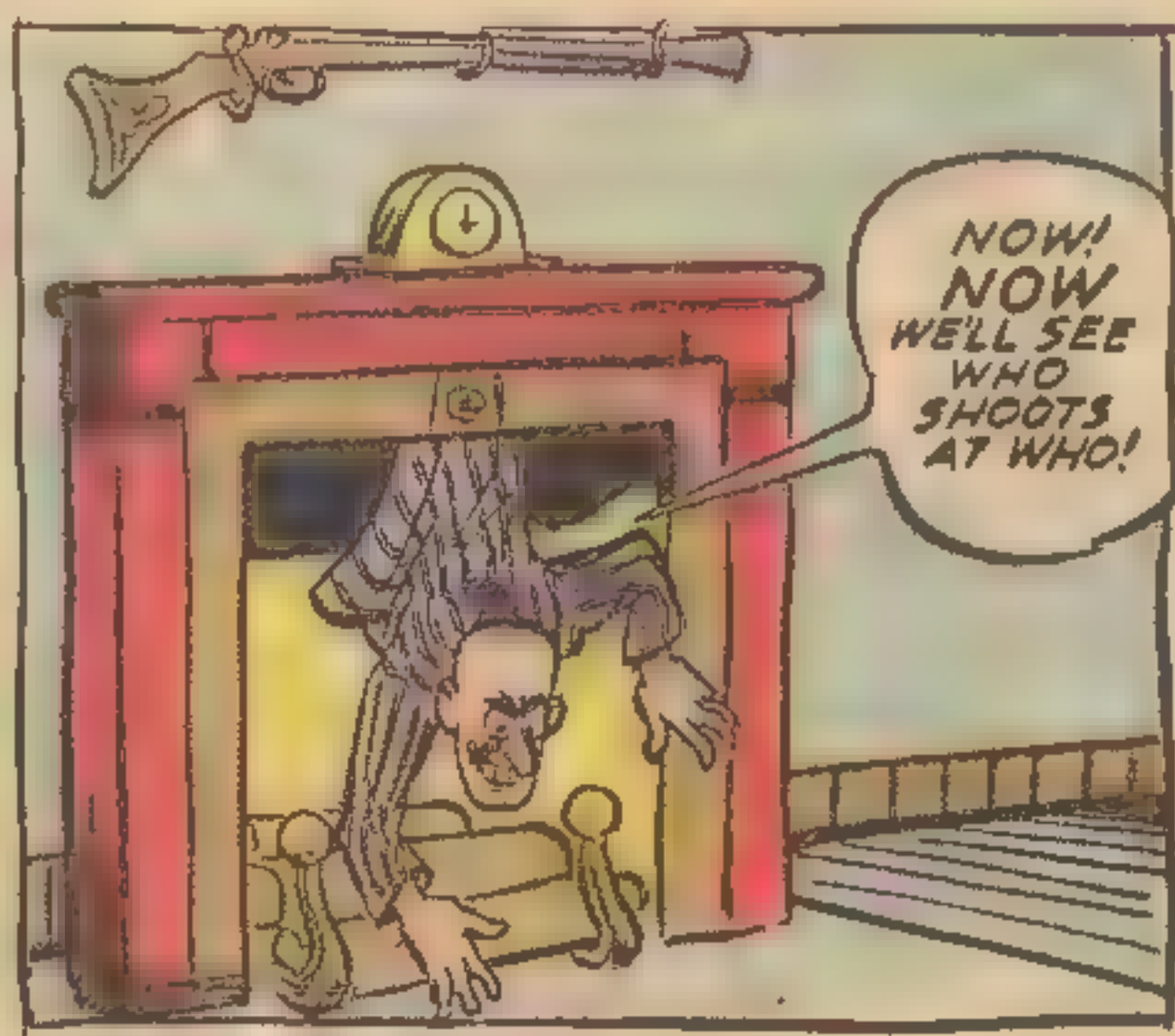
WHAT ARE YOU SQUAWKING ABOUT? YOU'RE SAFE.
GET UP ON TOP OF THIS AND PULL THE ROSE BUSHES OUT OF MY FACE.

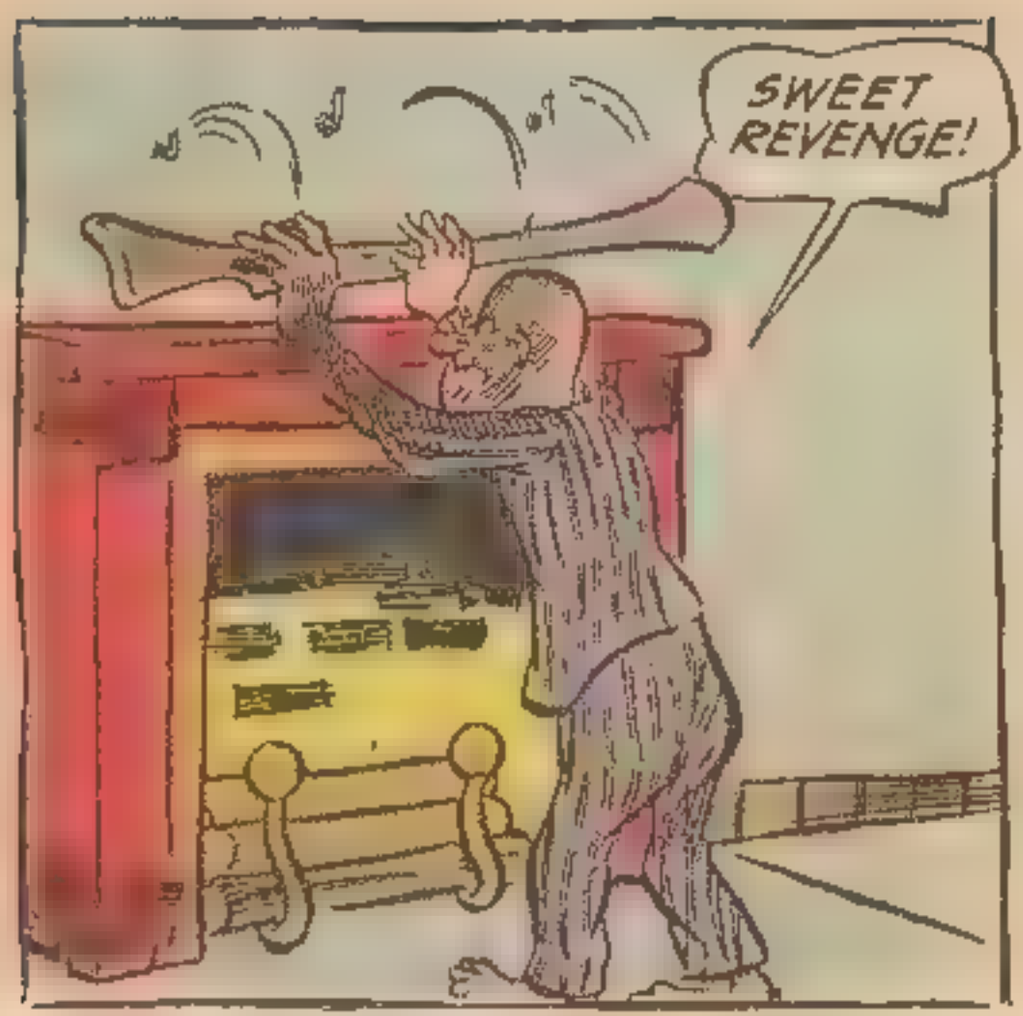
I'LL DO IT—BUT ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS LET GO OF THE TRELLIS.
GOSH! THAT'S RIGHT!

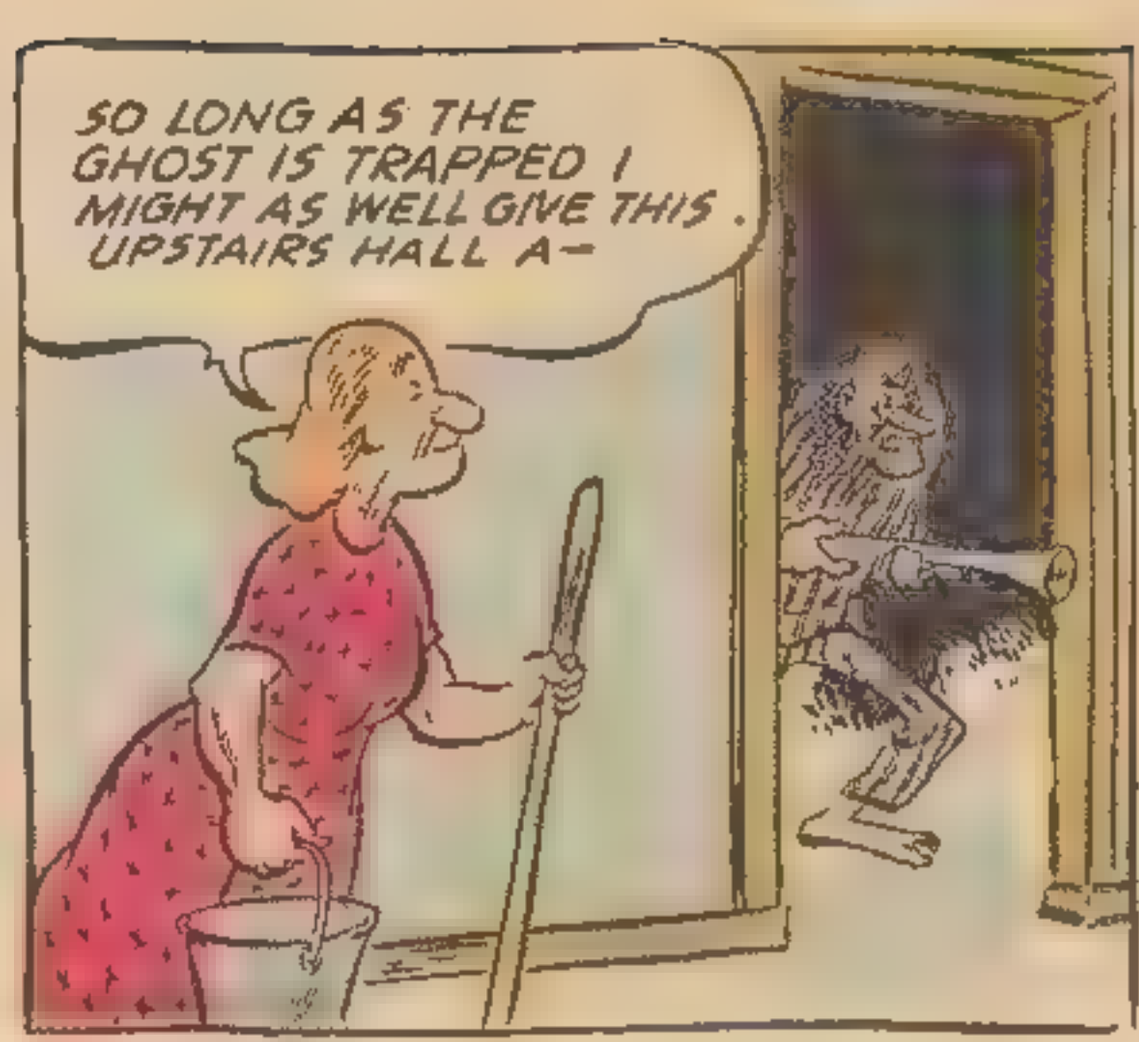
HEY!

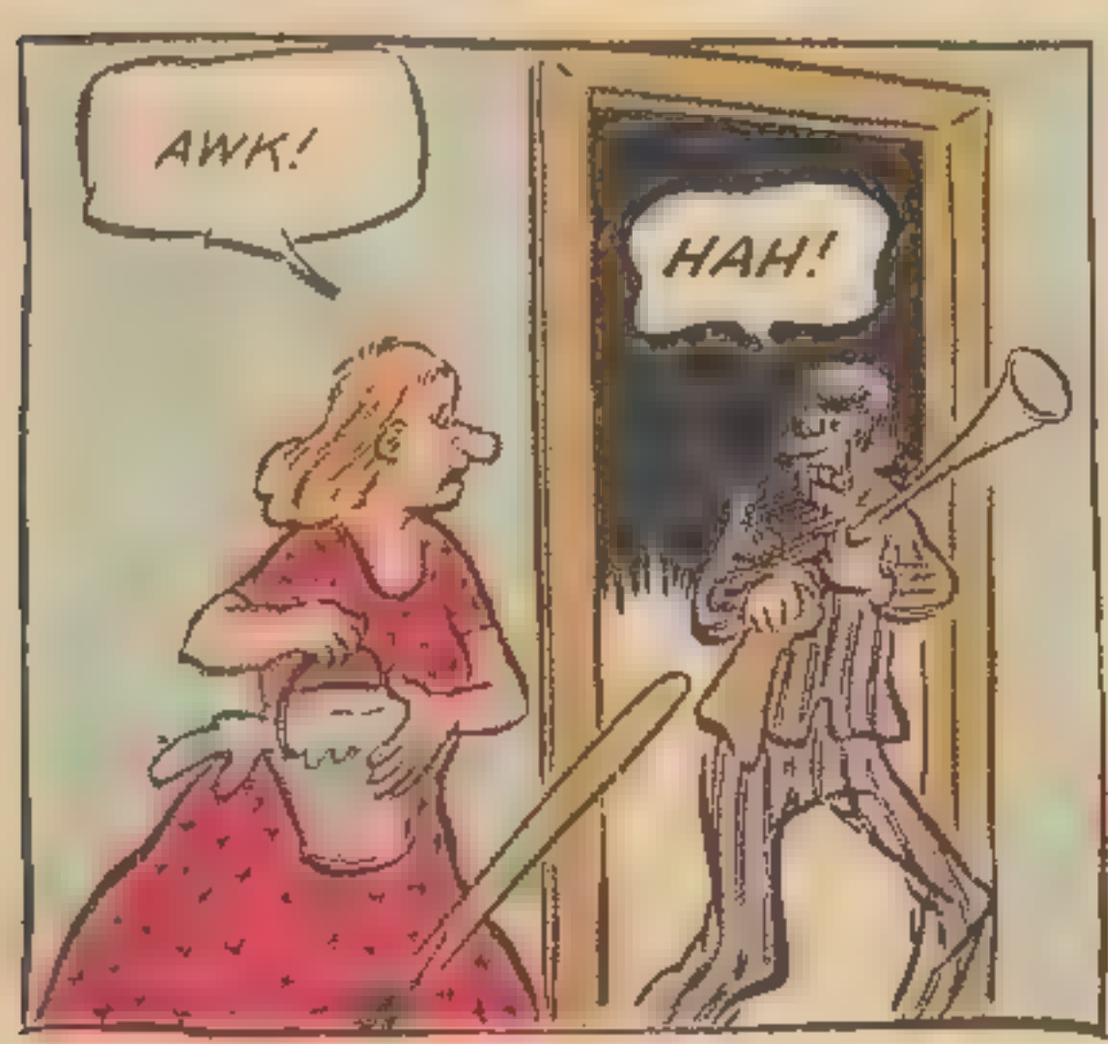

GOOD! HERE COME THE COPS! WE'RE SAVED!

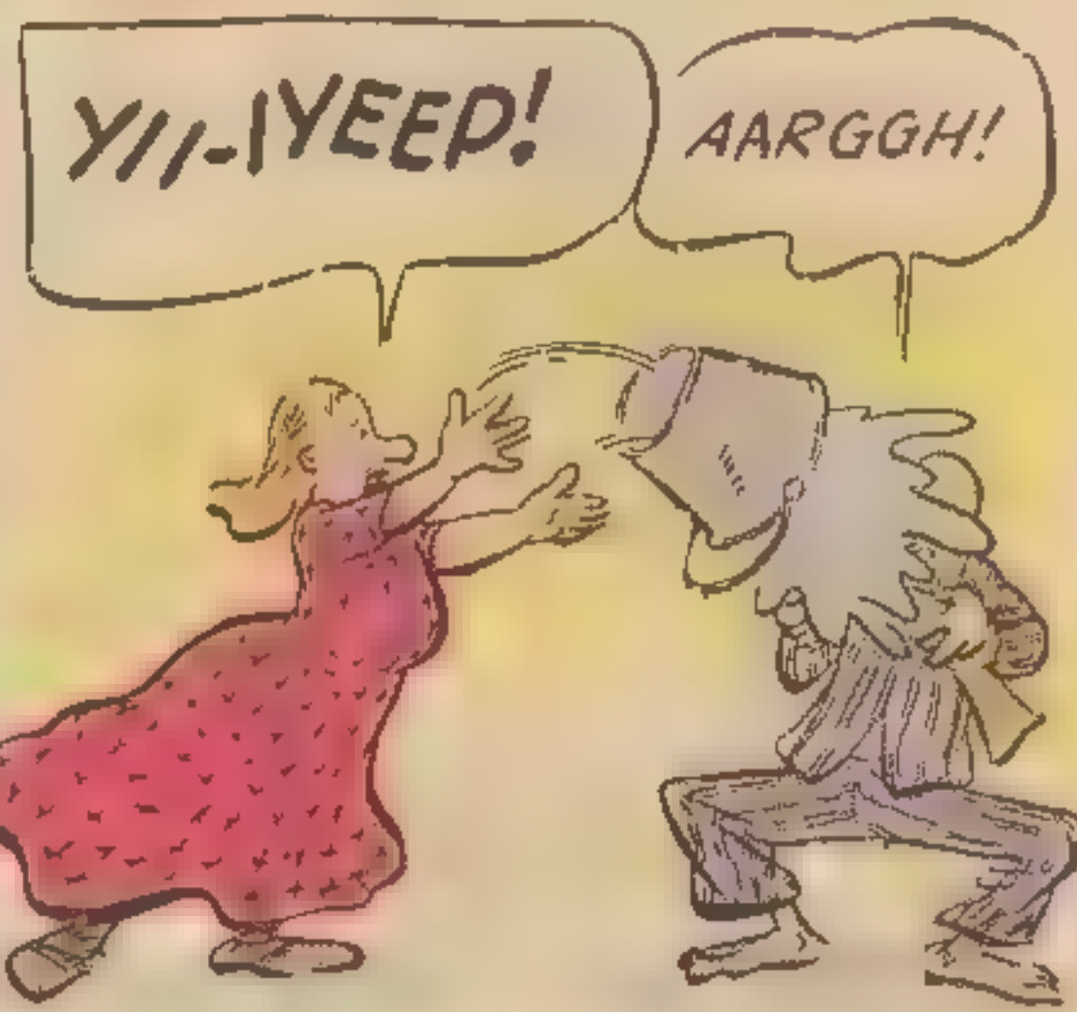
I'VE COME TO HELP YOU
GREAT—WE'VE GOT THE BURGLAR CAUGHT IN THE CHIMNEY.

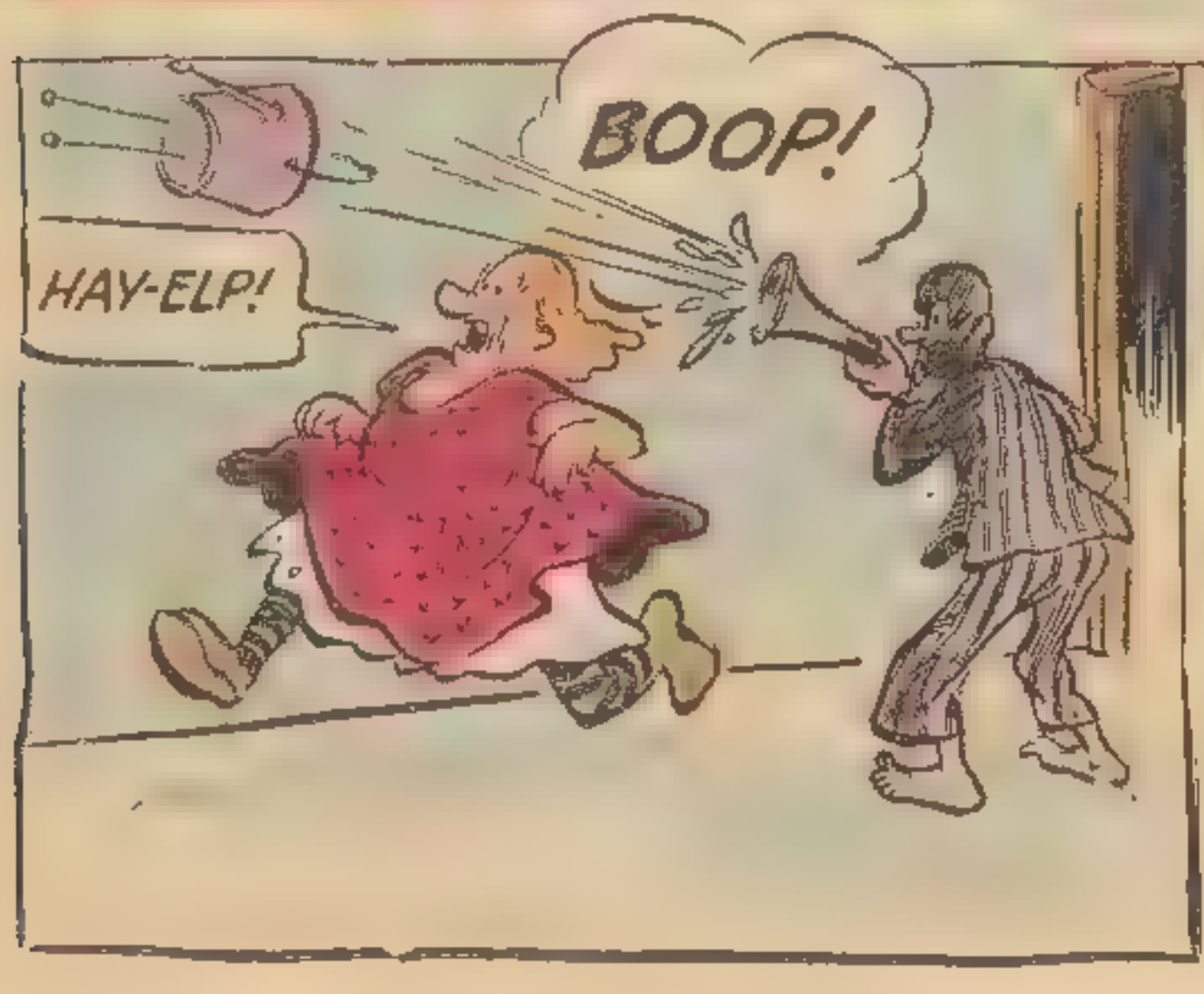

NOW! NOW WE'LL SEE WHO SHOOTS AT WHO!


SWEET REVENGE!

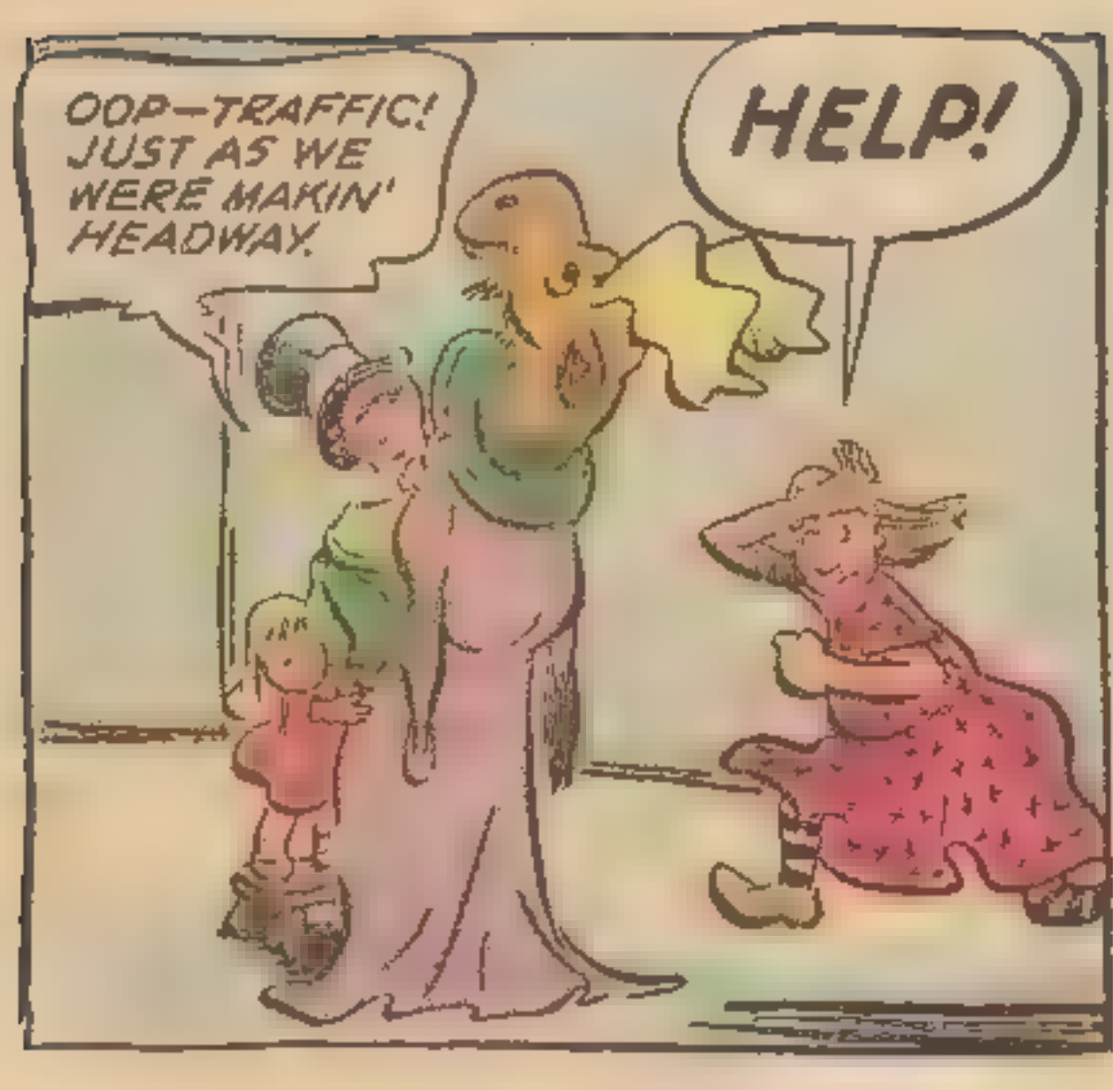

SO LONG AS THE GHOST IS TRAPPED I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE THIS UPSTAIRS HALL A—

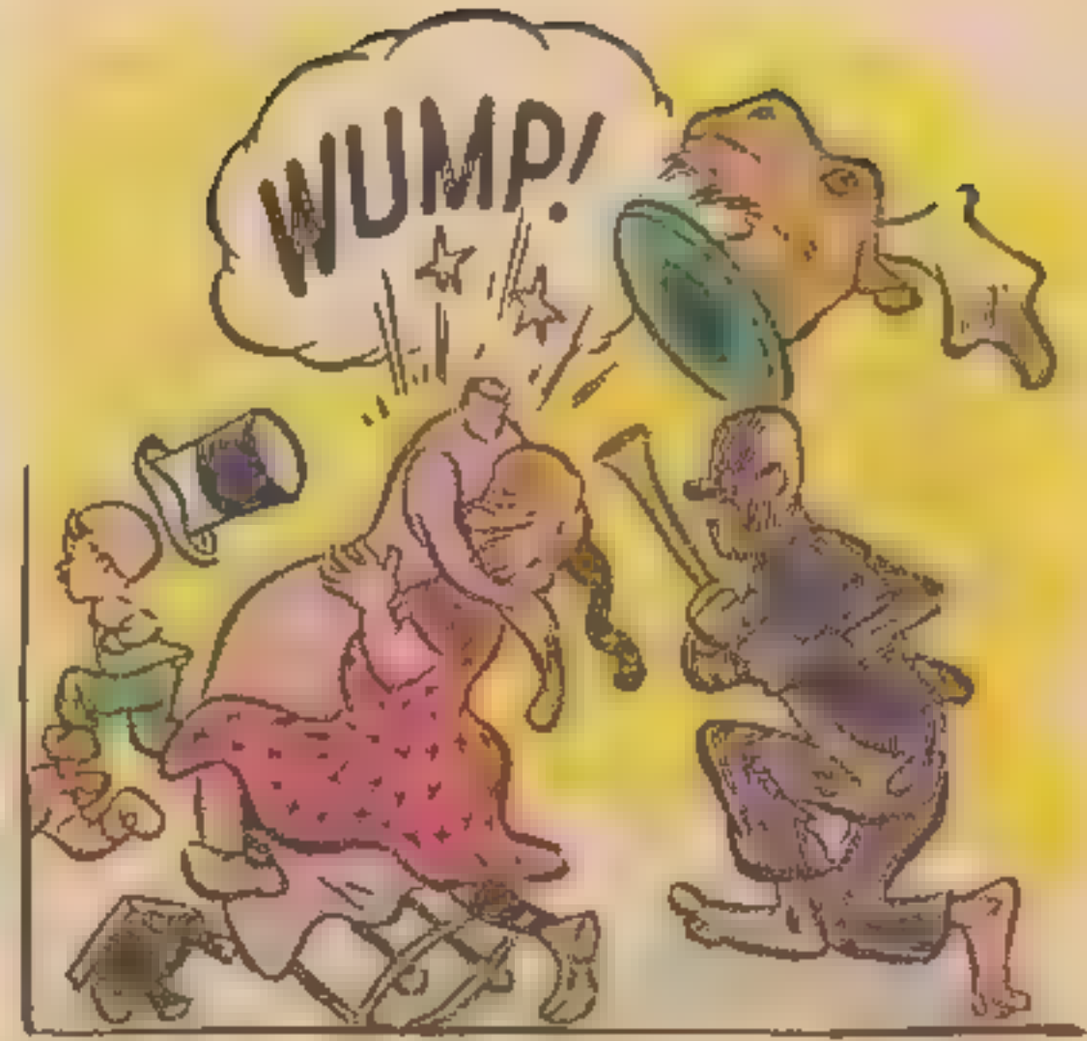

AWK!
HAH!


YII-IYEEP!
AARGGH!

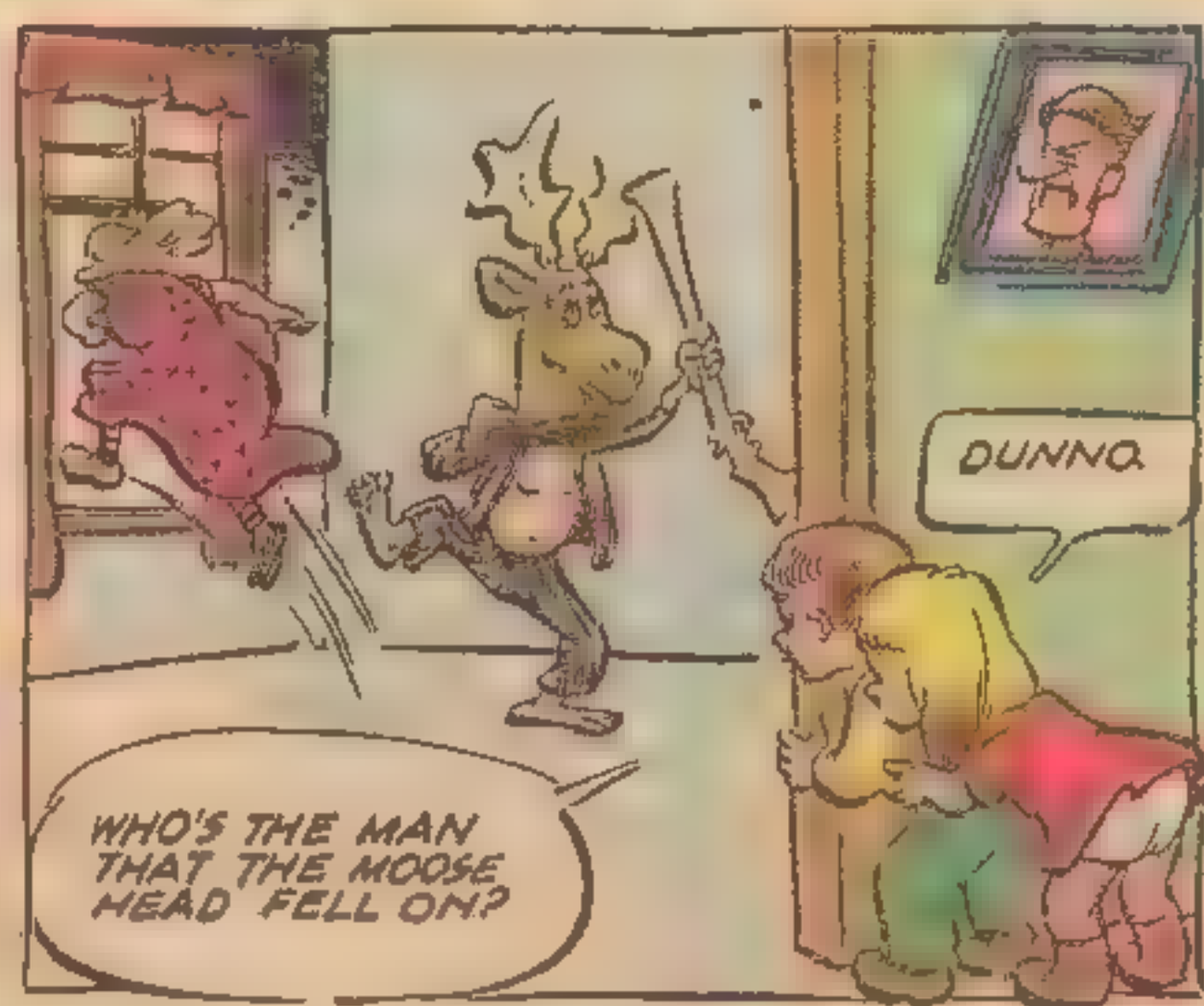

BOOP!
HAY-ELP!

HOPE WE CAN GET THIS MOOSE HEAD OFF.

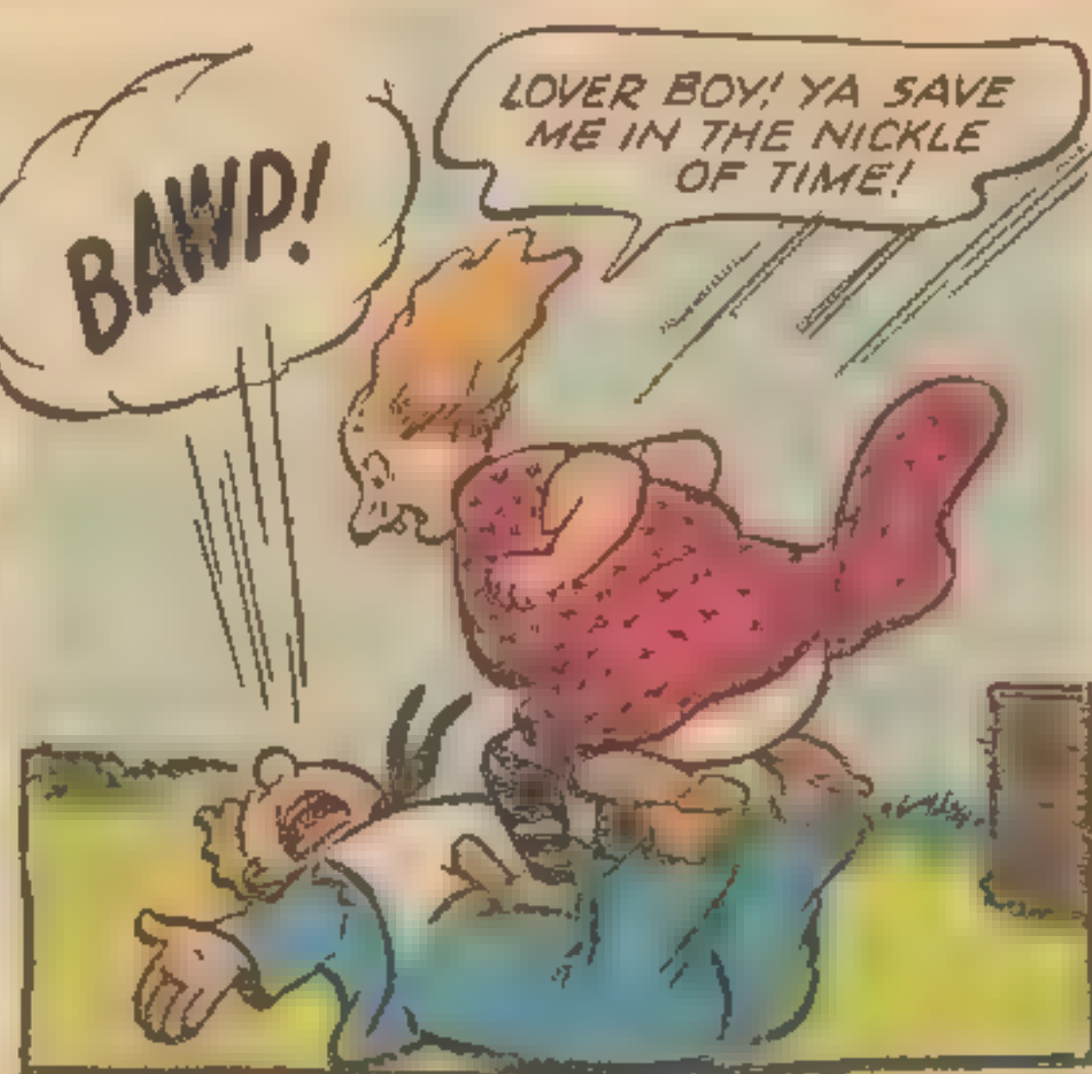

OOP—TRAFFIC! JUST AS WE WERE MAKIN' HEADWAY.
HELP!

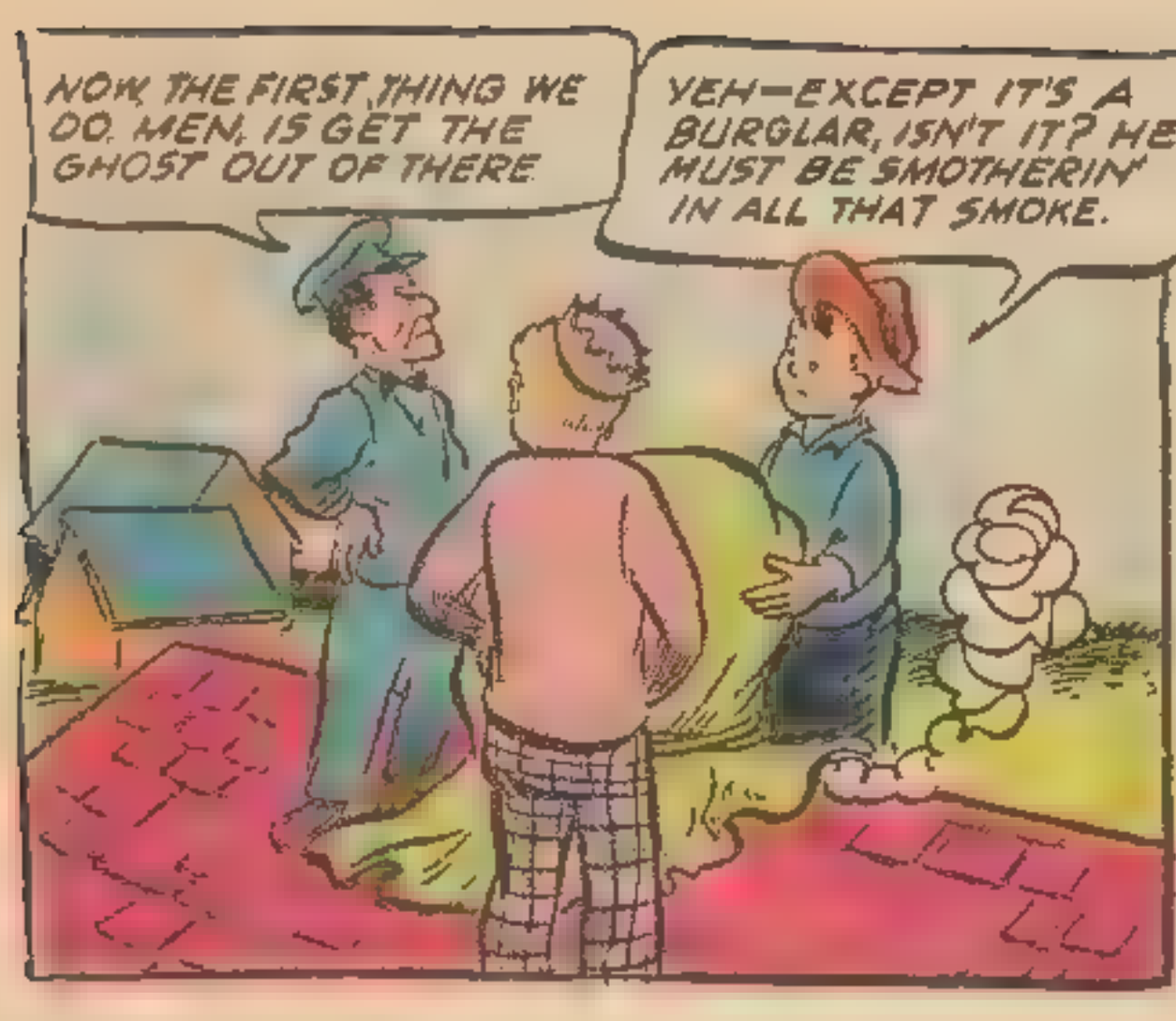

WUMP!

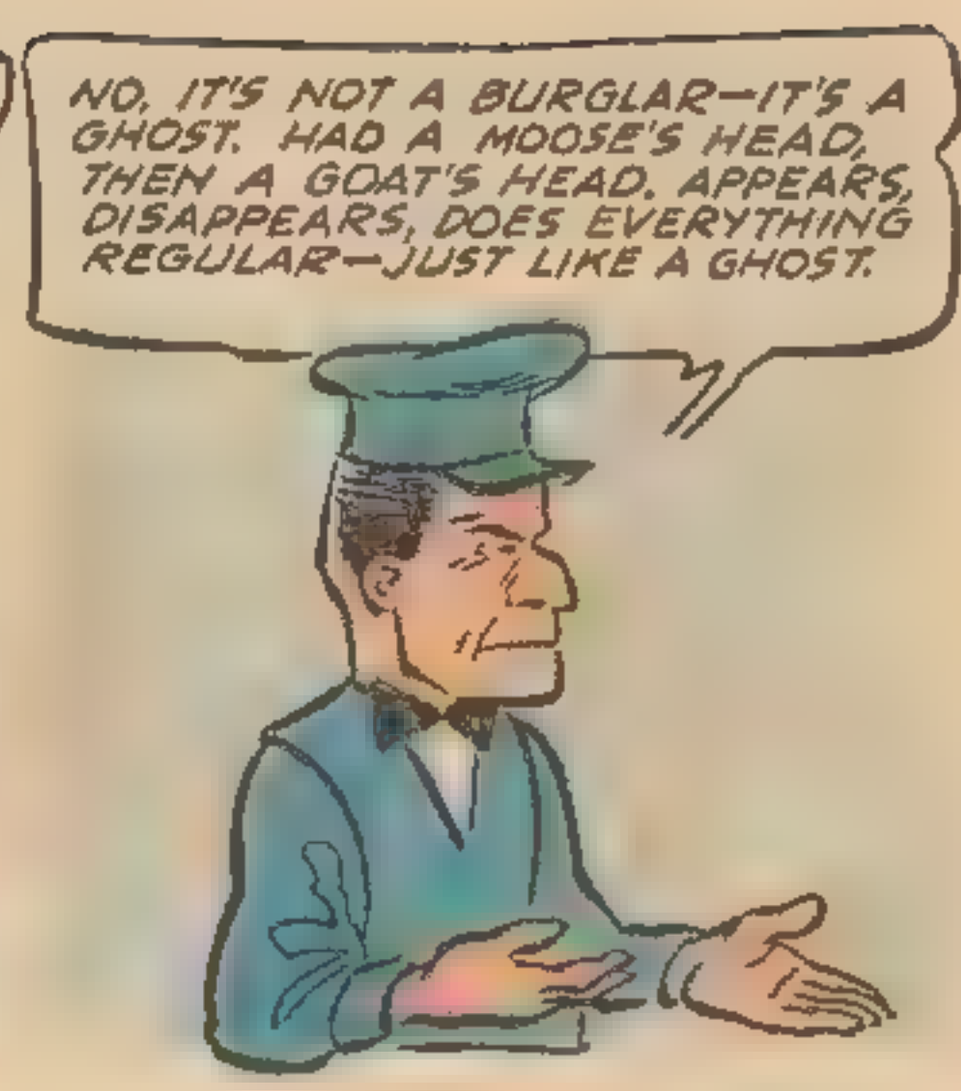
AWK! THE GHOST WITH THE MOOSE HEAD!

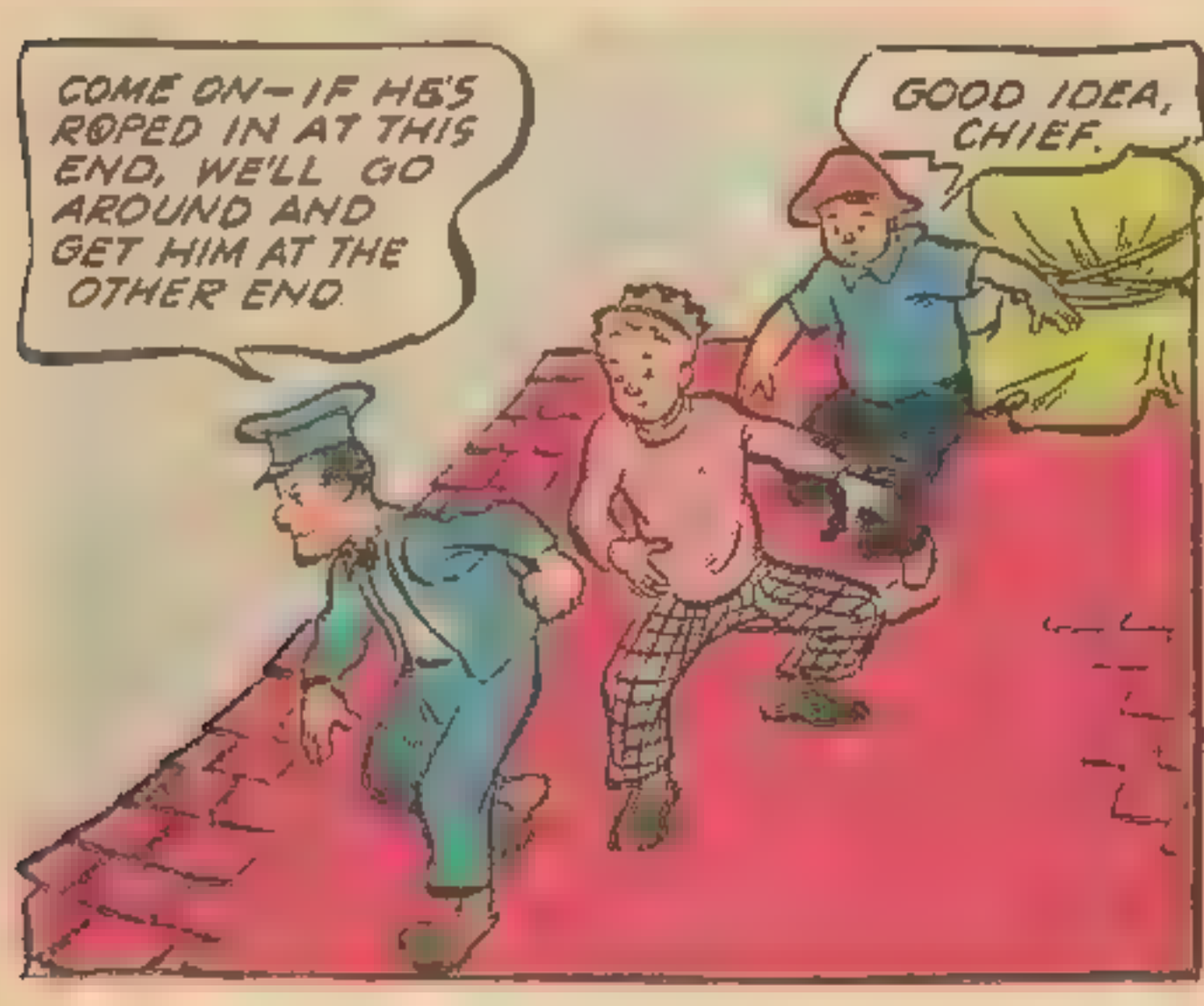

DUNNO.
WHO'S THE MAN THAT THE MOOSE HEAD FELL ON?

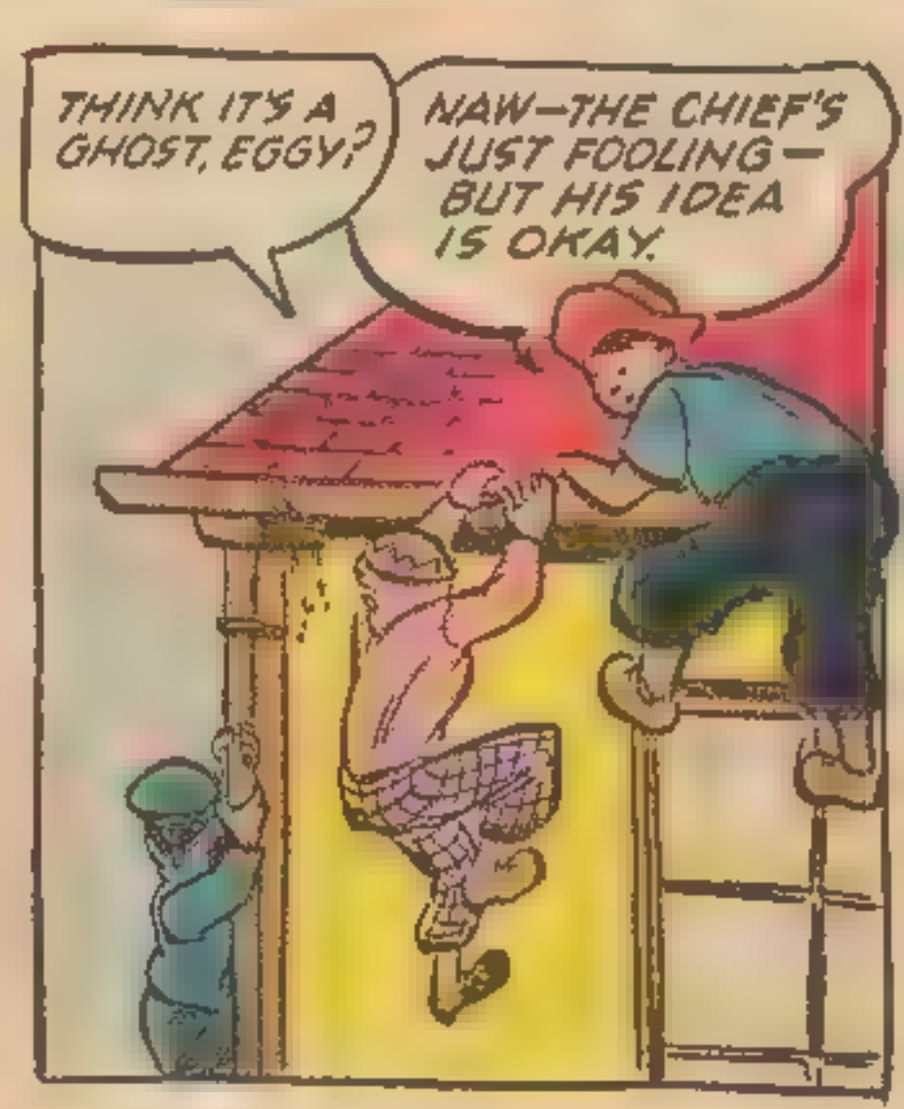
DEAR ME! THE CHIEF HAS DISAPPEARED. MAYBE I SHOULD JUST LIE HERE... THERE'S A STRANGE MAGIC IN THE AIR TODAY.

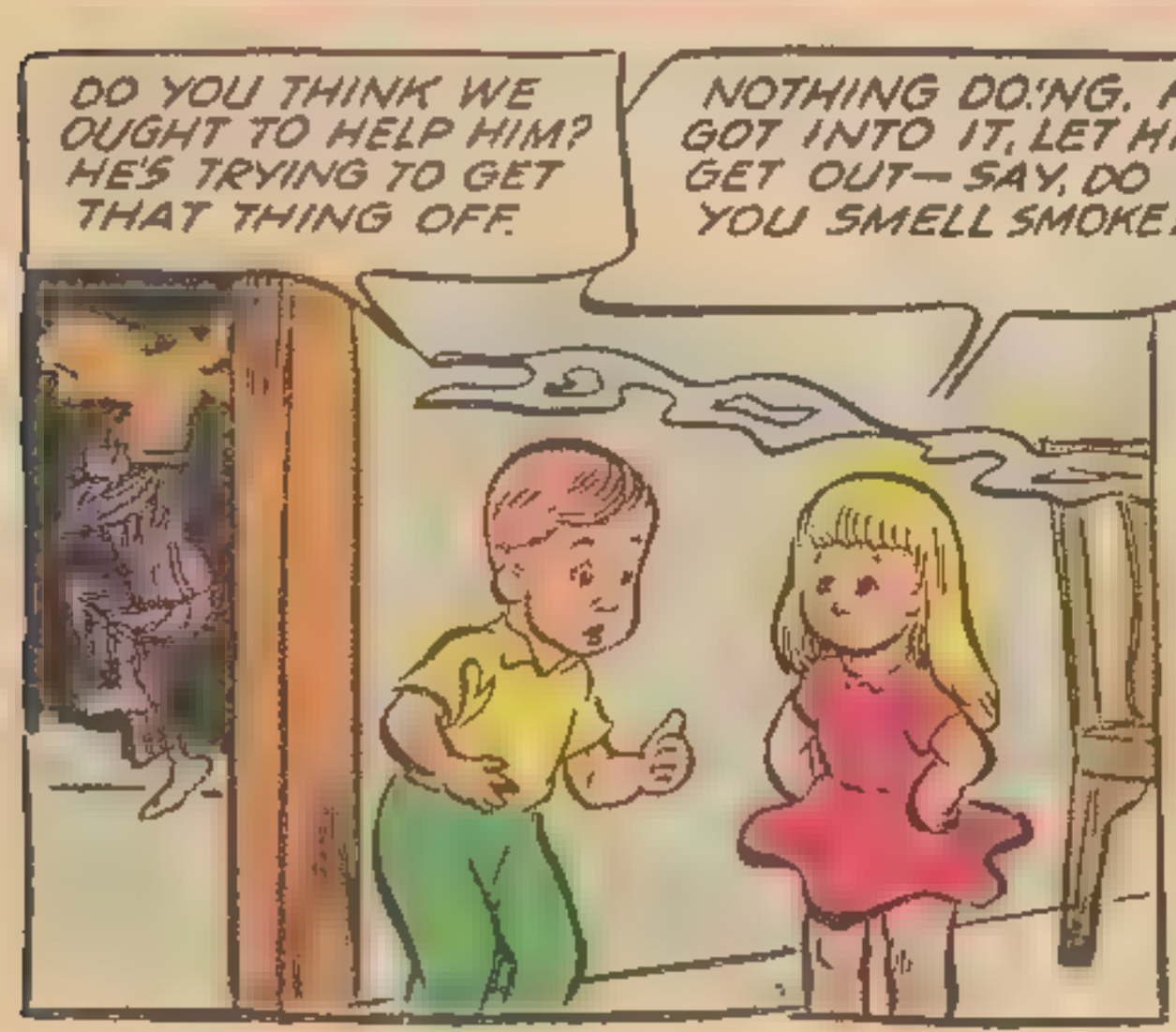

BAWP!
LOVER BOY! YA SAVE ME IN THE NICKLE OF TIME!


NOW, THE FIRST THING WE DO, MEN, IS GET THE GHOST OUT OF THERE.
YEH—EXCEPT IT'S A BURGLAR, ISN'T IT? HE MUST BE SMOTHERIN' IN ALL THAT SMOKE.

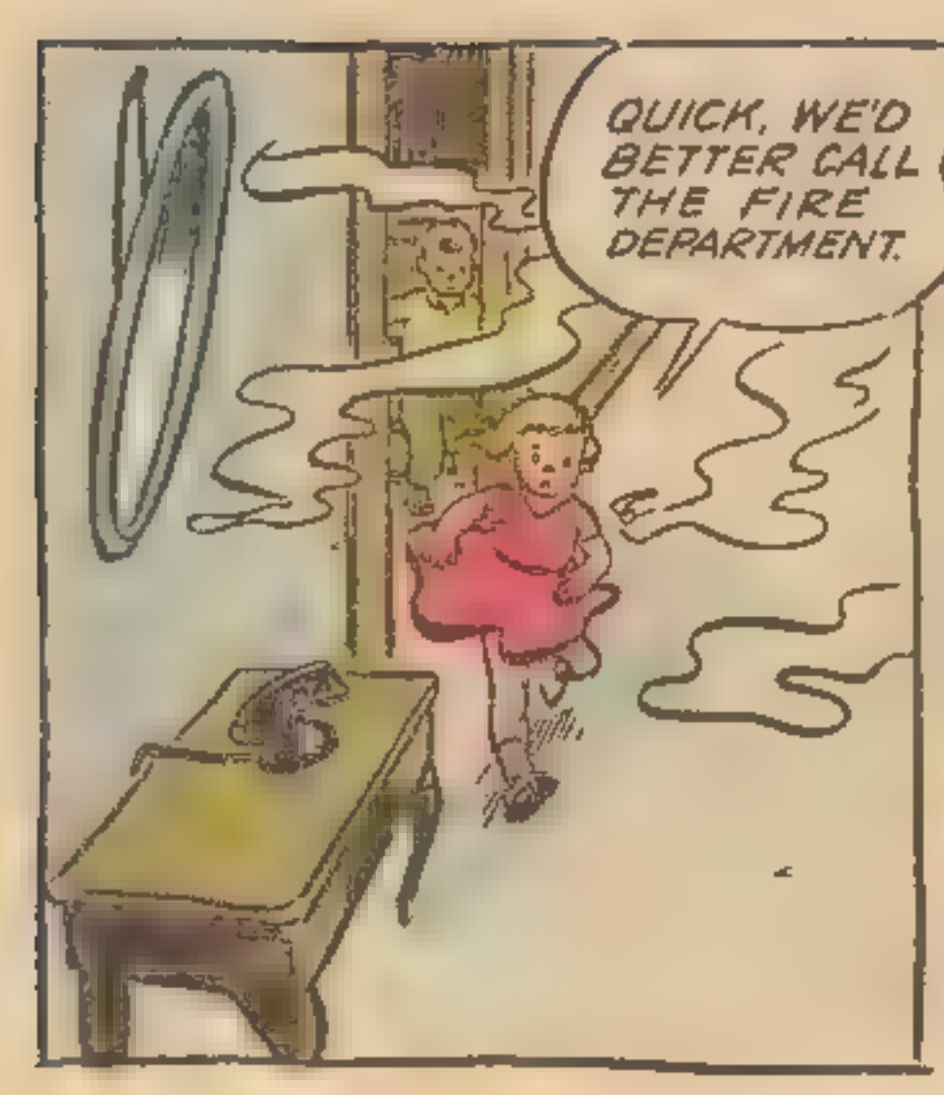

NO, IT'S NOT A BURGLAR—IT'S A GHOST. HAD A MOOSE'S HEAD, THEN A GOAT'S HEAD. APPEARS, DISAPPEARS, DOES EVERYTHING REGULAR—JUST LIKE A GHOST.

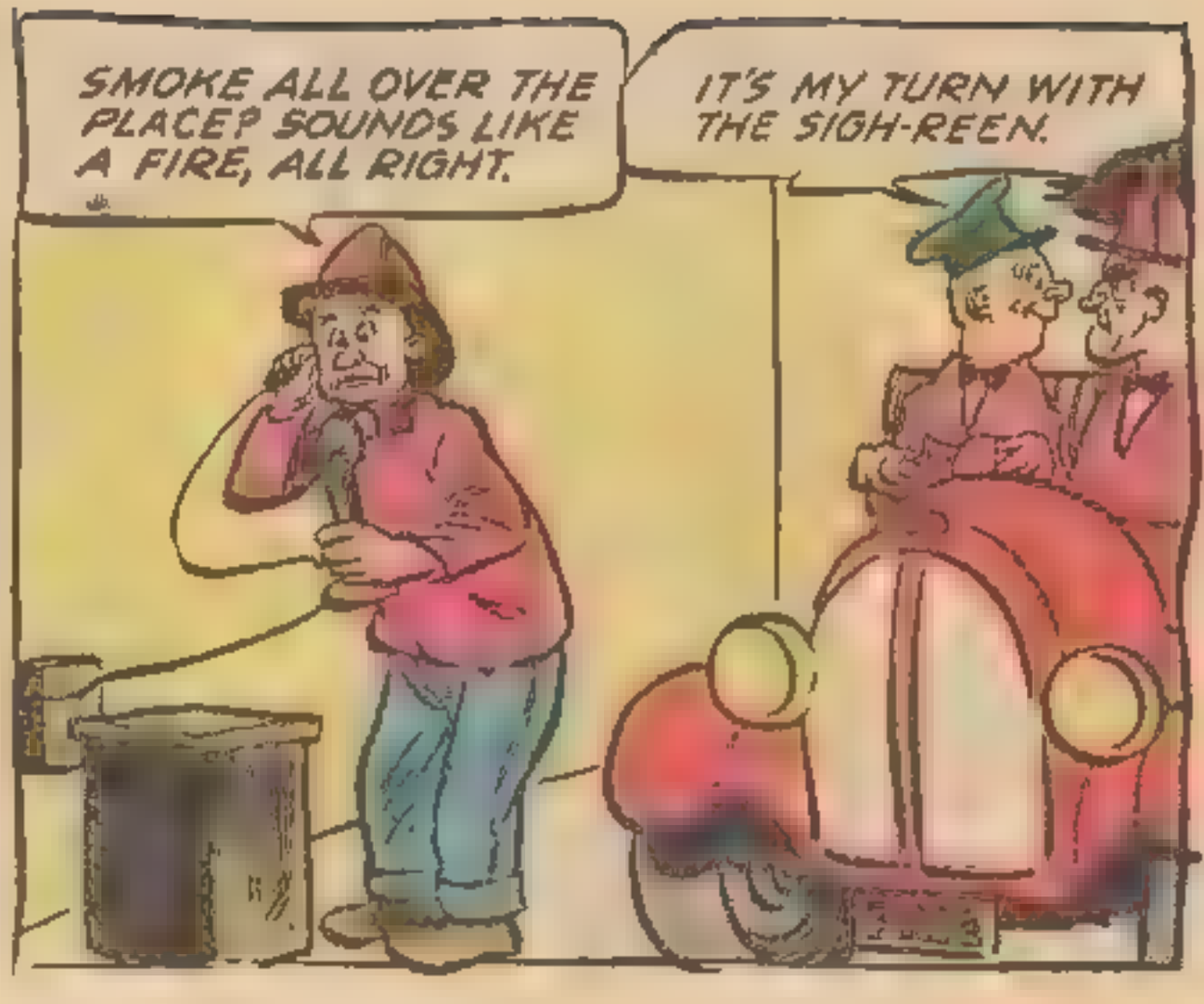

COME ON—IF HE'S ROPED IN AT THIS END, WE'LL GO AROUND AND GET HIM AT THE OTHER END.
GOOD IDEA, CHIEF.

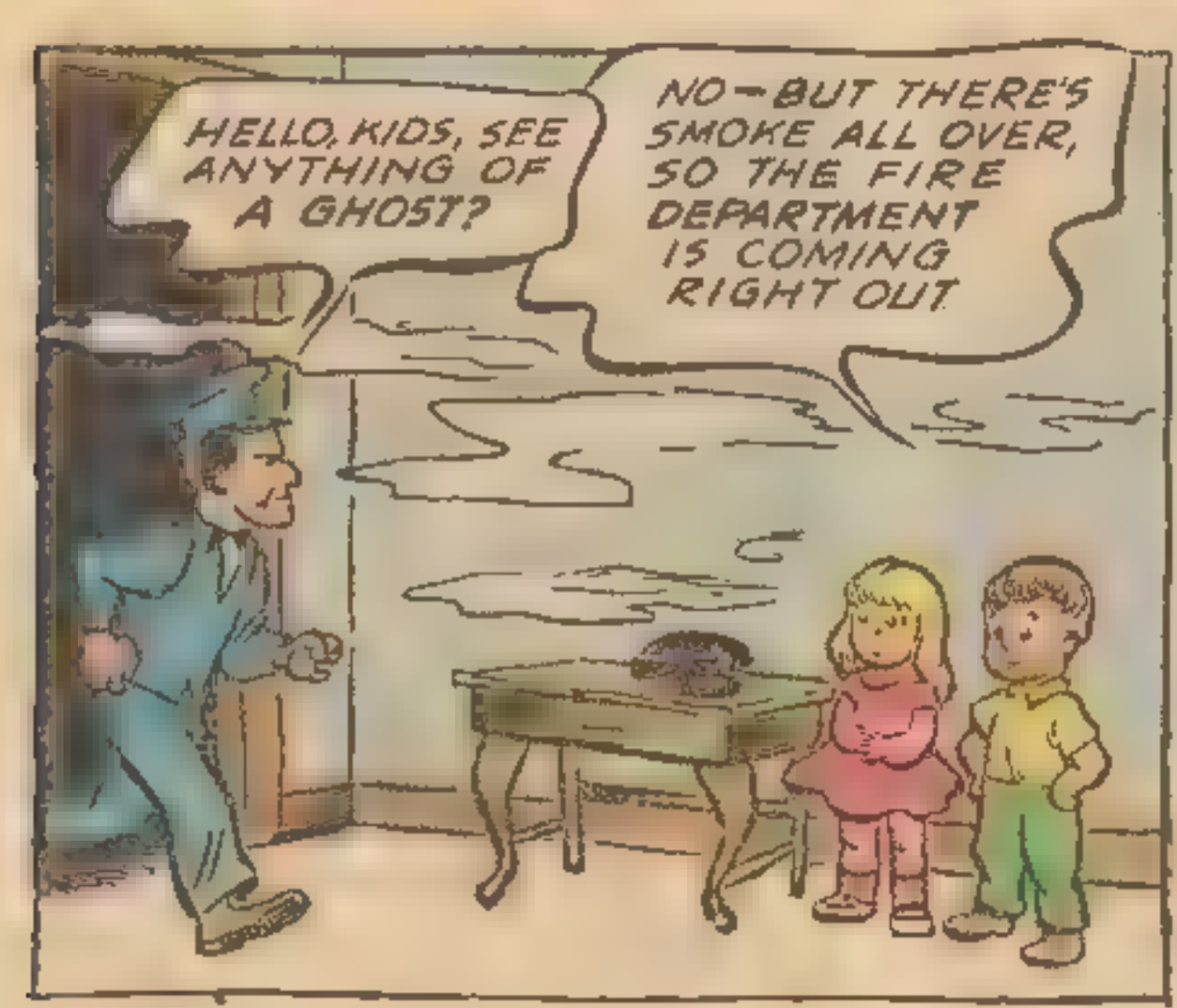

THINK IT'S A GHOST, EGGY?
NAW—THE CHIEF'S JUST FOOLING—BUT HIS IDEA IS OKAY.

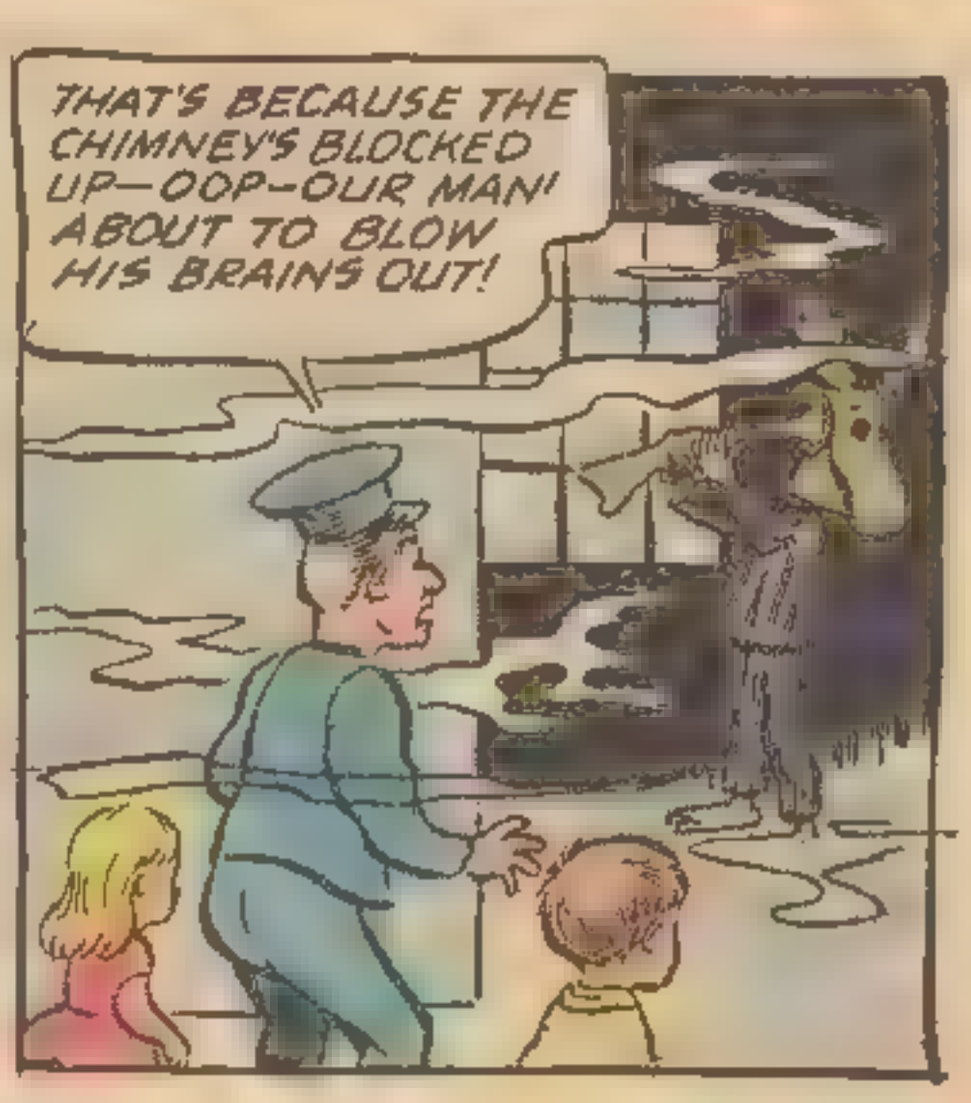

DO YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO HELP HIM? HE'S TRYING TO GET THAT THING OFF.
NOTHING DOING. HE GOT INTO IT, LET HIM GET OUT—SAY, DO YOU SMELL SMOKE?

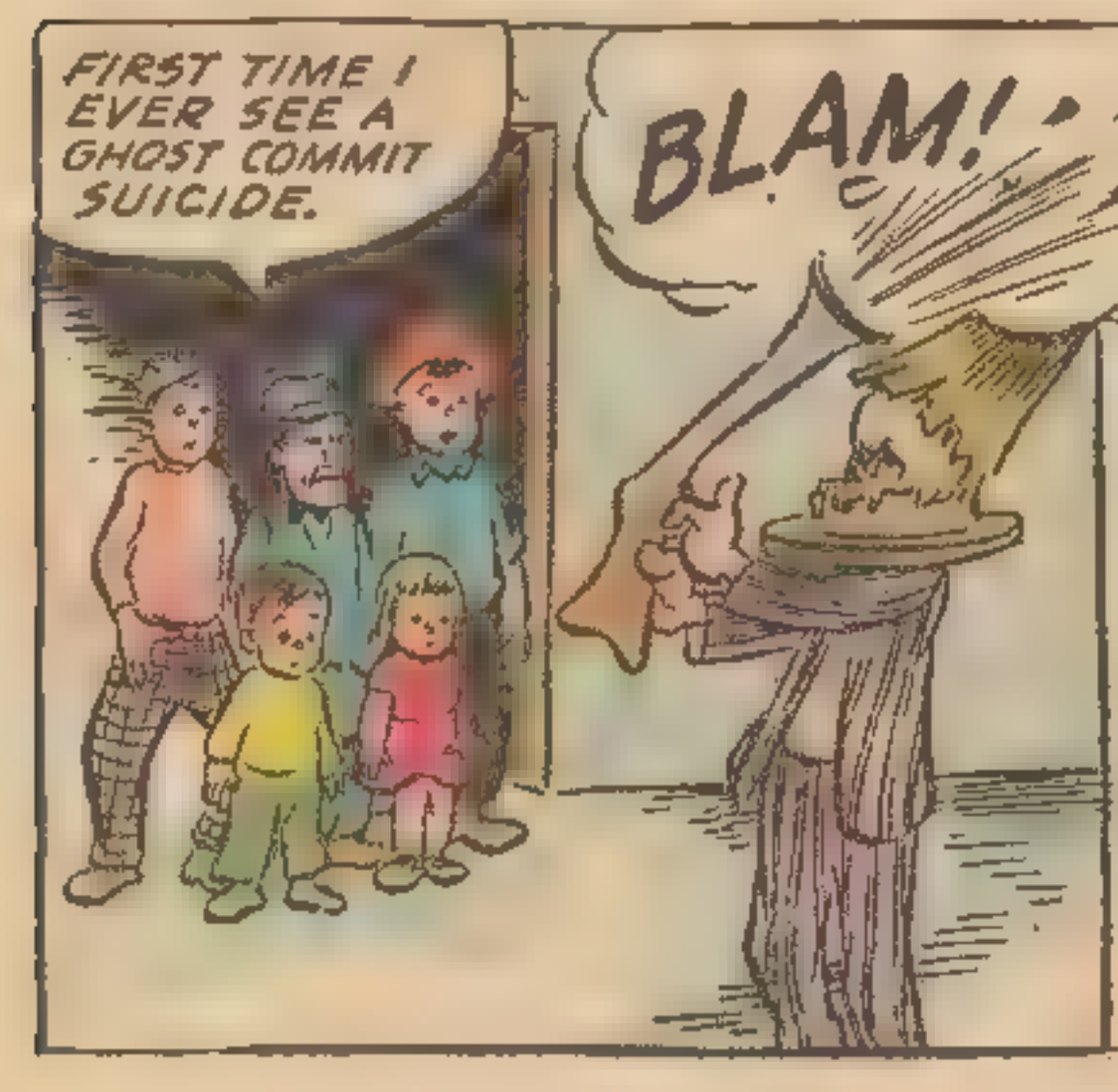
YEAH—LOOK, IT'S COMING OUT OF THE HEATER—THAT MEANS THE PLACE IS ON FIRE.

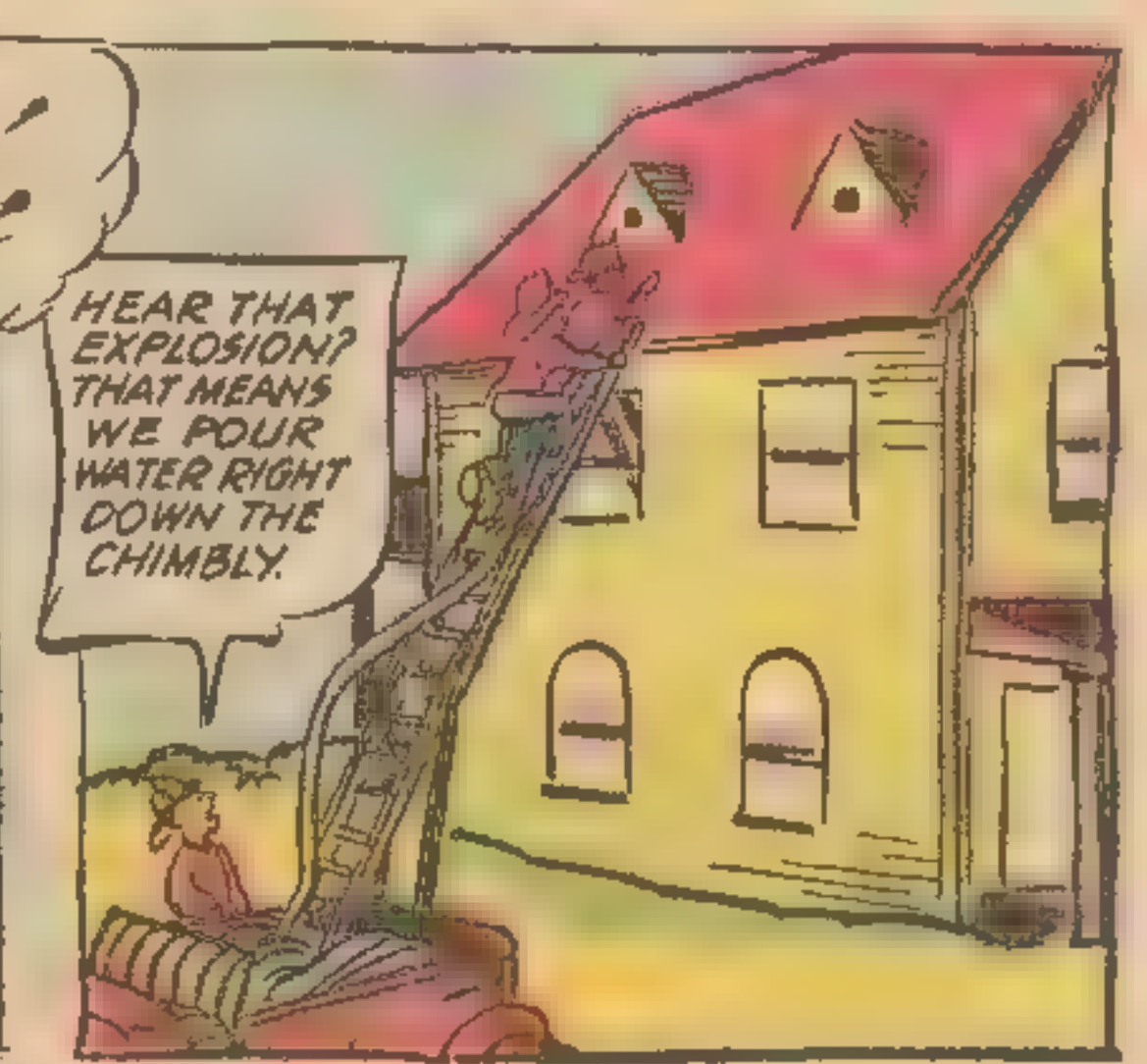

QUICK, WE'D BETTER CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.


SMOKE ALL OVER THE PLACE? SOUNDS LIKE A FIRE, ALL RIGHT.
IT'S MY TURN WITH THE SIGH-REEN.

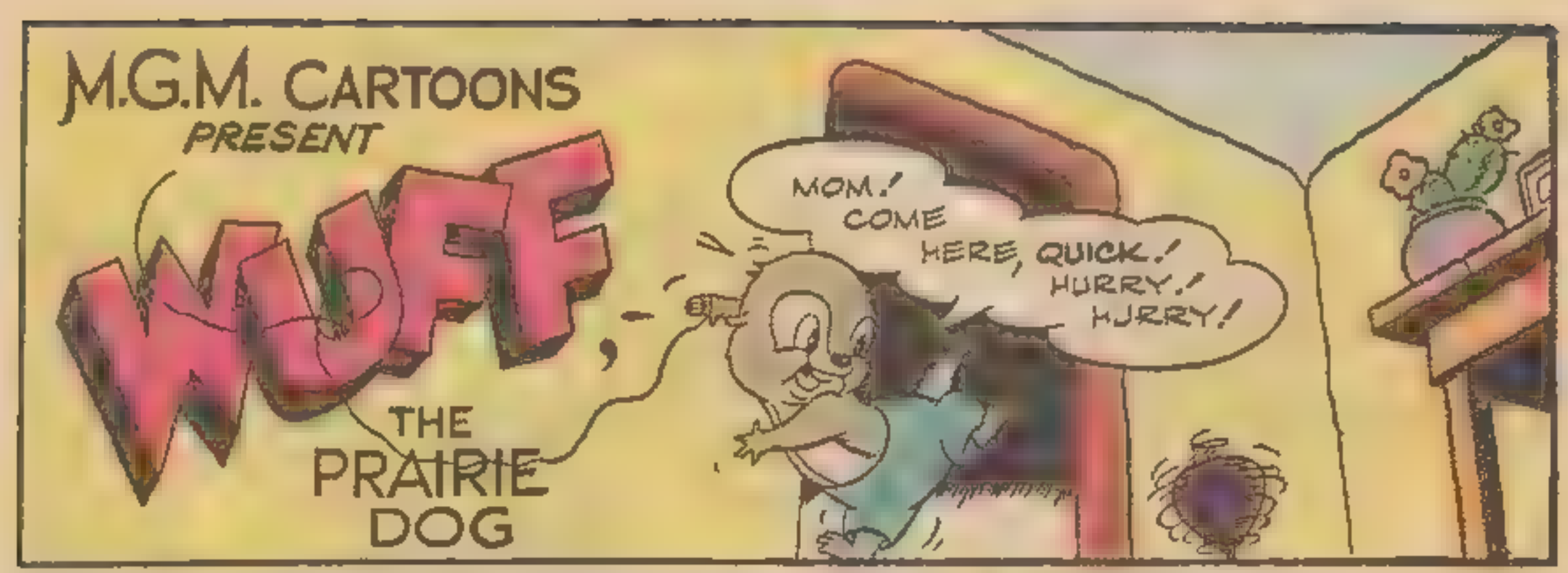

HELLO, KIDS, SEE ANYTHING OF A GHOST?
NO—BUT THERE'S SMOKE ALL OVER, SO THE FIRE DEPARTMENT IS COMING RIGHT OUT.

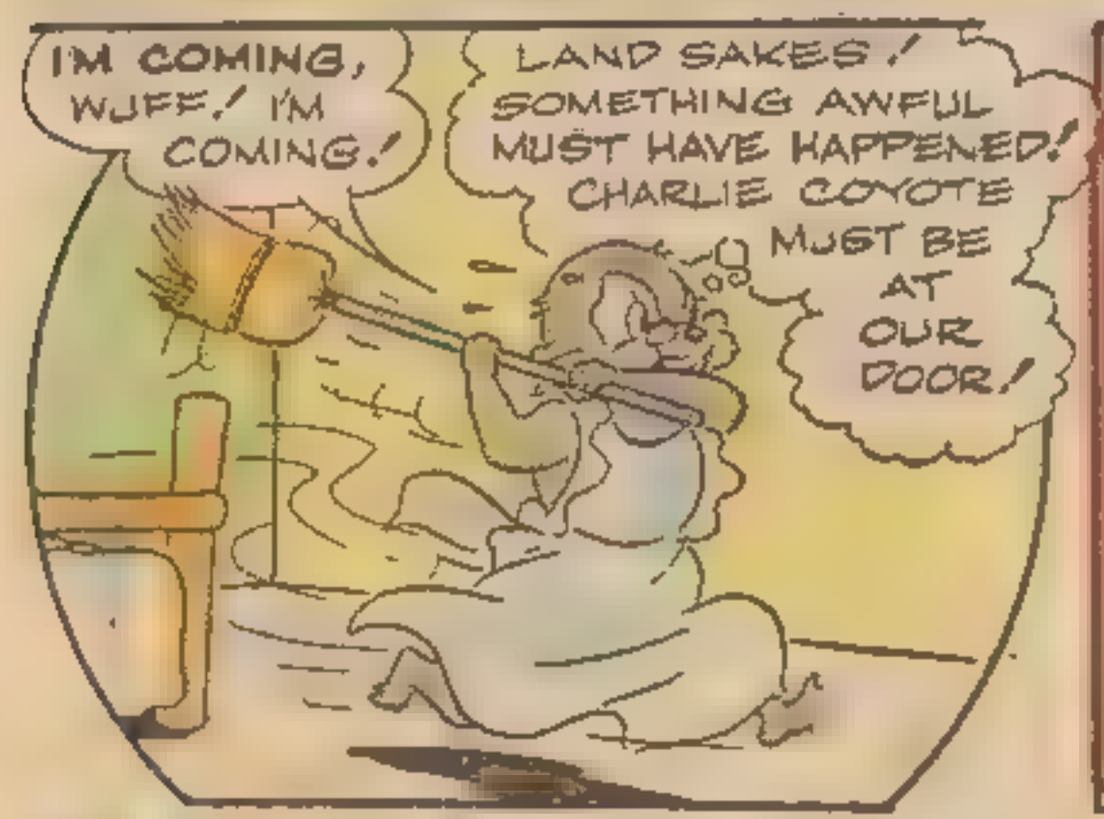

THAT'S BECAUSE THE CHIMNEY'S BLOCKED UP—OOP—OUR MAN! ABOUT TO BLOW HIS BRAINS OUT!

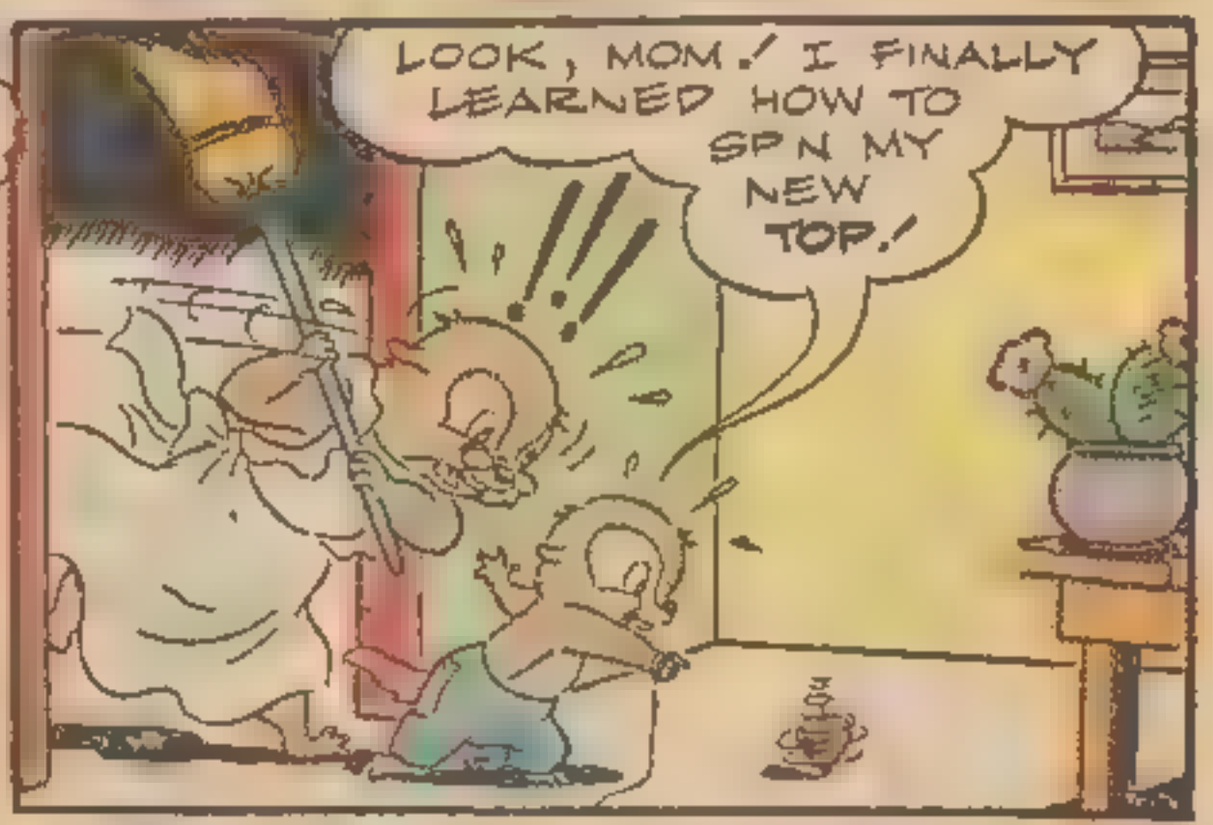

FIRST TIME I EVER SEE A GHOST COMMIT SUICIDE.
BLAM!

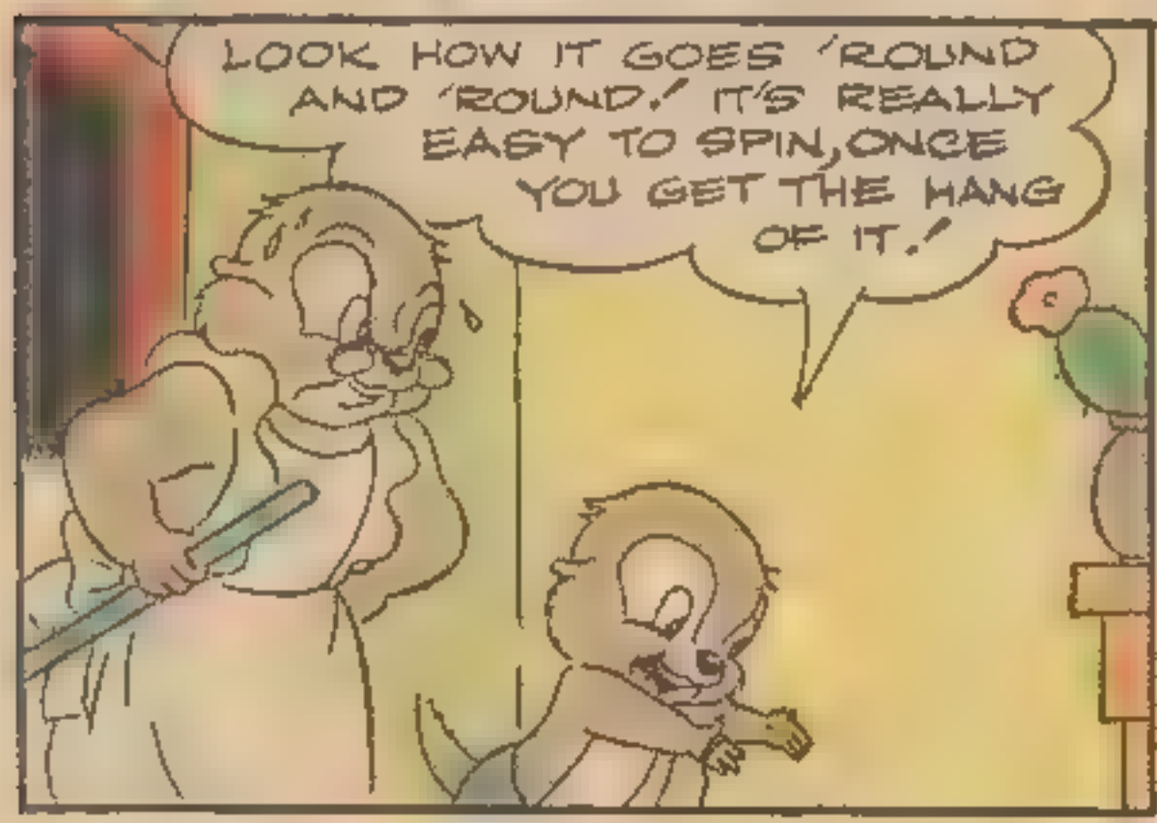

HEAR THAT EXPLOSION? THAT MEANS WE POUR WATER RIGHT DOWN THE CHIMBLY.

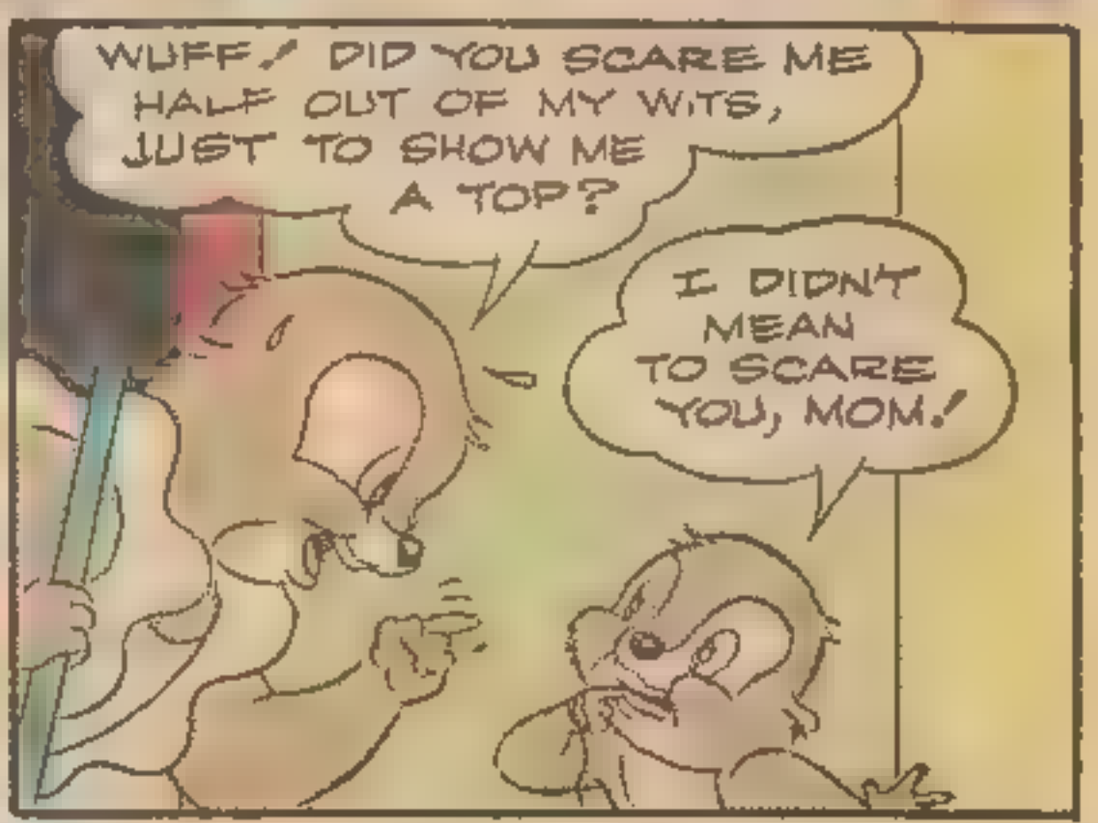
OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

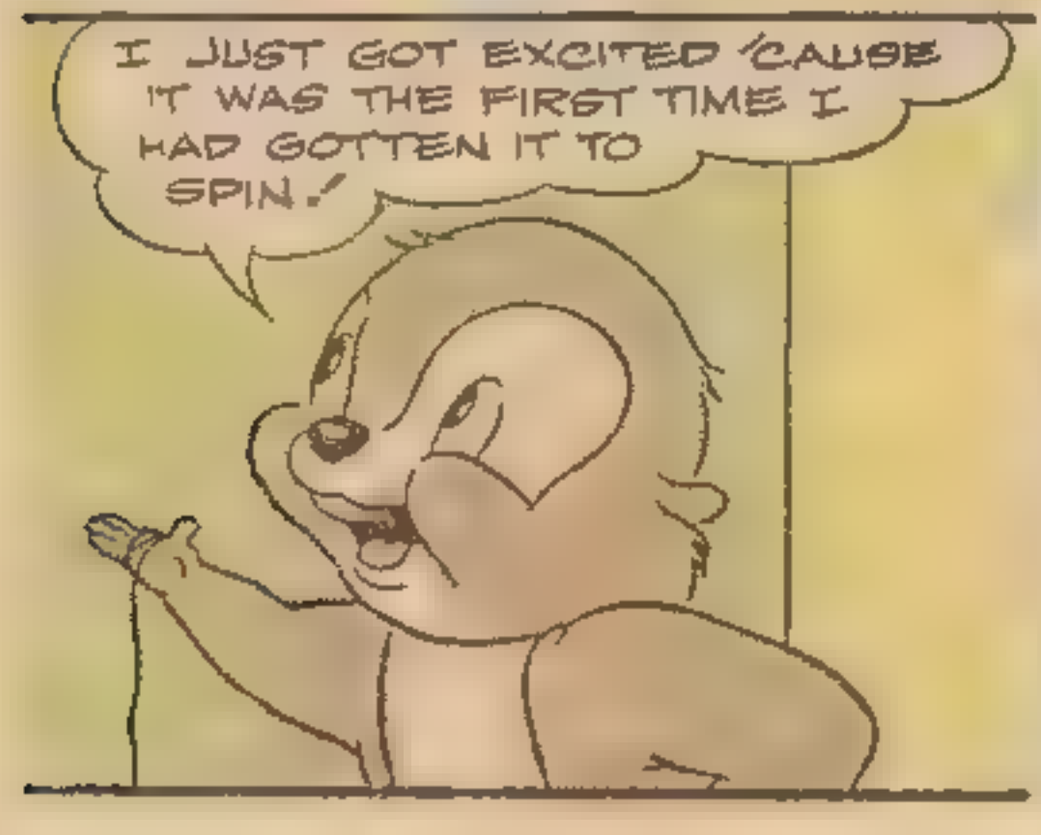

M.G.M. CARTOONS
PRESENT
WUFF,
THE PRAIRIE DOG
MOM! COME HERE, QUICK! HURRY! HURRY!

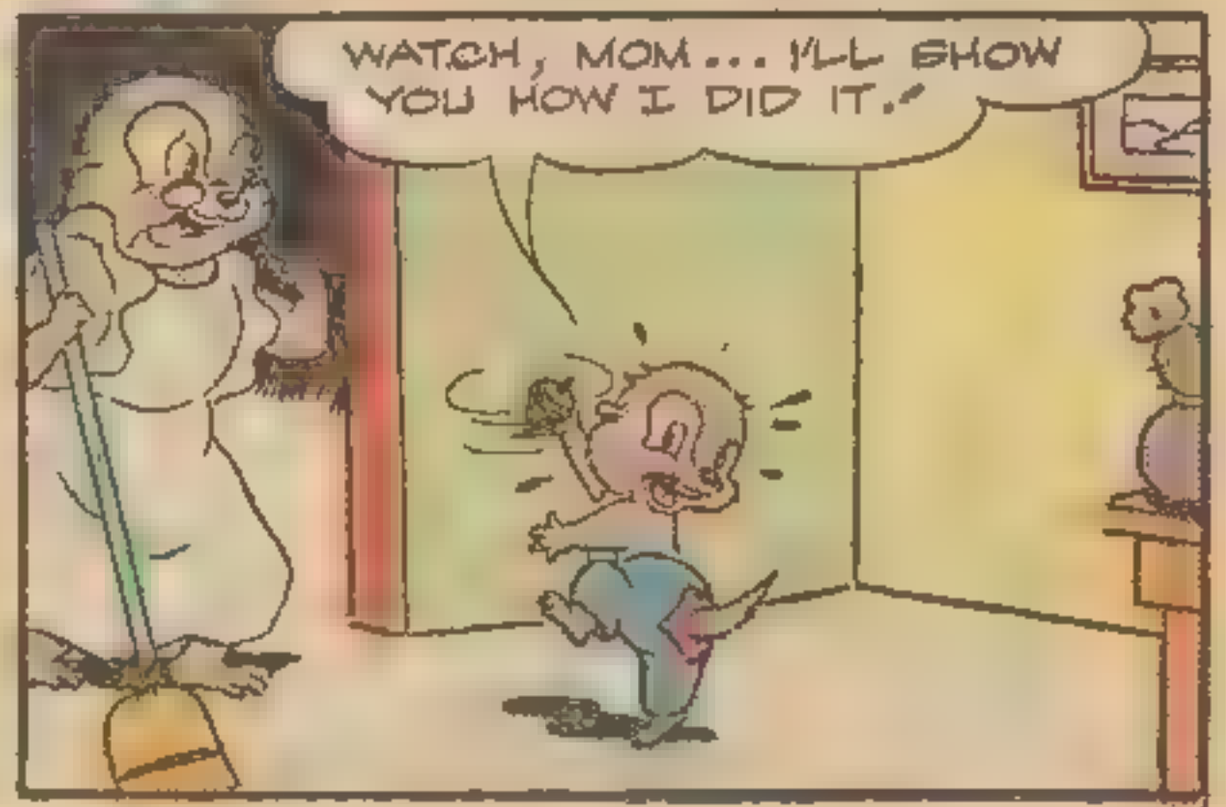

I'M COMING, WUFF! I'M COMING!
LAND SAKES! SOMETHING AWFUL MUST HAVE HAPPENED! CHARLIE COYOTE MUST BE AT OUR DOOR!

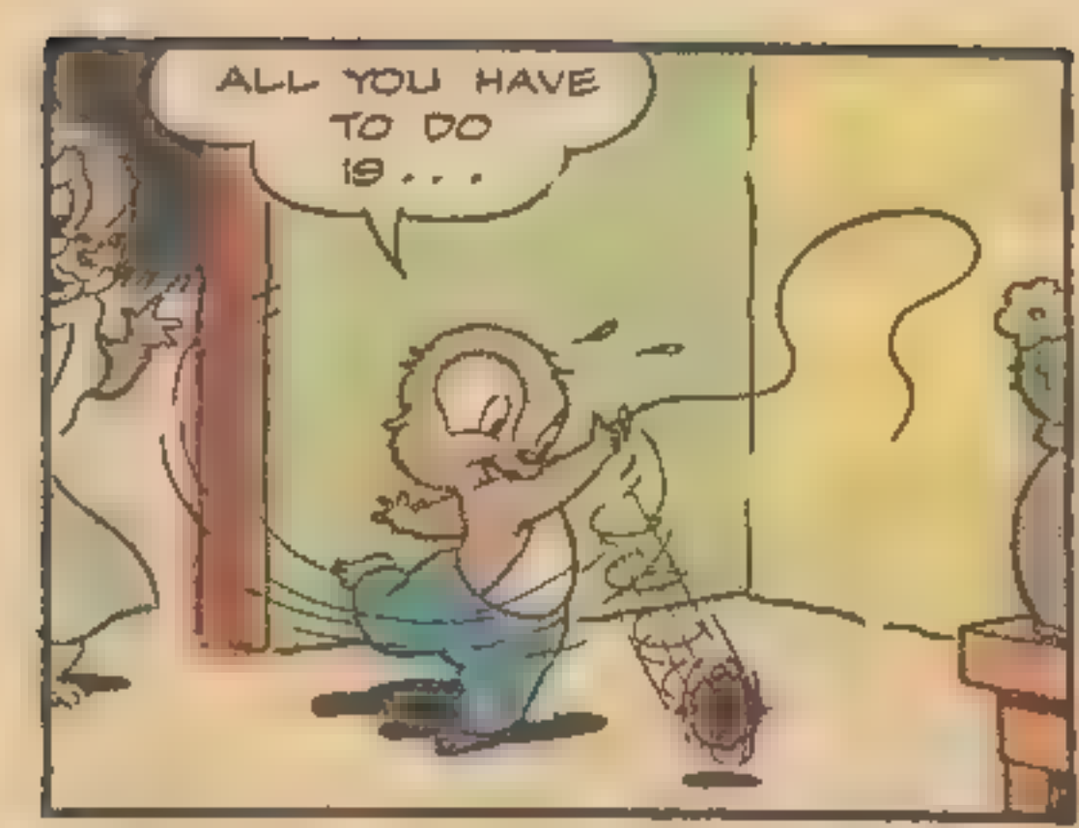

LOOK, MOM! I FINALLY LEARNED HOW TO SPIN MY NEW TOP!

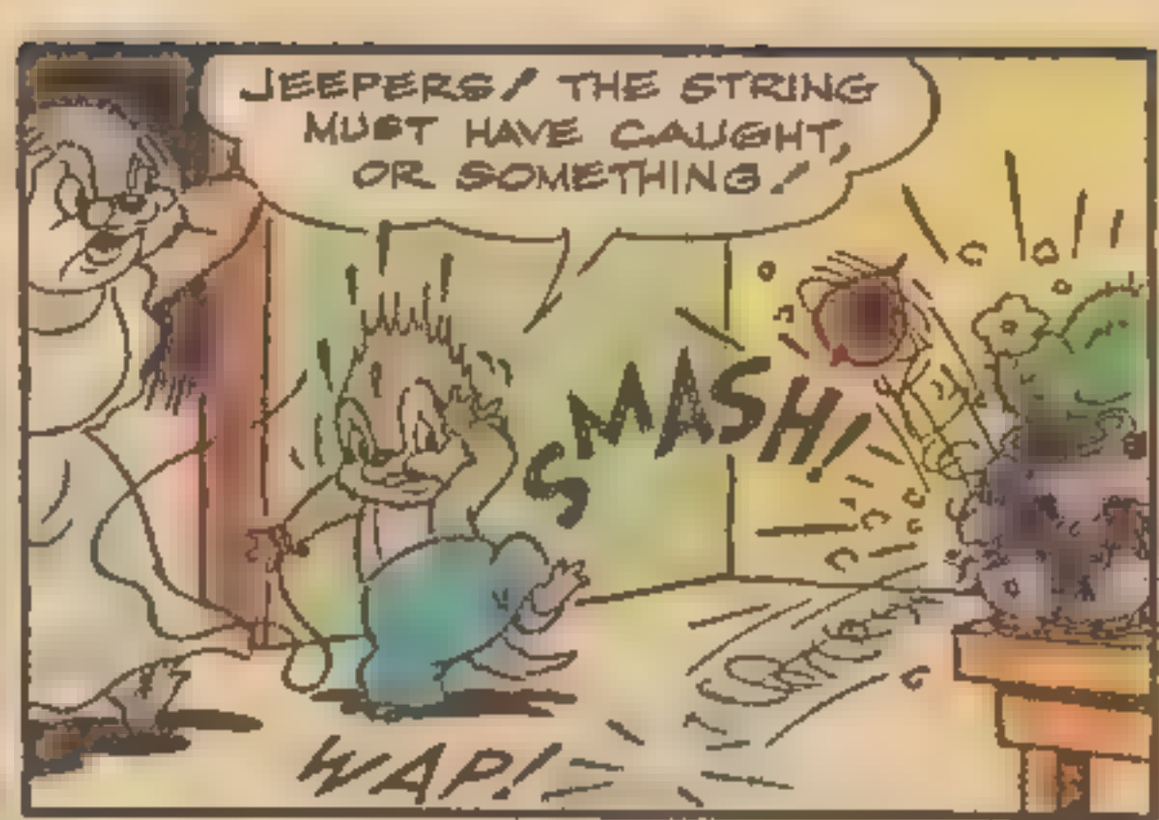

LOOK HOW IT GOES 'ROUND AND 'ROUND! IT'S REALLY EASY TO SPIN, ONCE YOU GET THE HANG OF IT!

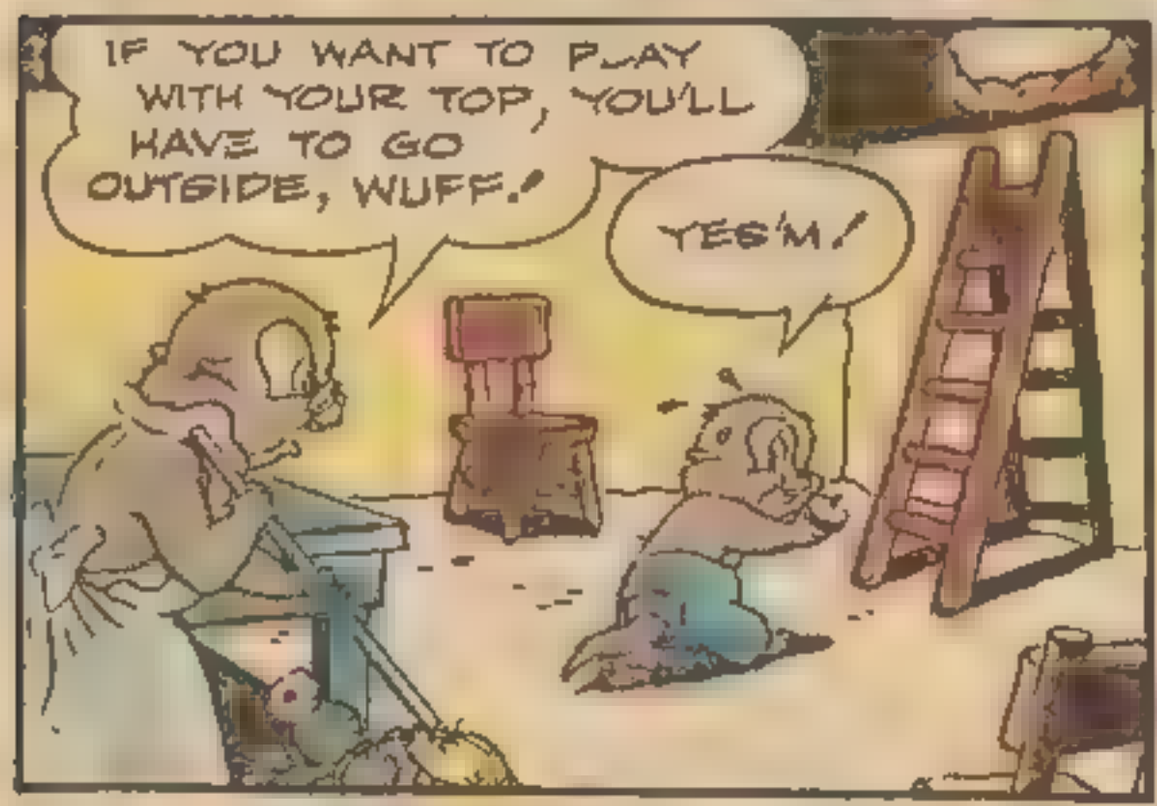

WUFF! DID YOU SCARE ME HALF OUT OF MY WITS, JUST TO SHOW ME A TOP?
I DIDN'T MEAN TO SCARE YOU, MOM!

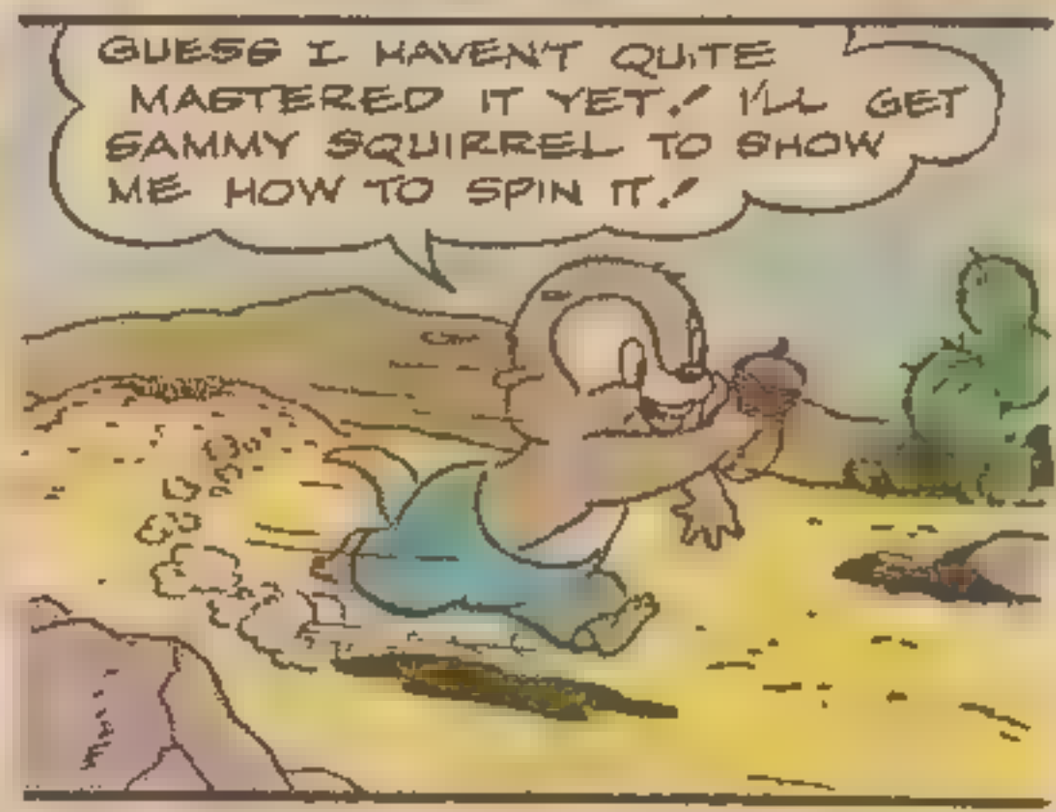

I JUST GOT EXCITED 'CAUSE IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I HAD GOTTEN IT TO SPIN!

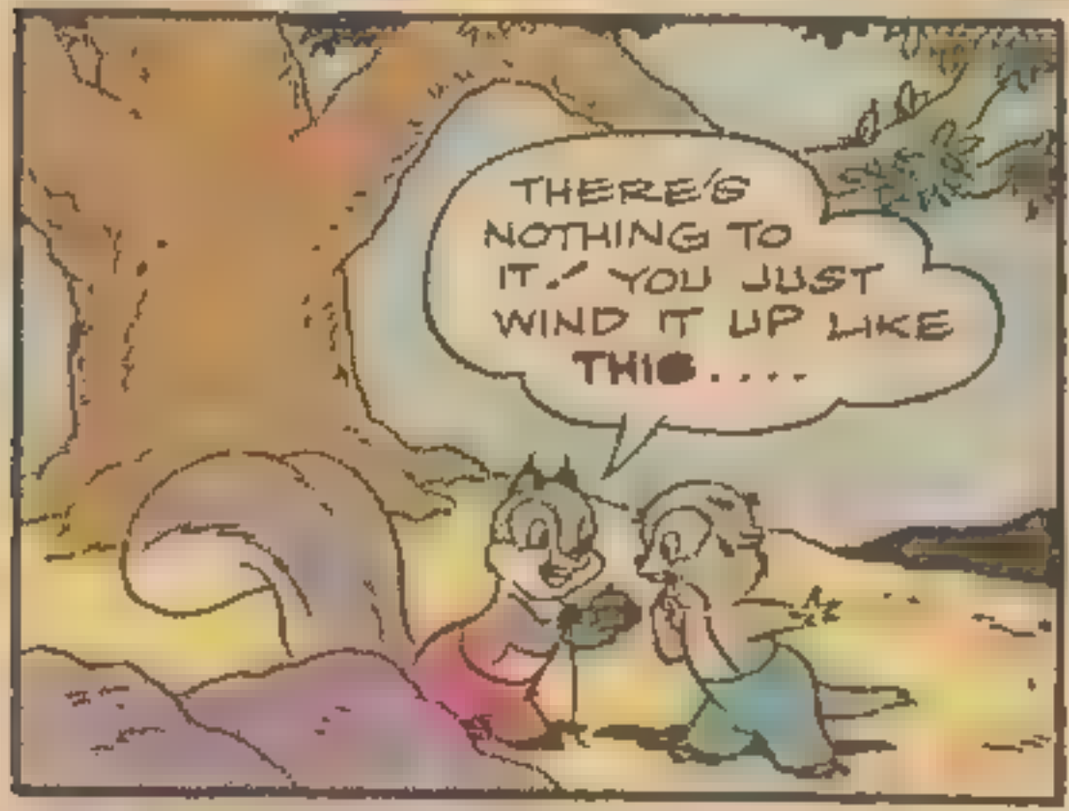

WATCH, MOM... I'LL SHOW YOU HOW I DID IT!

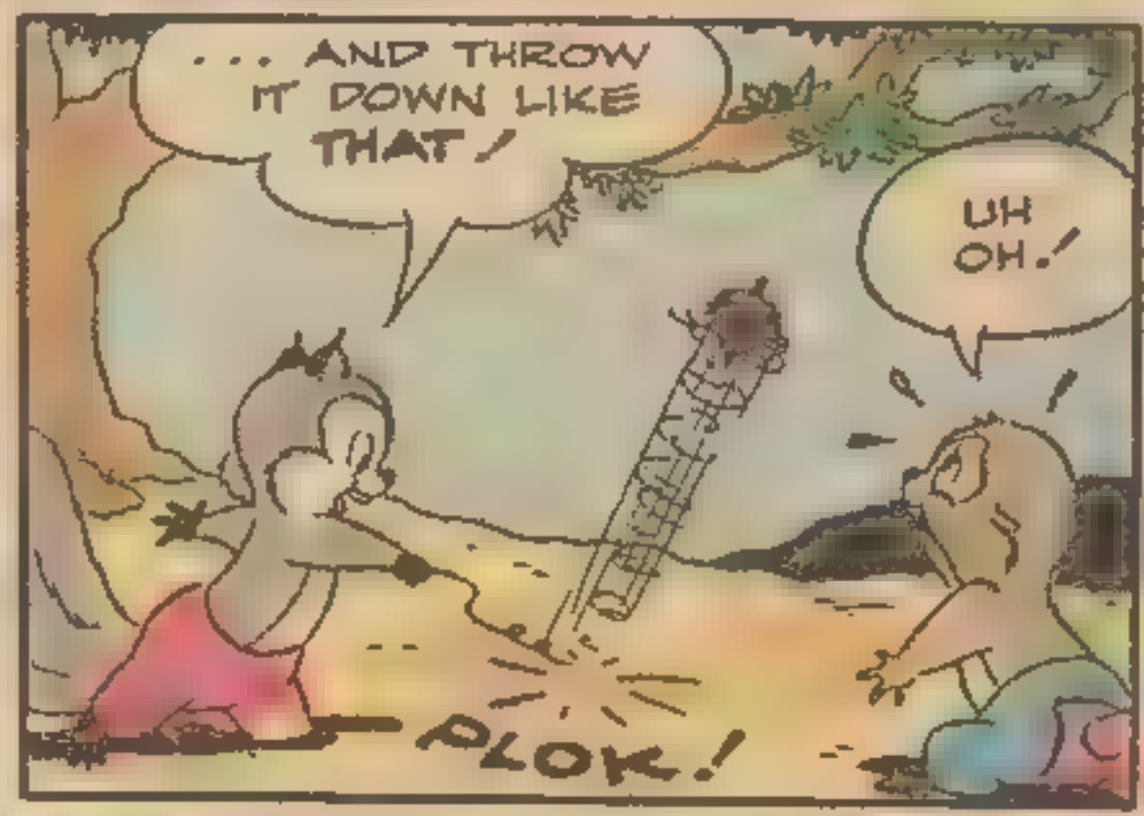

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS . . .

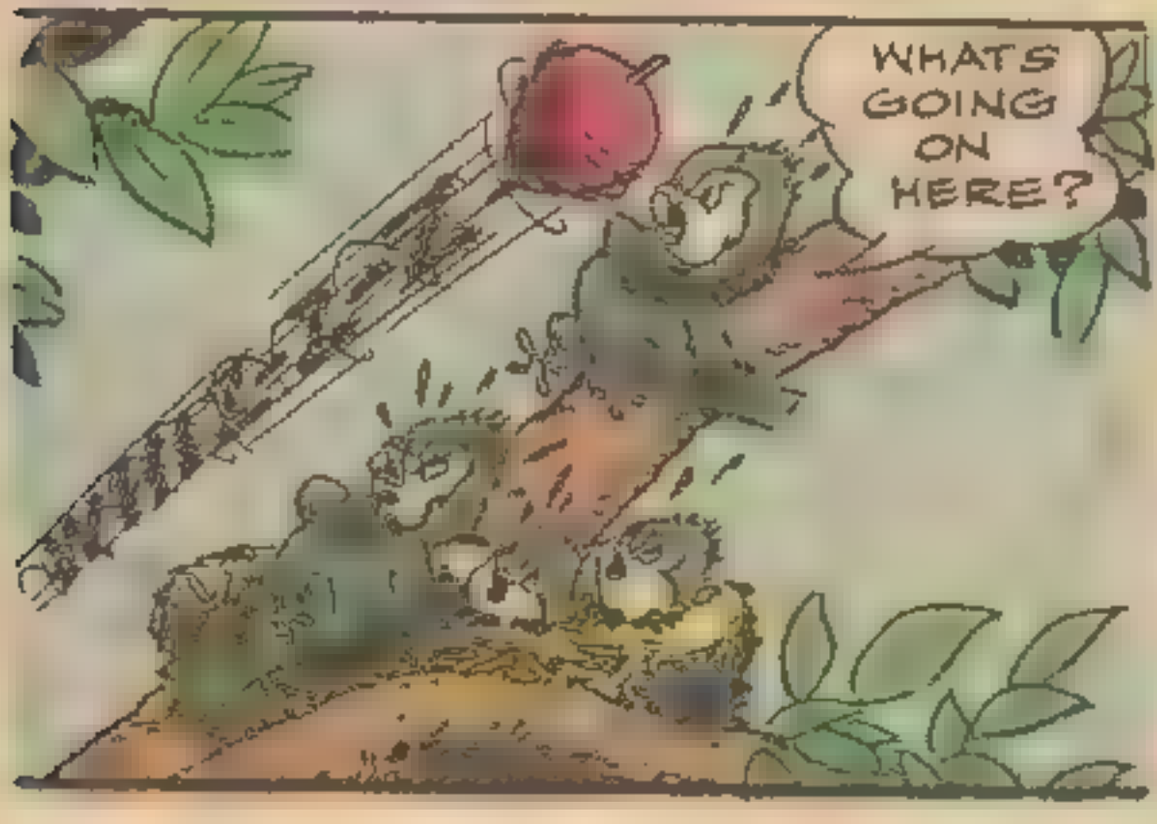

JEEPERS! THE STRING MUST HAVE CAUGHT, OR SOMETHING!
SMASH!
WAP!

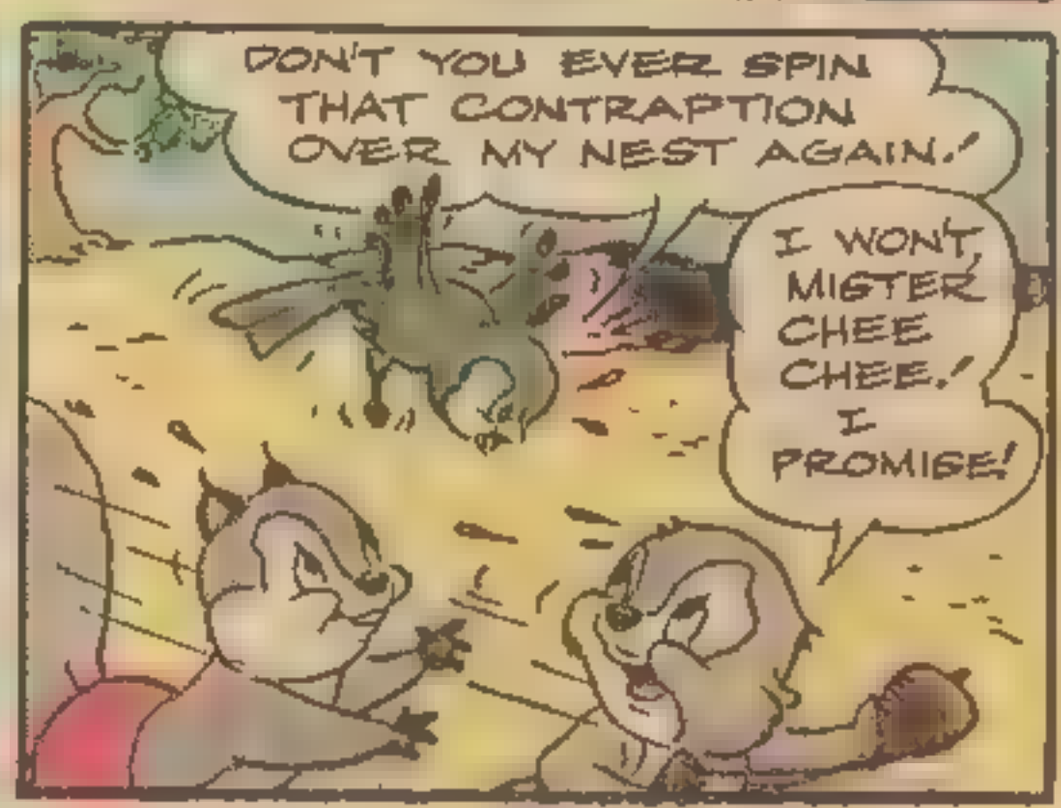

IF YOU WANT TO PLAY WITH YOUR TOP, YOU'LL HAVE TO GO OUTSIDE, WUFF!
YES'M!

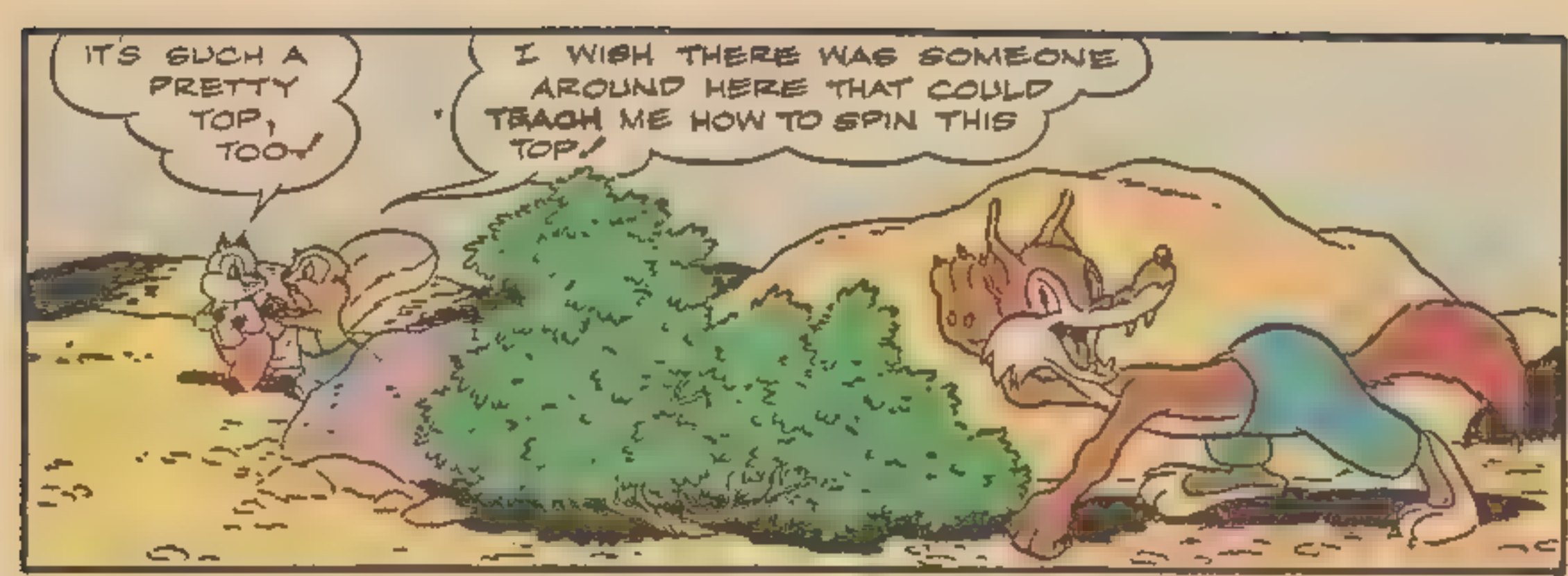

GUESS I HAVEN'T QUITE MASTERED IT YET! I'LL GET SAMMY SQUIRREL TO SHOW ME HOW TO SPIN IT!

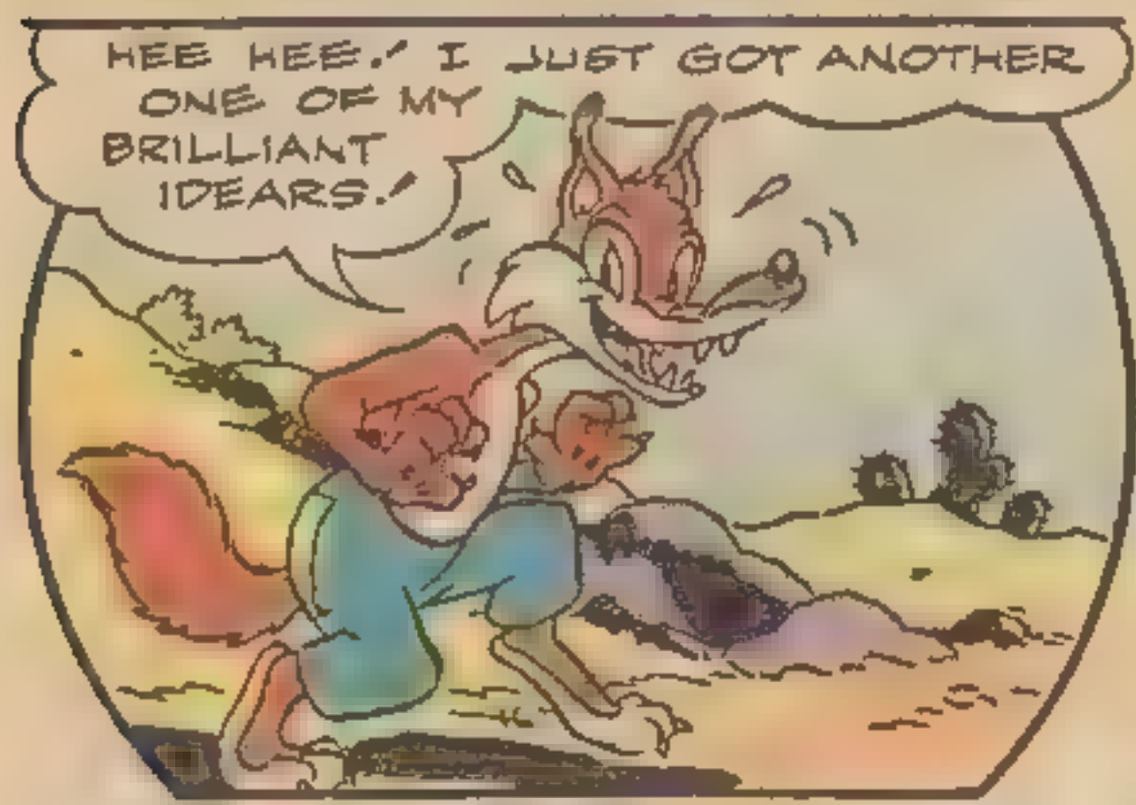

THERE'S NOTHING TO IT! YOU JUST WIND IT UP LIKE THIS . . . .

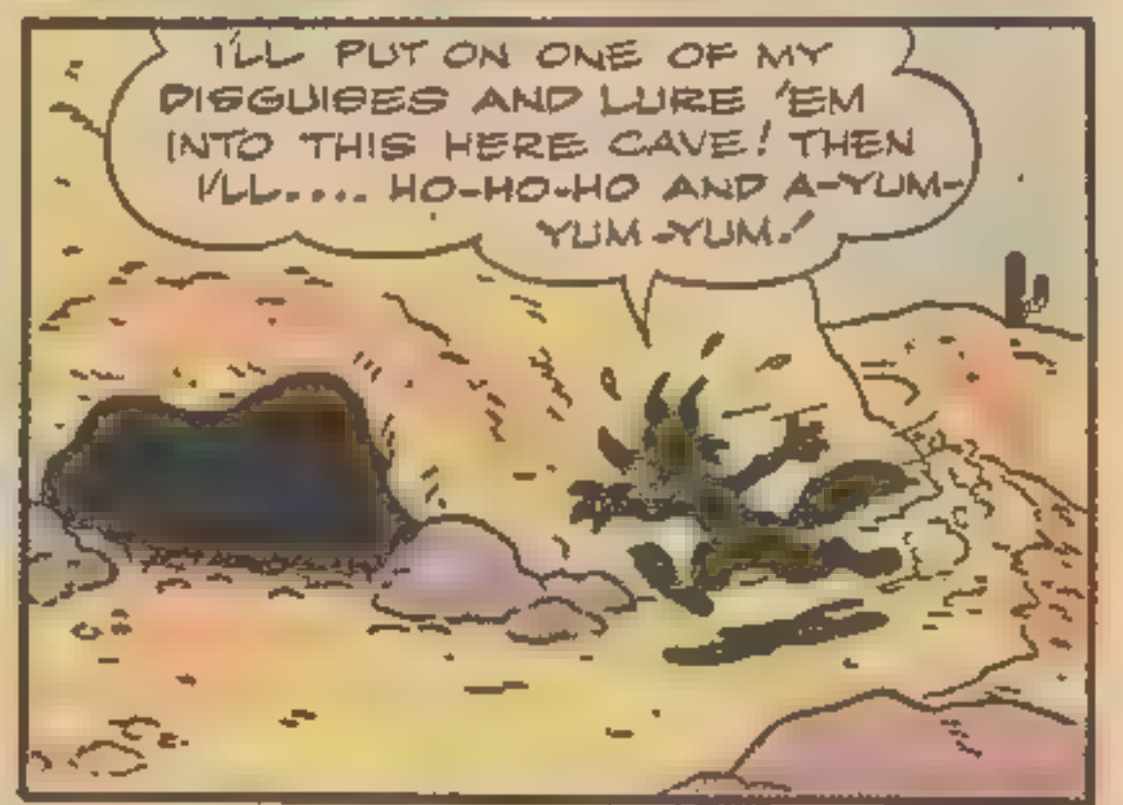

. . . AND THROW IT DOWN LIKE THAT!
UH OH!
PLOK!

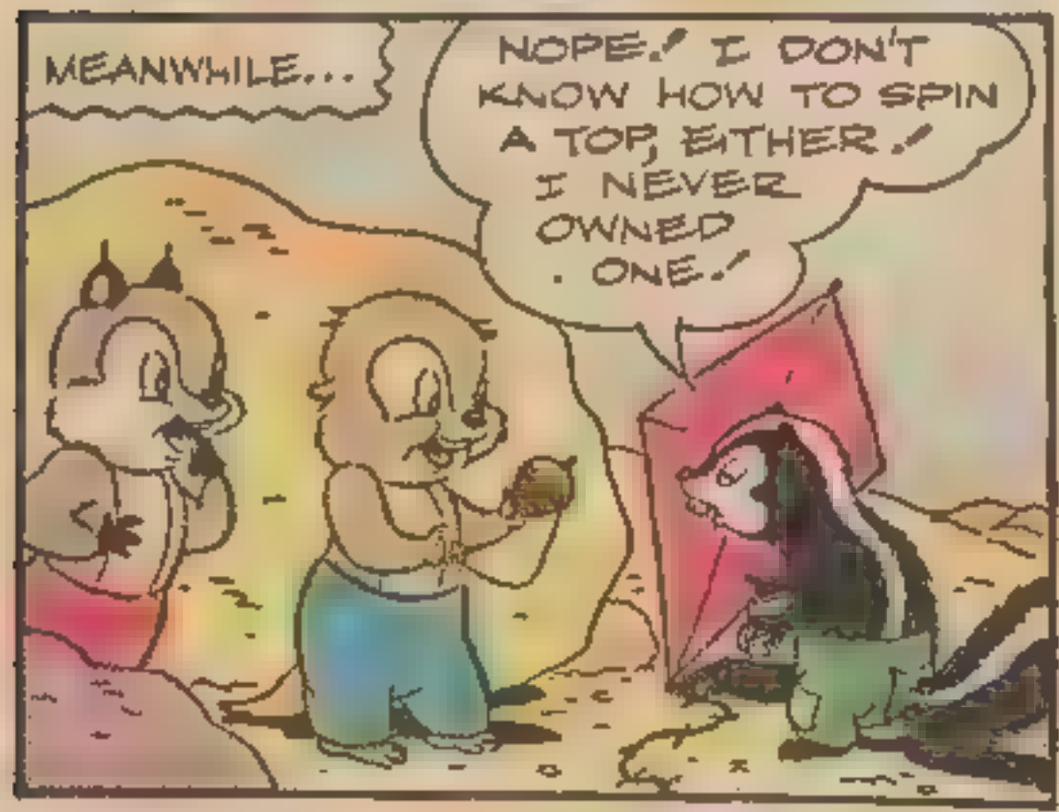

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

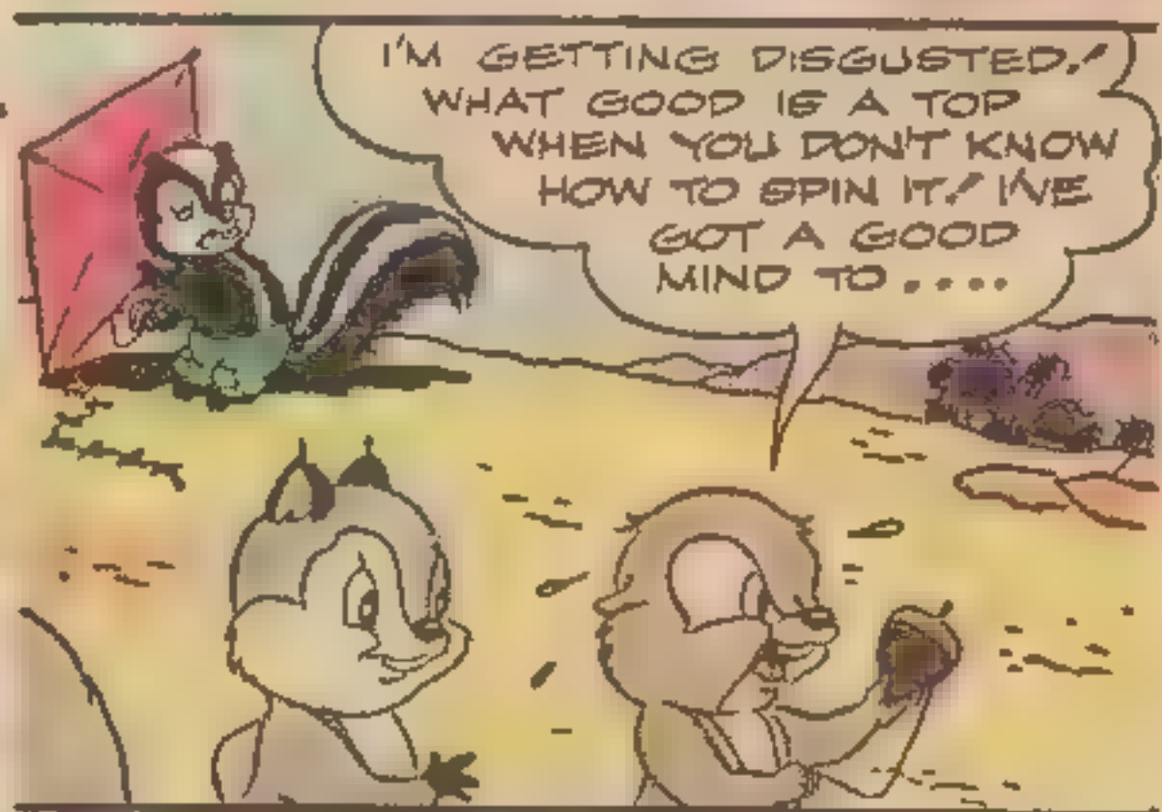

DON'T YOU EVER SPIN THAT CONTRAPTION OVER MY NEST AGAIN!
I WON'T, MISTER CHEE CHEE! I PROMISE!

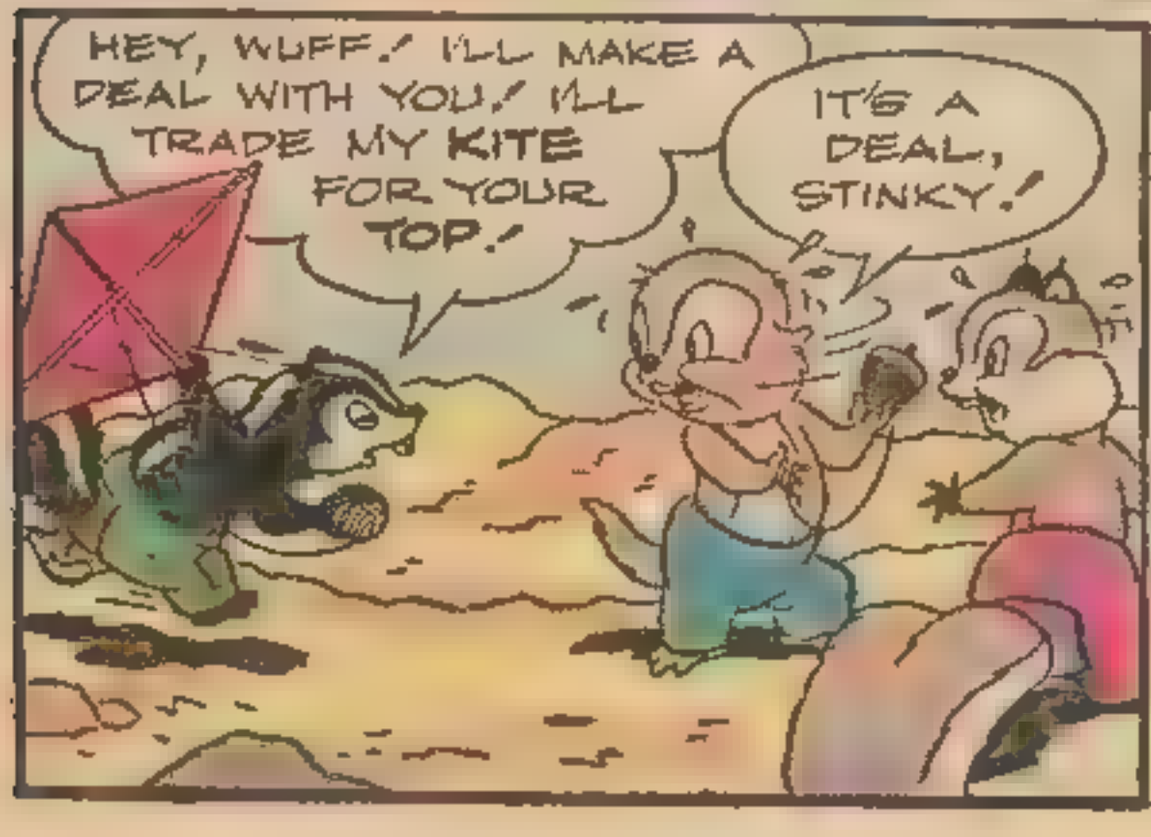

IT'S SUCH A PRETTY TOP, TOO!
I WISH THERE WAS SOMEONE AROUND HERE THAT COULD TEACH ME HOW TO SPIN THIS TOP!

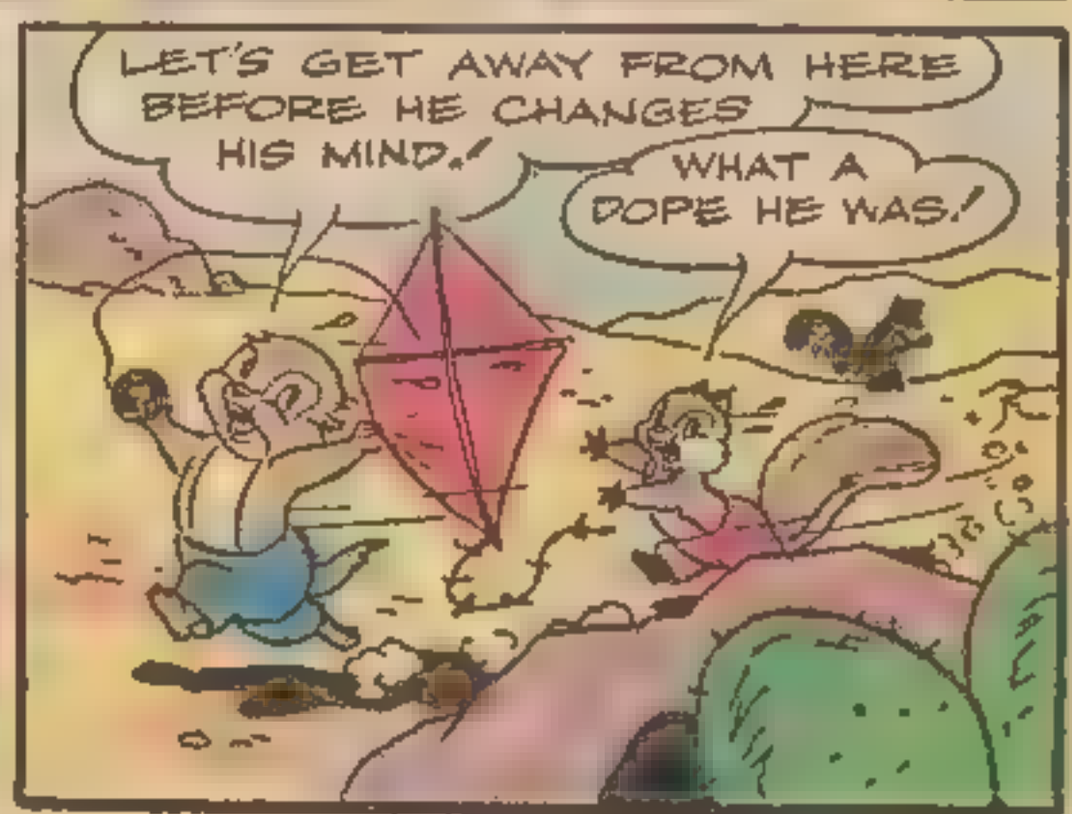

HEE HEE! I JUST GOT ANOTHER ONE OF MY BRILLIANT IDEARS!

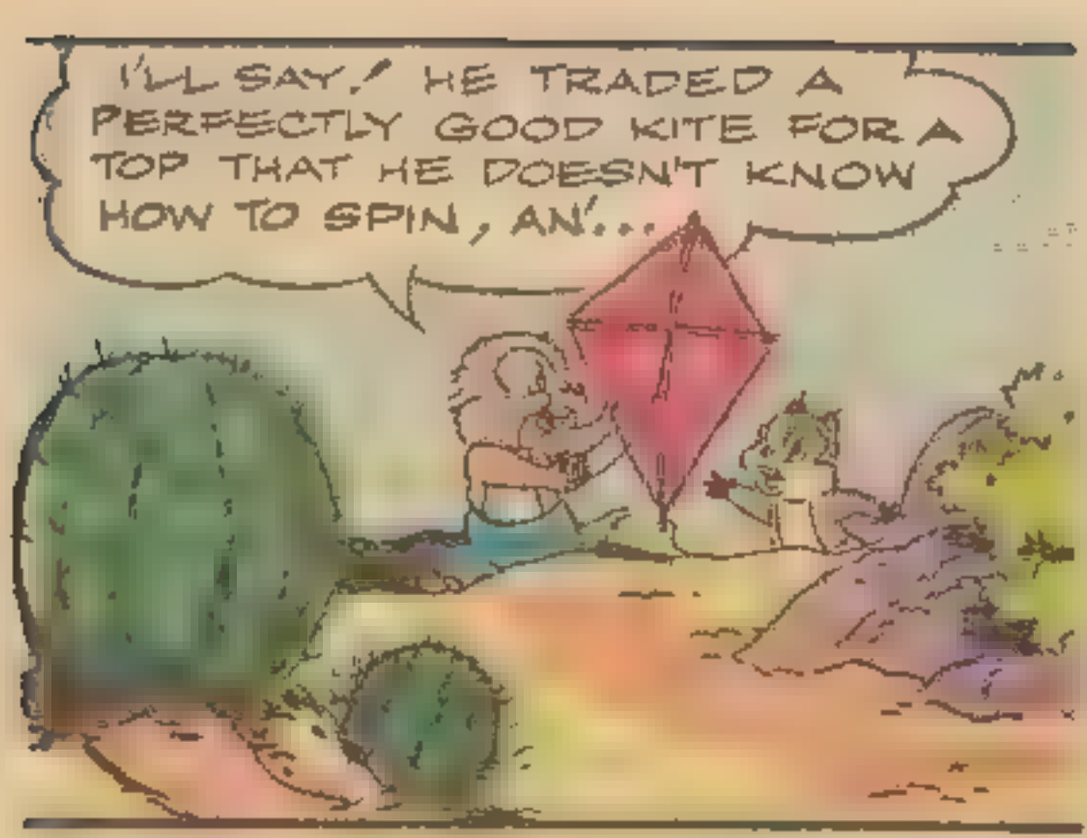

I'LL PUT ON ONE OF MY DISGUISES AND LURE 'EM INTO THIS HERE CAVE! THEN I'LL.... HO-HO-HO AND A-YUM-YUM-YUM!

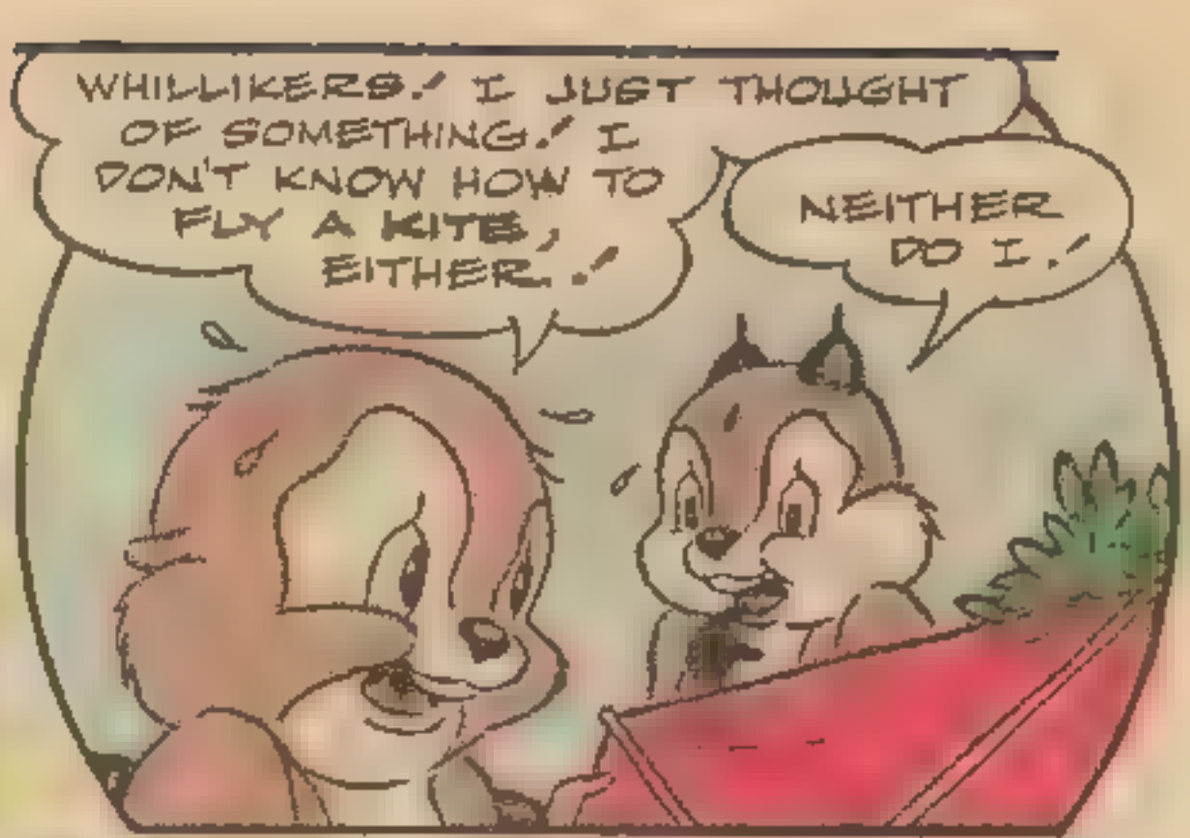

MEANWHILE...
NOPE! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO SPIN A TOP, EITHER! I NEVER OWNED ONE!

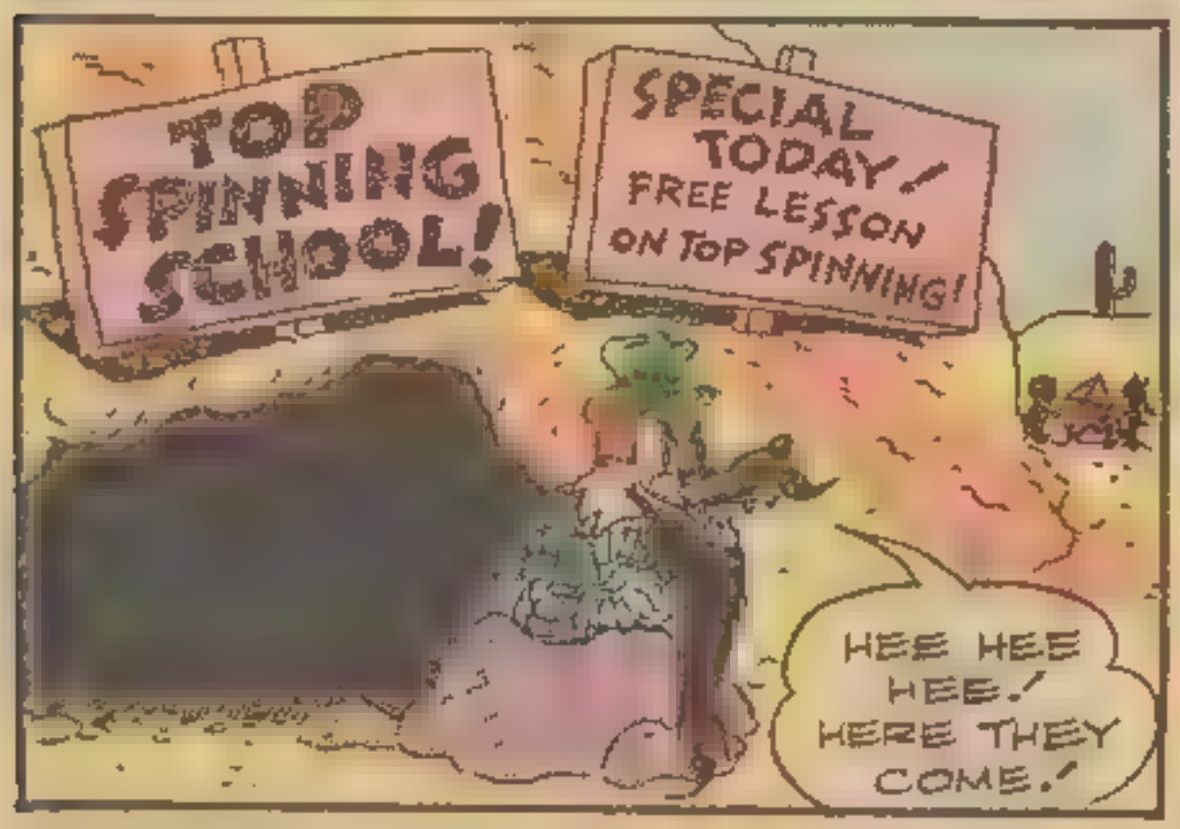

I'M GETTING DISGUSTED! WHAT GOOD IS A TOP WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO SPIN IT! I'VE GOT A GOOD MIND TO....

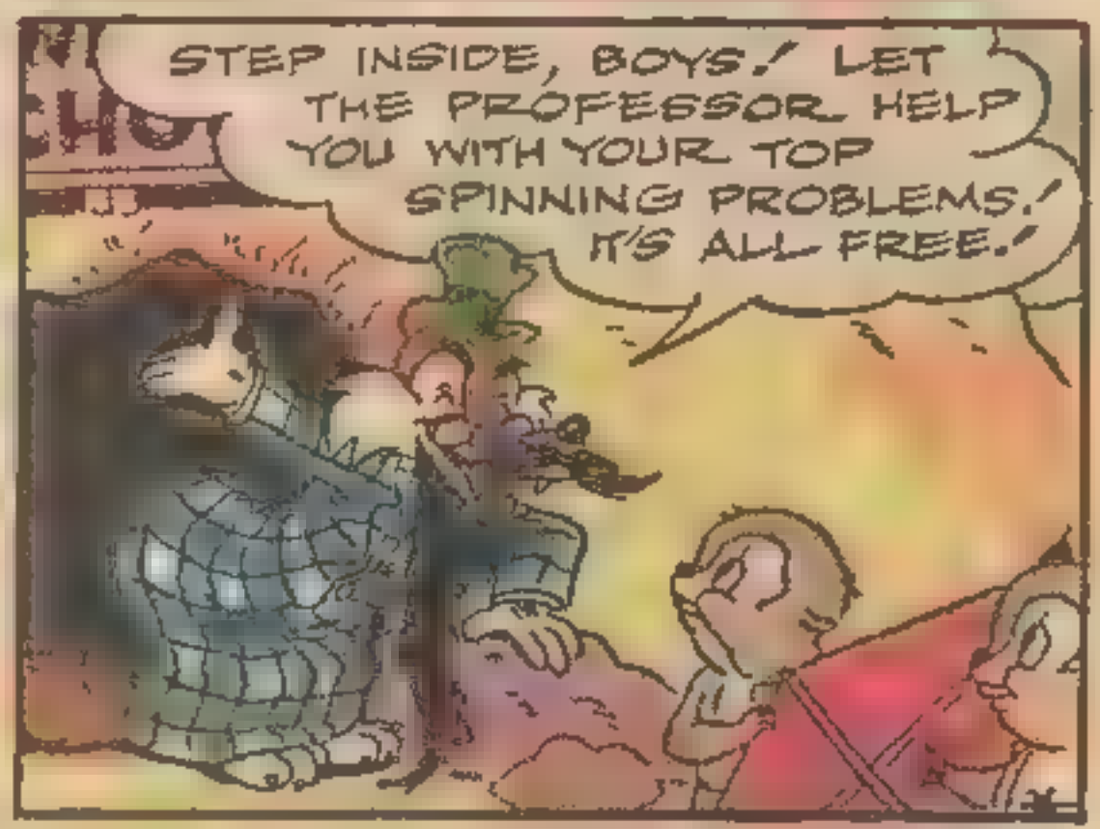

HEY, WUFF! I'LL MAKE A DEAL WITH YOU! I'LL TRADE MY KITE FOR YOUR TOP!
IT'S A DEAL, STINKY!

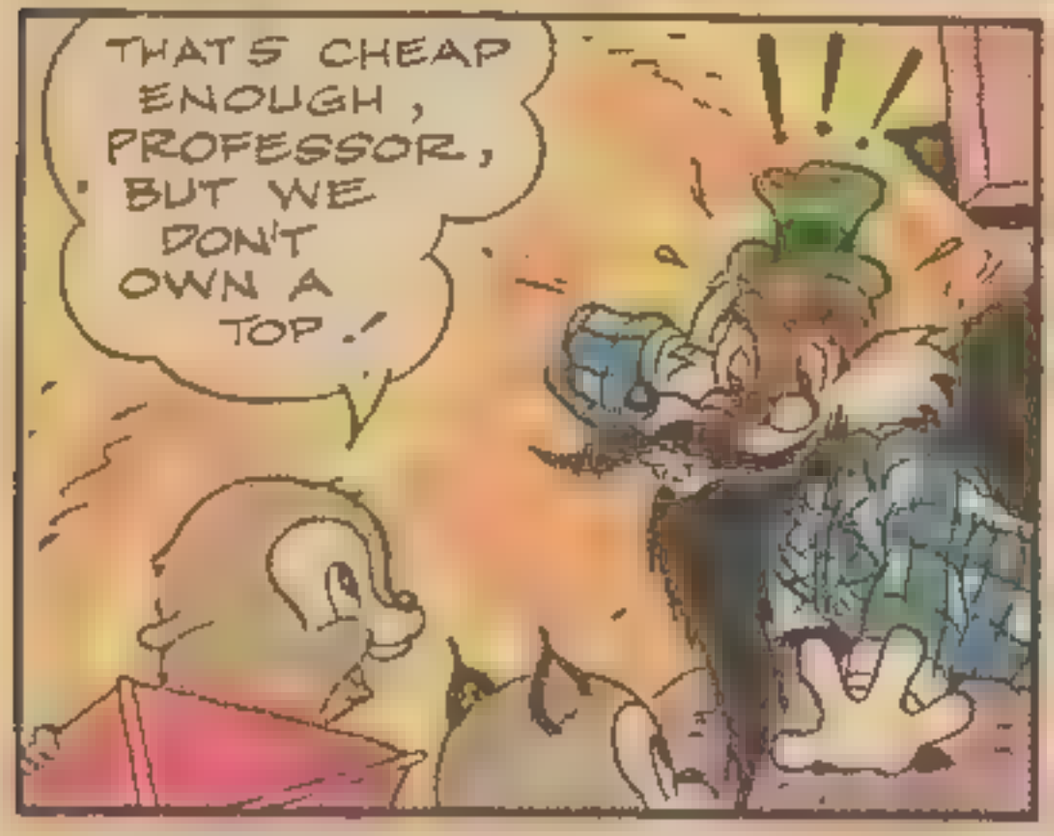

LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE HE CHANGES HIS MIND!
WHAT A DOPE HE WAS!

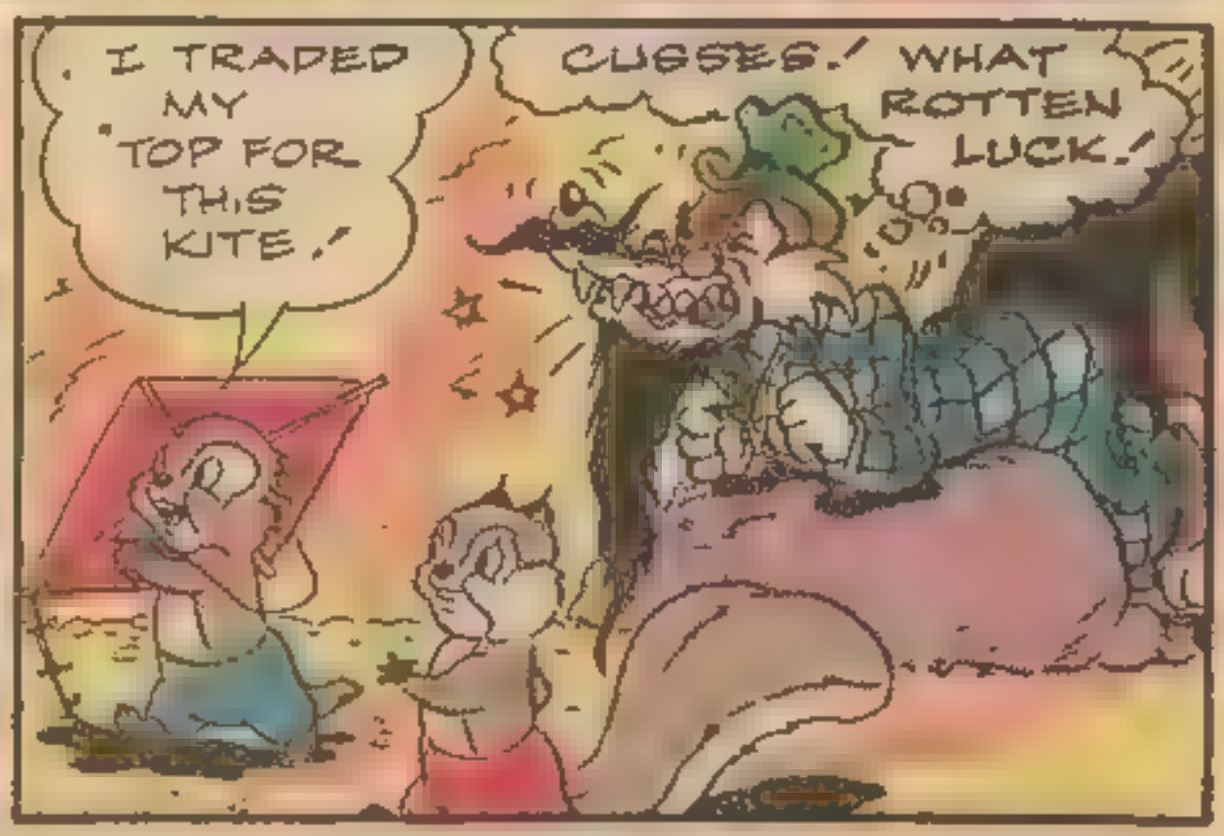

I'LL SAY! HE TRADED A PERFECTLY GOOD KITE FOR A TOP THAT HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO SPIN, AN'...

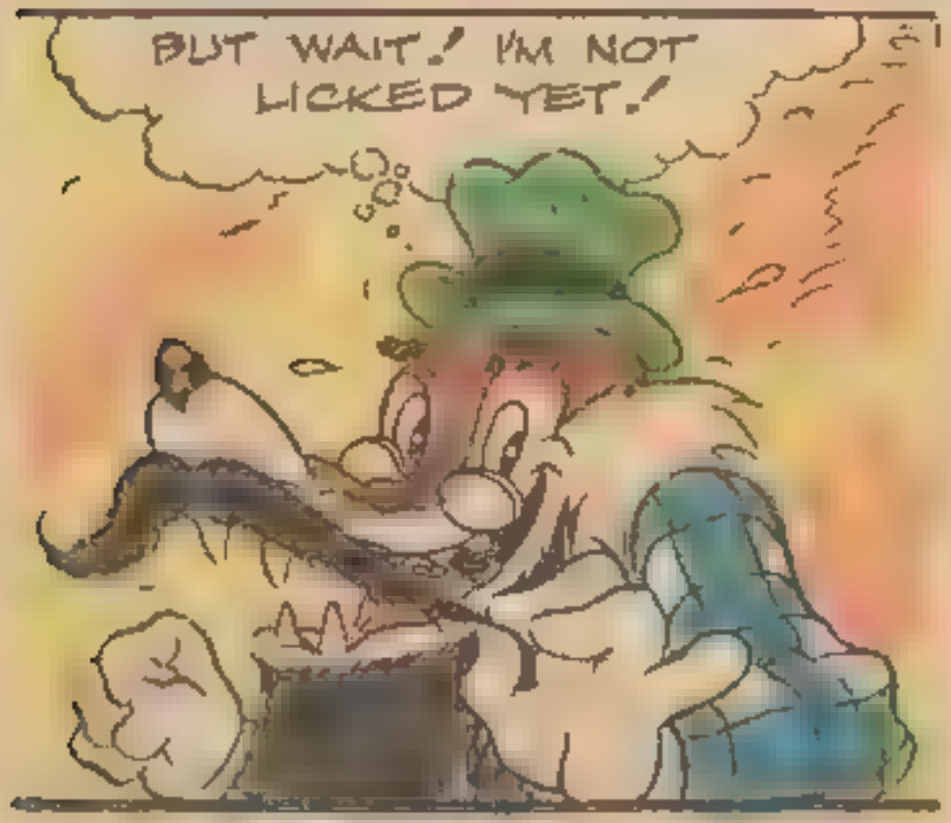

WHILLIKERS! I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FLY A KITE, EITHER!
NEITHER DO I!

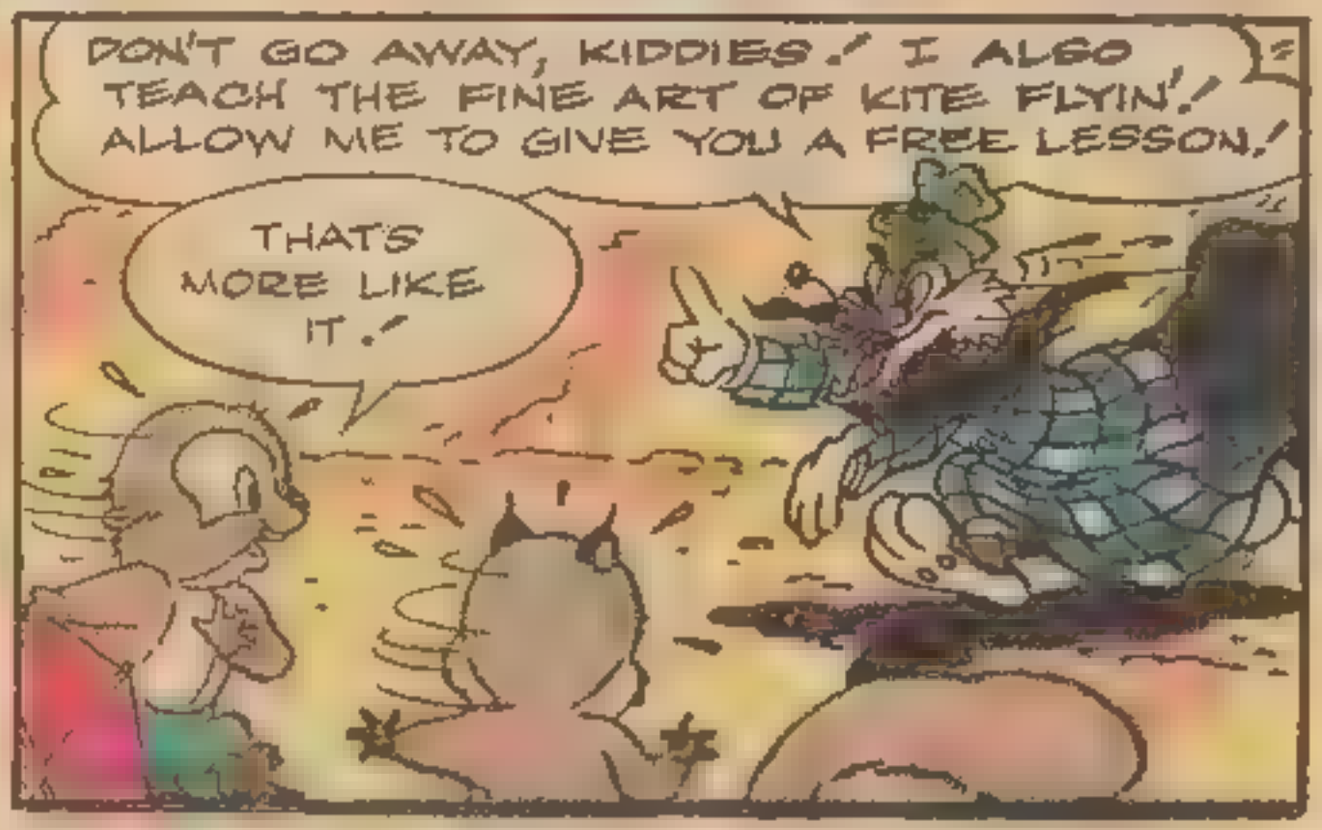

TOP SPINNING SCHOOL!
SPECIAL TODAY! FREE LESSON ON TOP SPINNING!
HEE HEE HEE! HERE THEY COME!

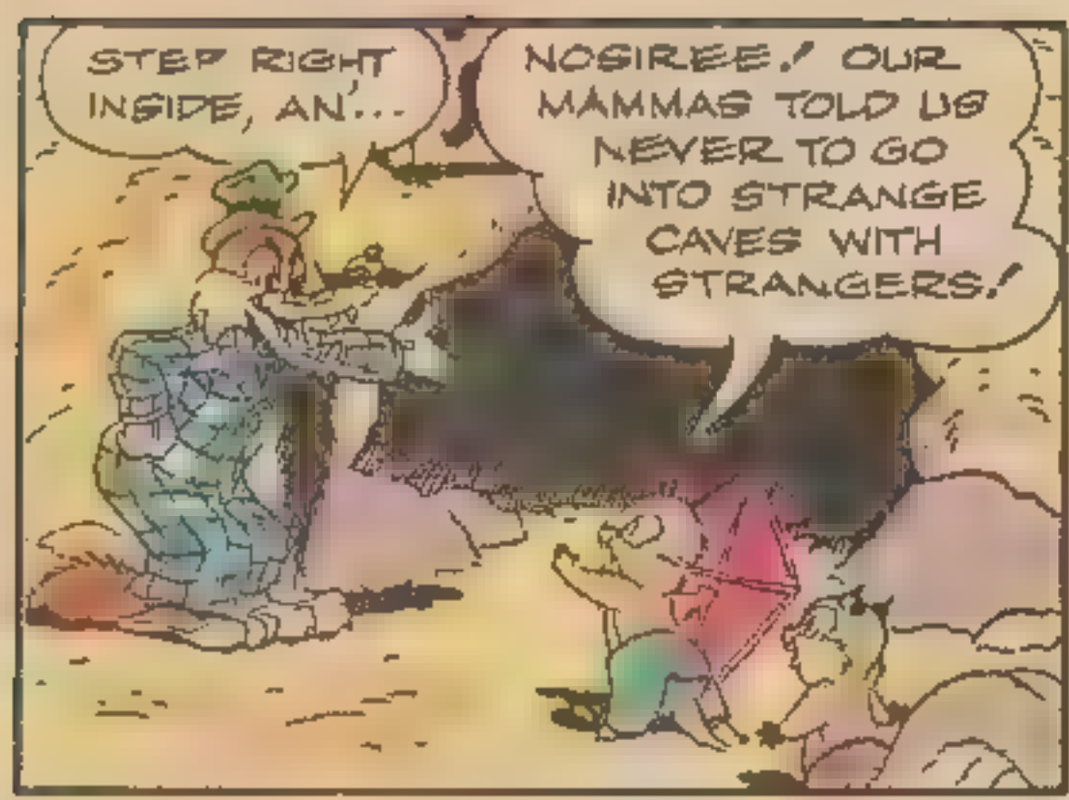

STEP INSIDE, BOYS! LET THE PROFESSOR HELP YOU WITH YOUR TOP SPINNING PROBLEMS! IT'S ALL FREE!

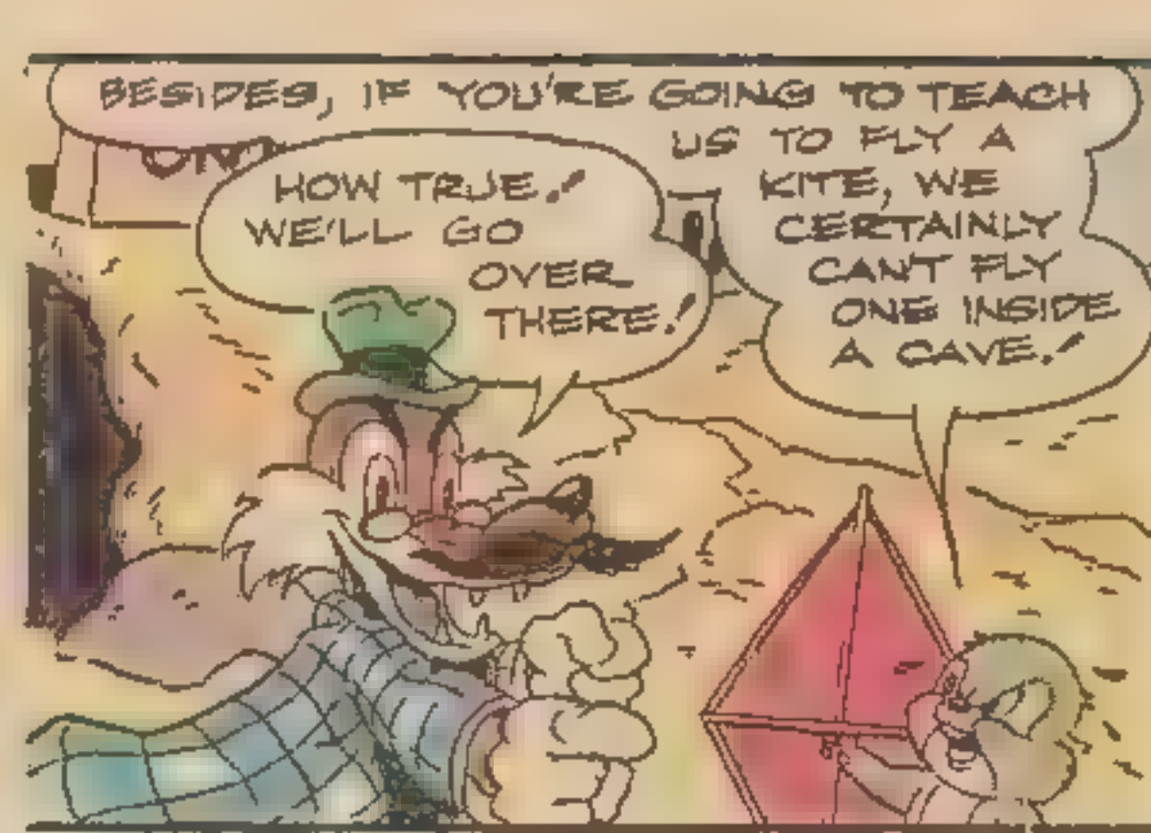

THAT'S CHEAP ENOUGH, PROFESSOR, BUT WE DON'T OWN A TOP!
!!!

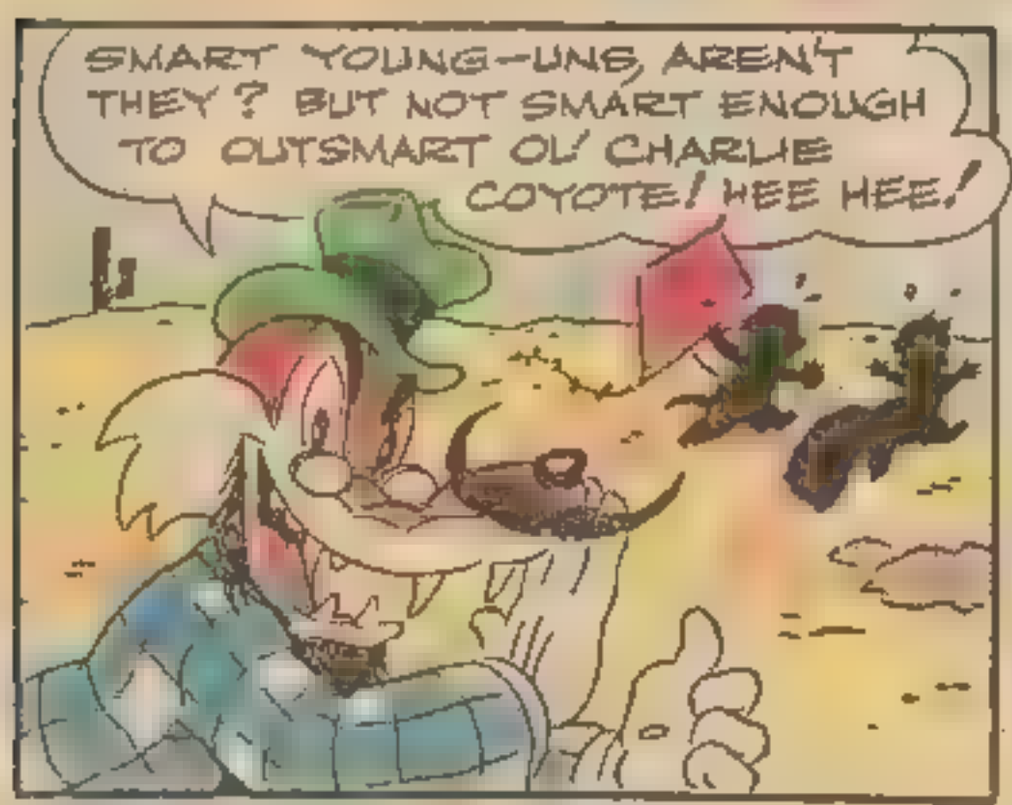

I TRADED MY TOP FOR THIS KITE!
CUSSES! WHAT ROTTEN LUCK!

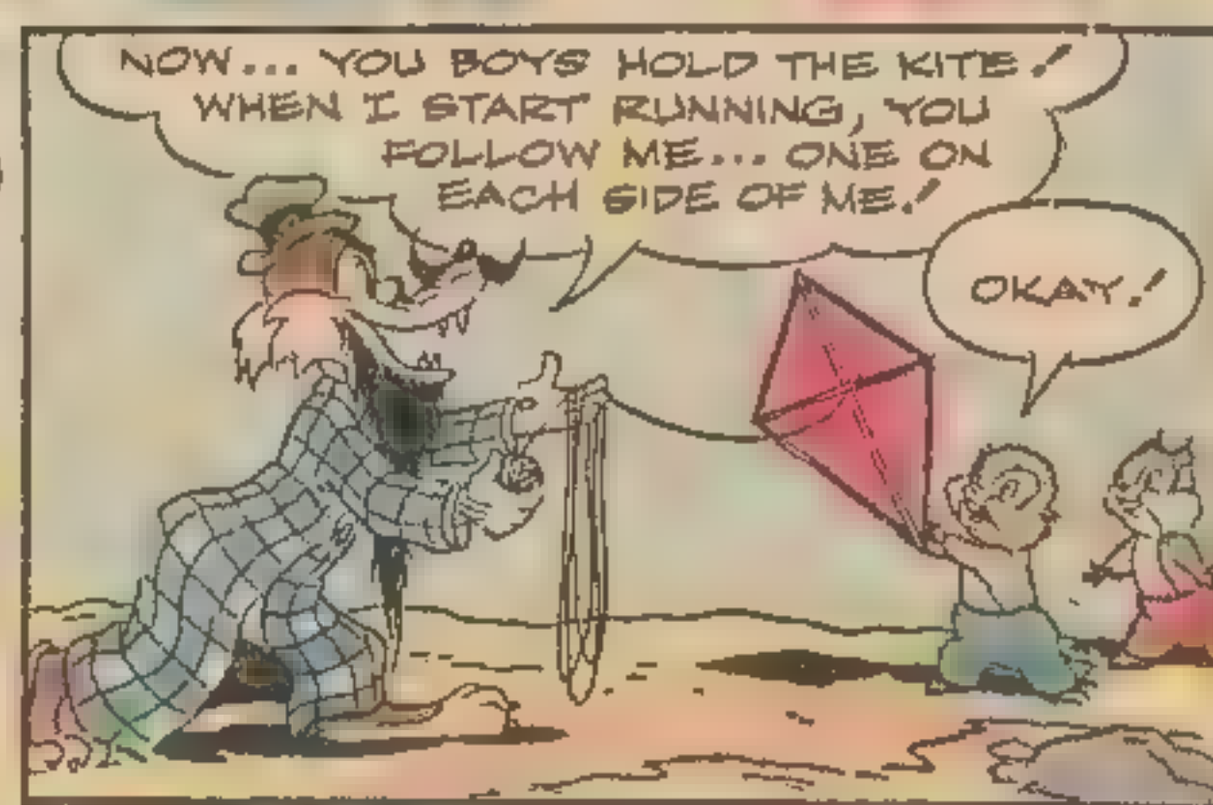

BUT WAIT! I'M NOT LICKED YET!

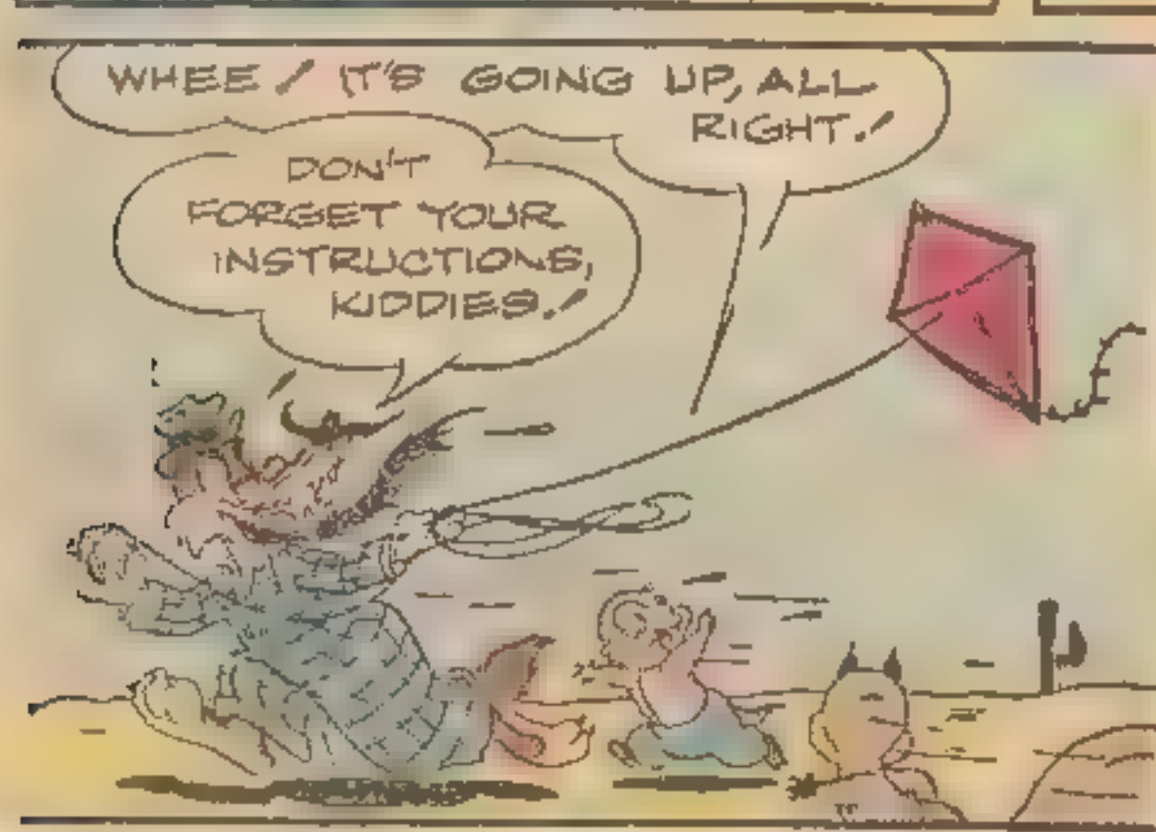

DON'T GO AWAY, KIDDIES! I ALSO TEACH THE FINE ART OF KITE FLYIN'! ALLOW ME TO GIVE YOU A FREE LESSON!
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!

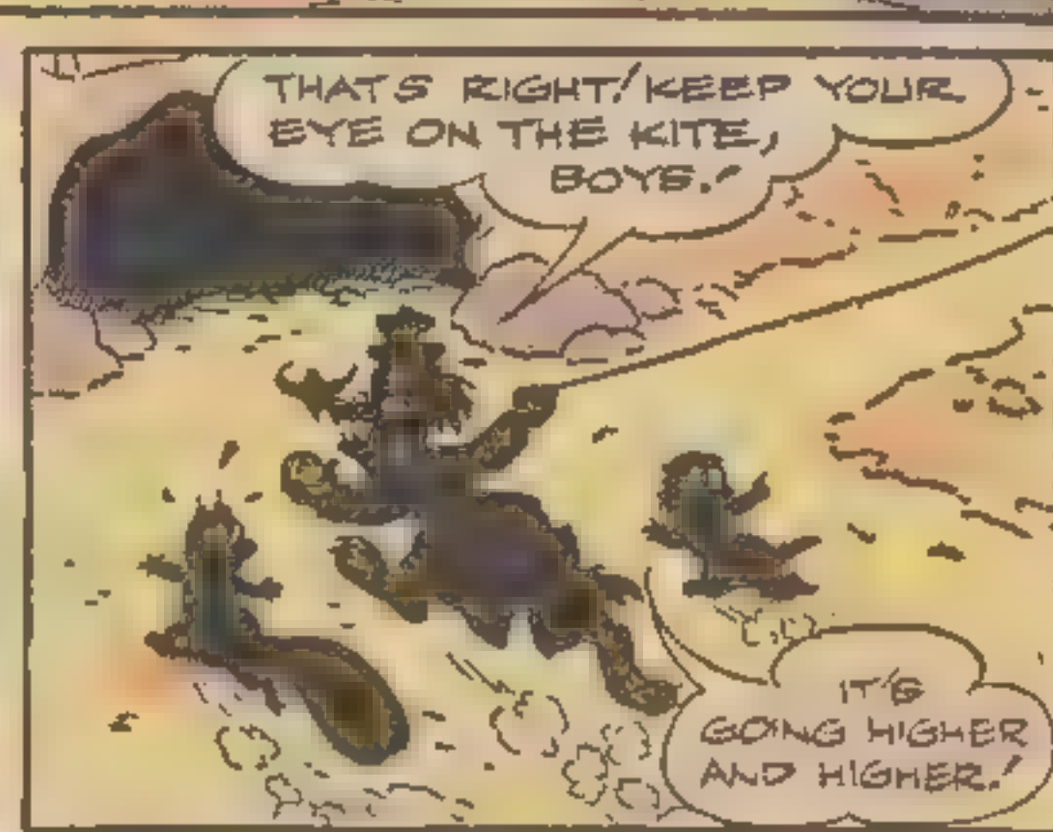

STEP RIGHT INSIDE, AN'...
NOSIREE! OUR MAMMAS TOLD US NEVER TO GO INTO STRANGE CAVES WITH STRANGERS!

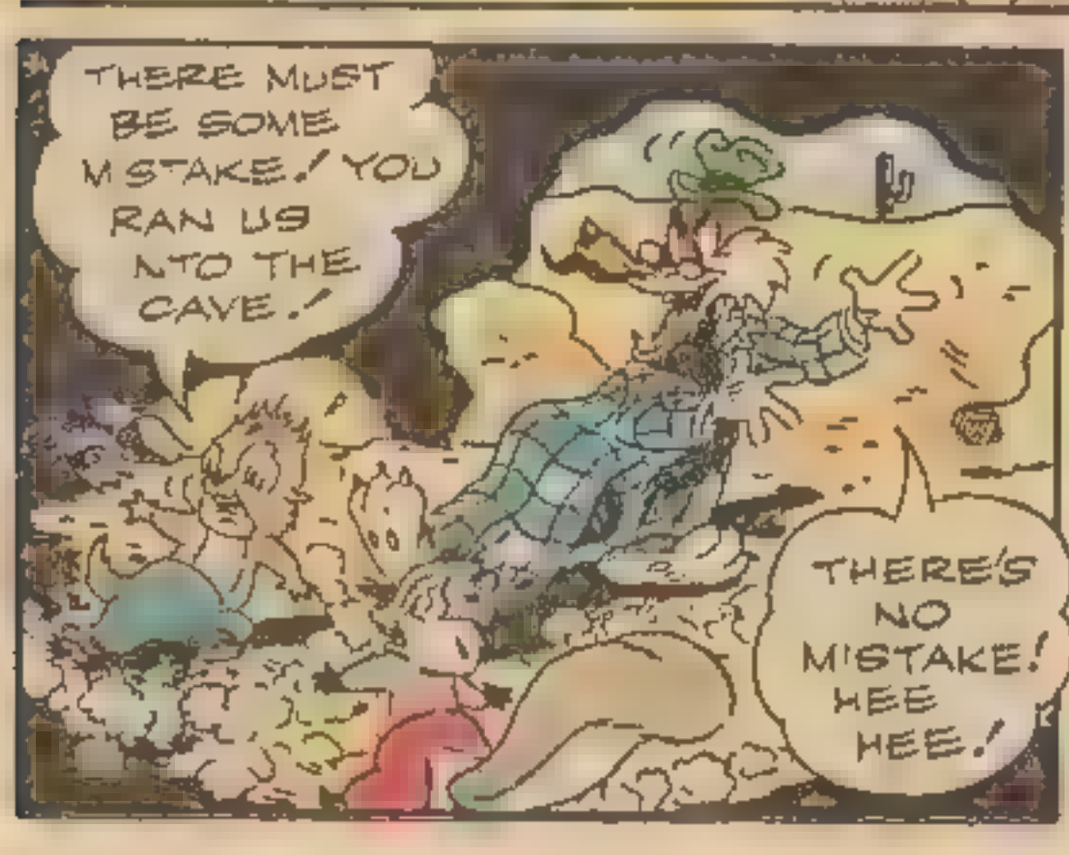

BESIDES, IF YOU'RE GOING TO TEACH US TO FLY A KITE, WE CERTAINLY CAN'T FLY ONE INSIDE A CAVE!
HOW TRUE! WE'LL GO OVER THERE!

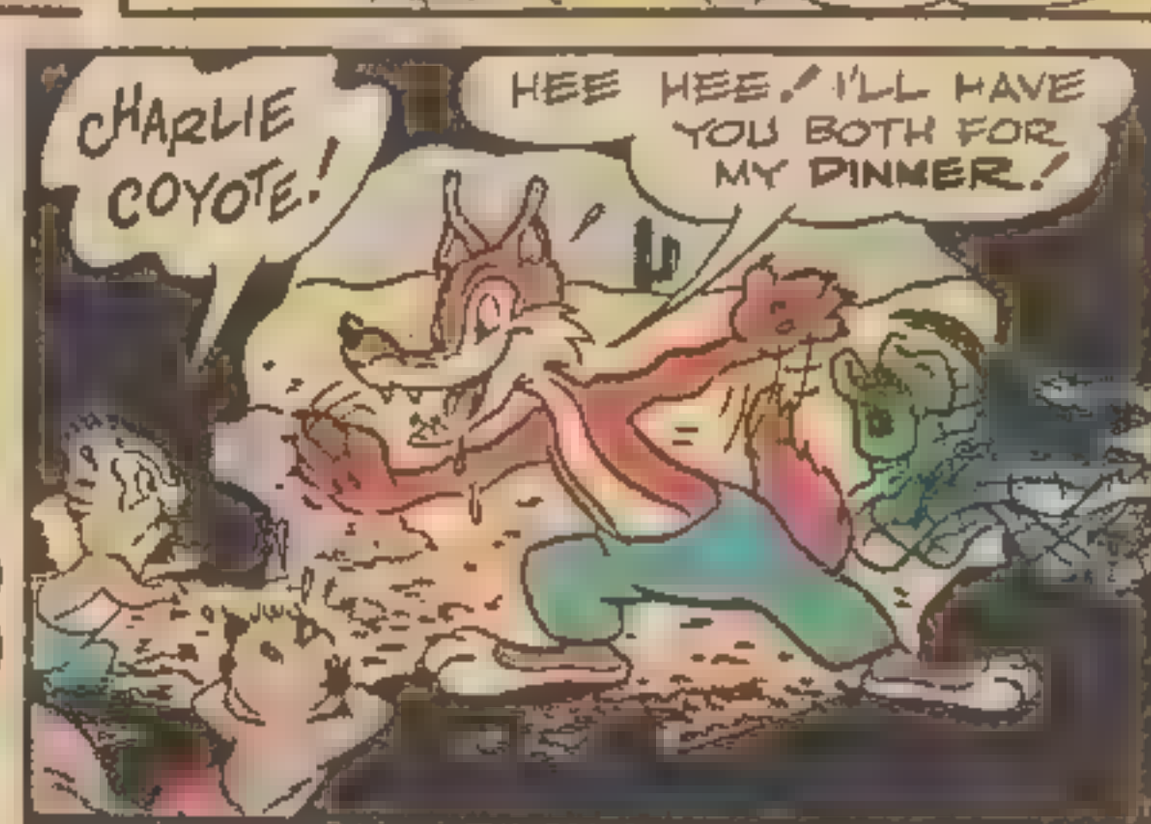

SMART YOUNG-UNS, AREN'T THEY? BUT NOT SMART ENOUGH TO OUTSMART OL' CHARLIE COYOTE! HEE HEE!

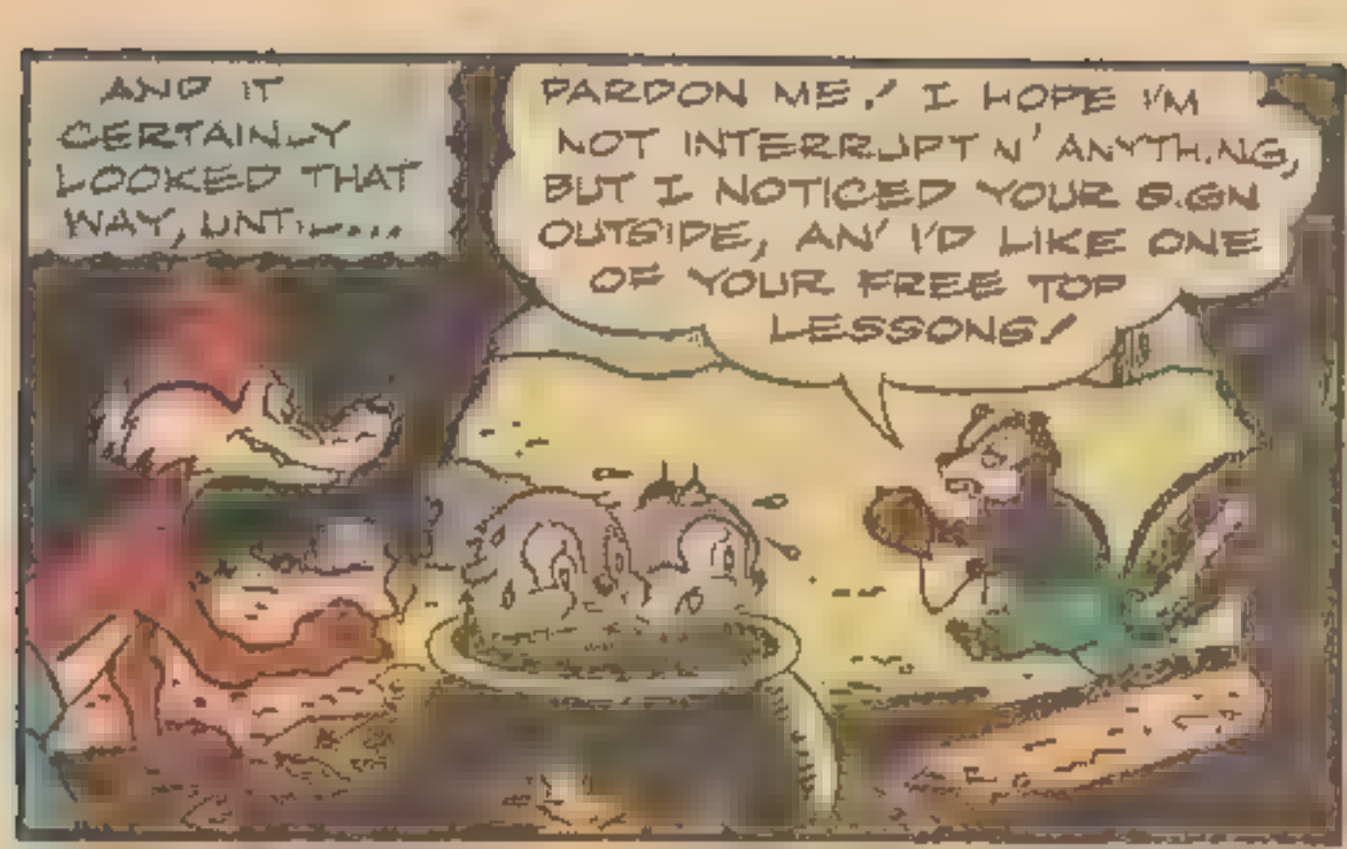

NOW... YOU BOYS HOLD THE KITE! WHEN I START RUNNING, YOU FOLLOW ME... ONE ON EACH SIDE OF ME!
OKAY!

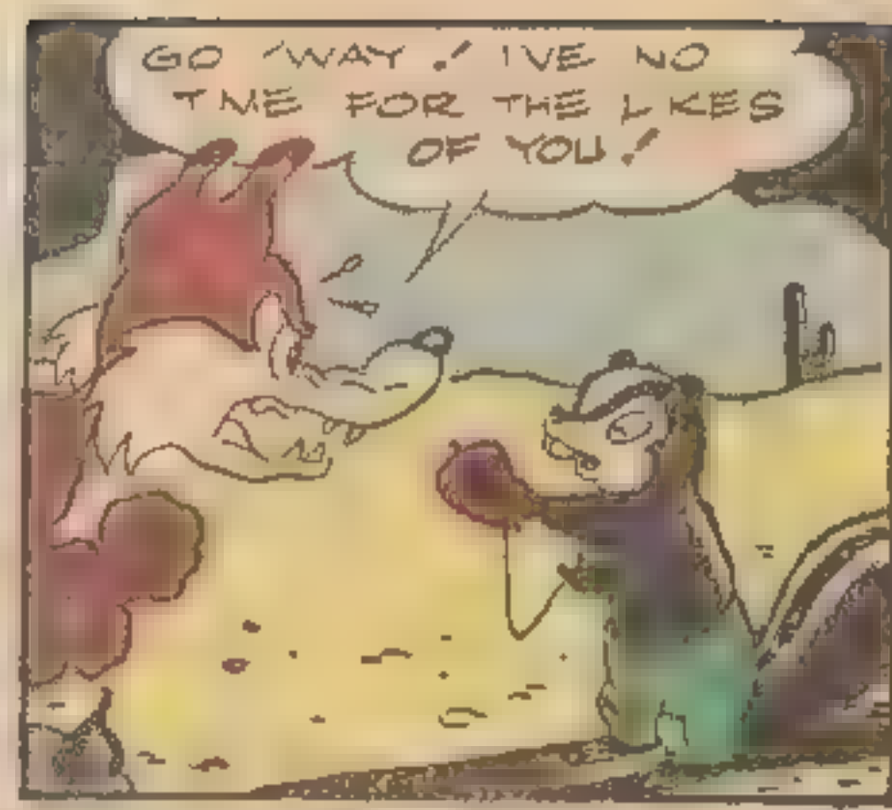

WHEE! IT'S GOING UP, ALL RIGHT!
DON'T FORGET YOUR INSTRUCTIONS, KIDDIES!

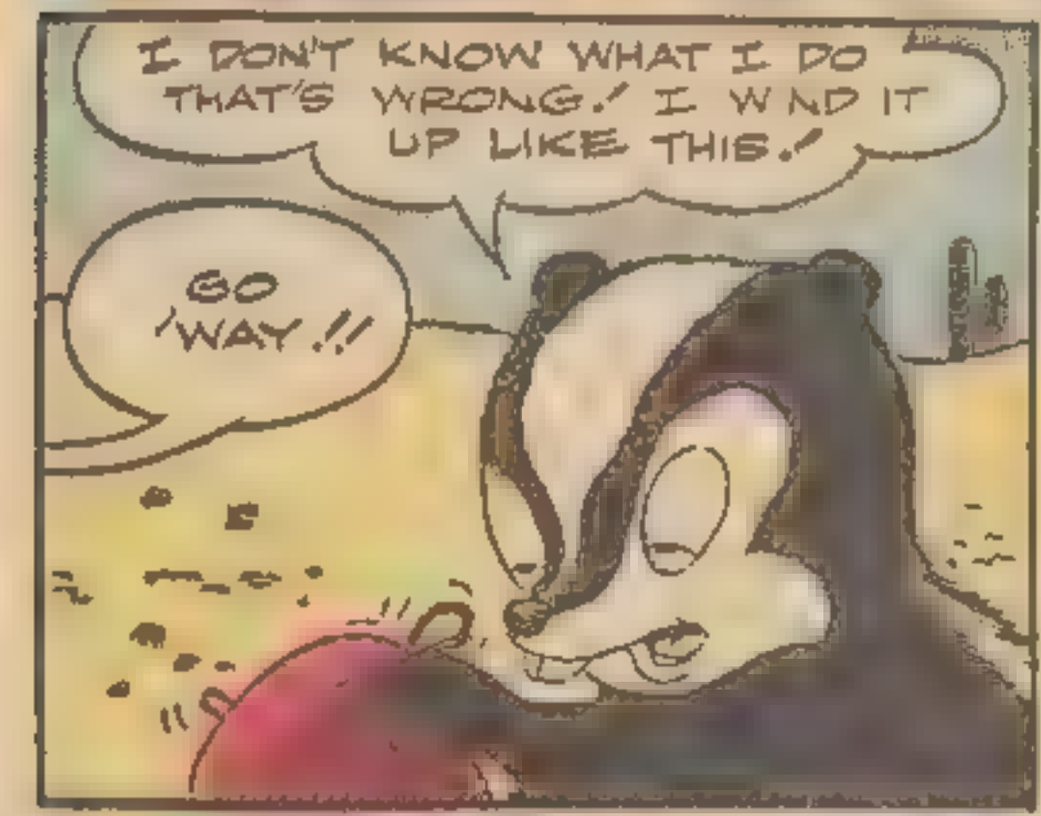

THAT'S RIGHT! KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE KITE, BOYS!
IT'S GOING HIGHER AND HIGHER!

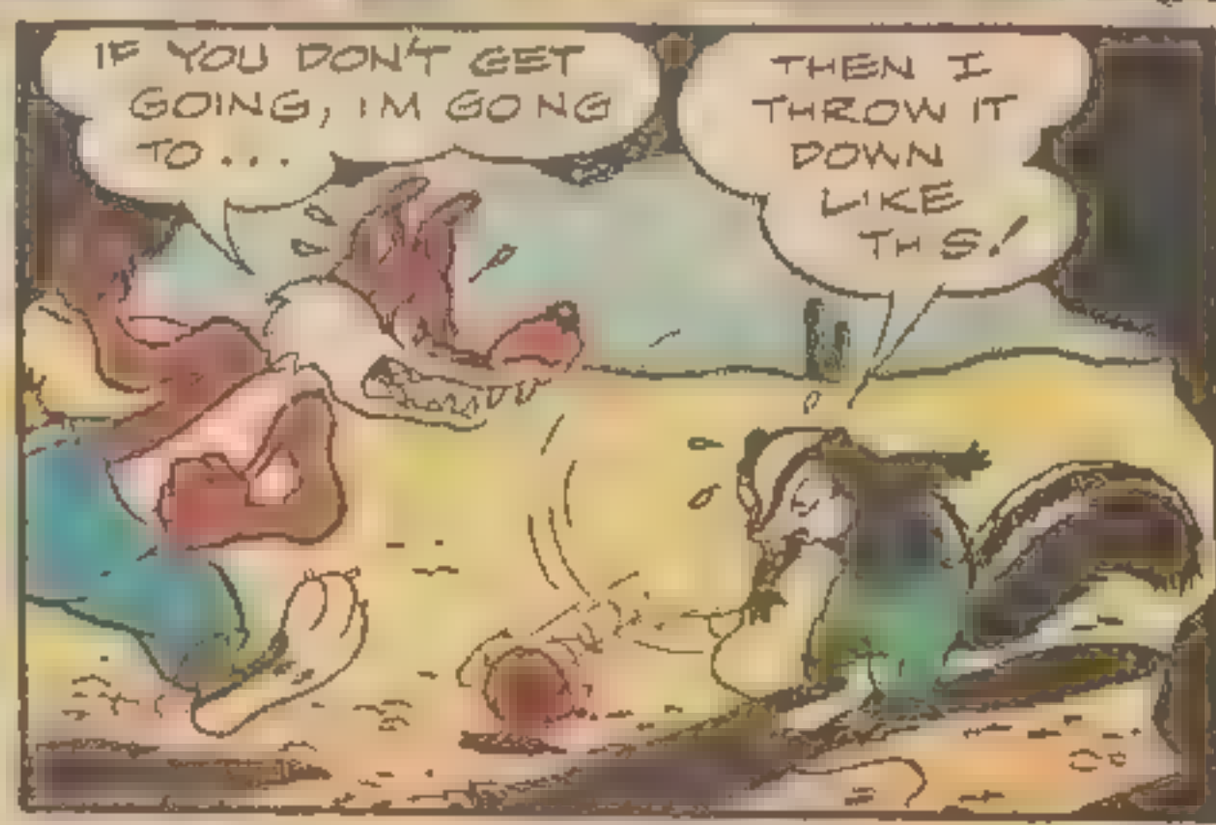

THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE! YOU RAN US INTO THE CAVE!
THERE'S NO MISTAKE! HEE HEE!

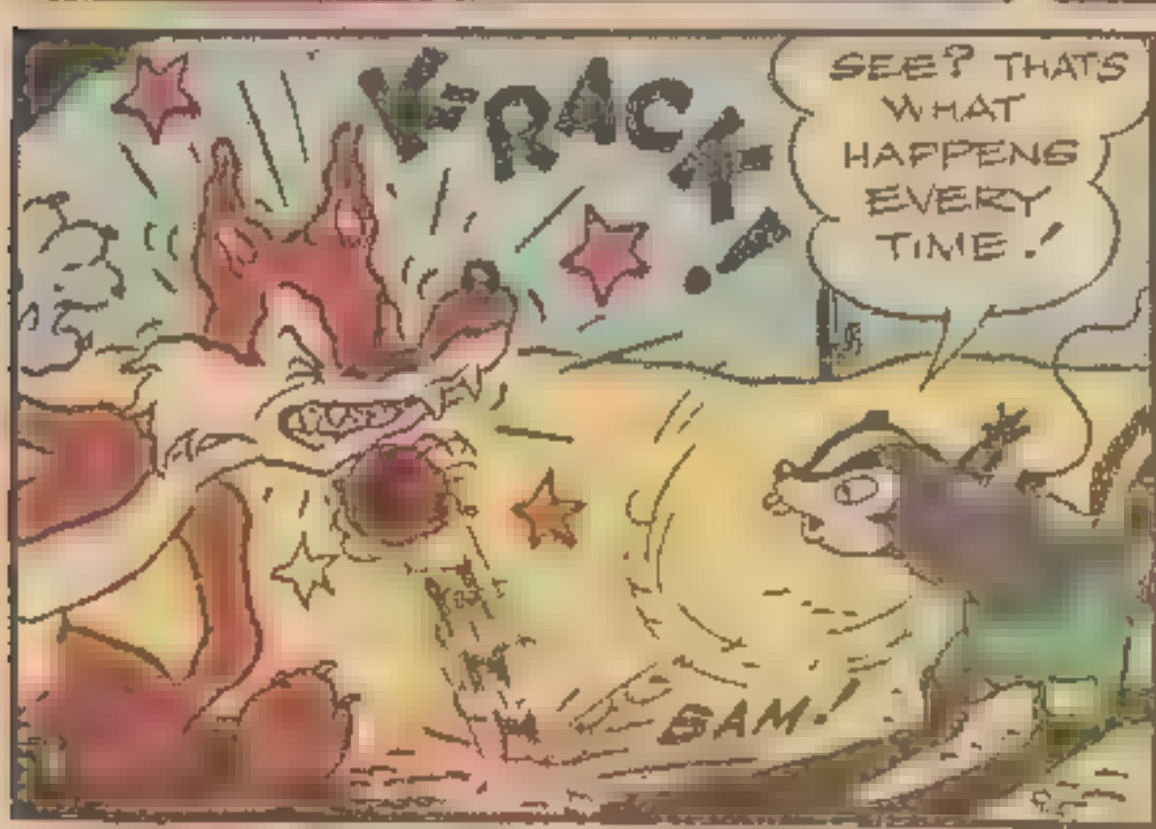

CHARLIE COYOTE!
HEE HEE! I'LL HAVE YOU BOTH FOR MY DINNER!





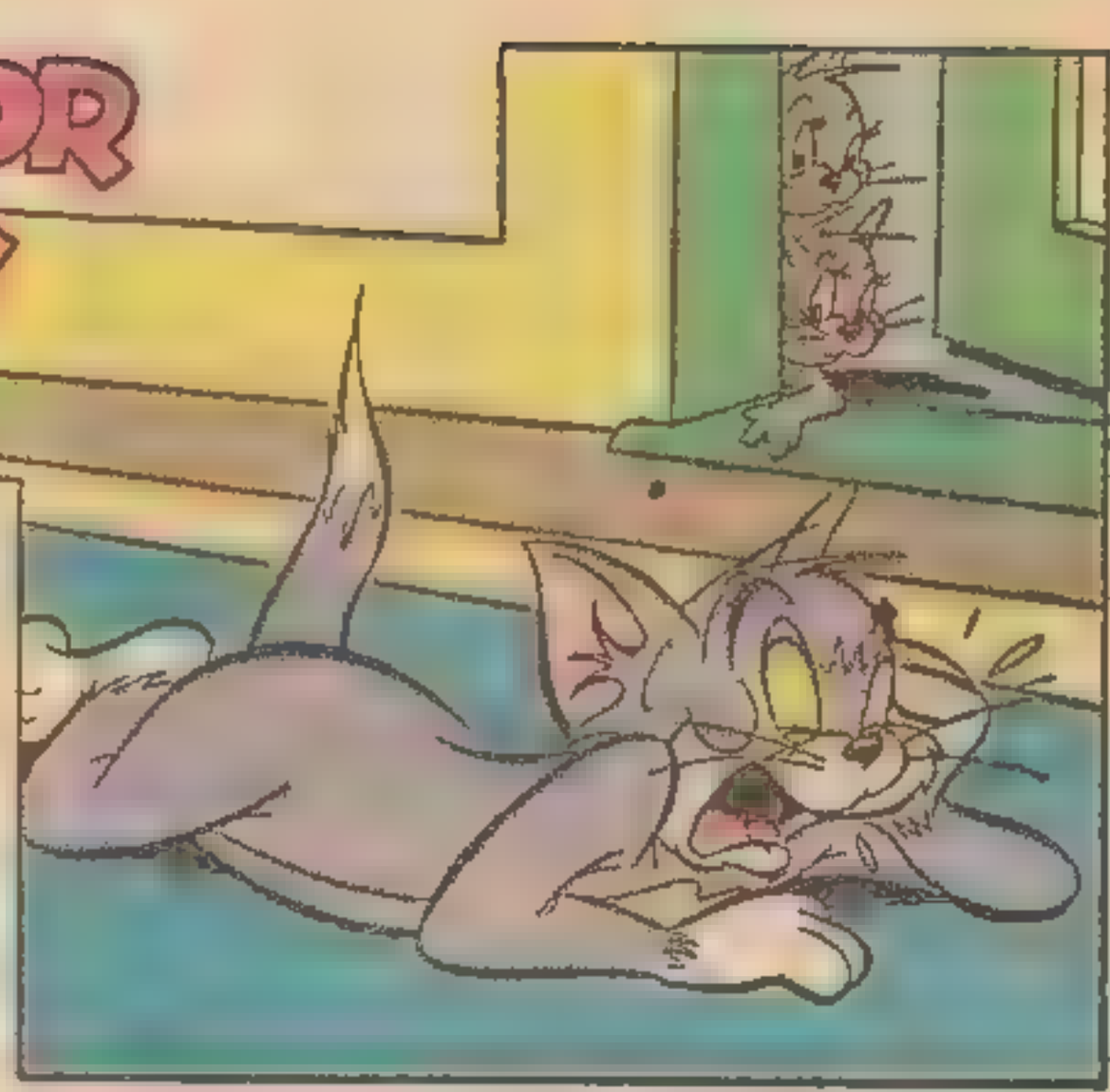






M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

YOUNG DOCTOR TUFFY



"Owwww!"

"There it goes again!" moaned Tuffy, as he buried his head still deeper in the pincushion bed.

"Well, we're not going out there to investigate. That's just what he wants us to do," said Jerry.

"Maybe he really is sick," argued Tuffy. "He never tried to trick us like this before."

"He probably never thought of it before," retorted Jerry. "That guy will stop at nothing to get his claws on us."

It was bedtime and the two little mice, Jerry and Tuffy, had been dozing on their pincushion bed in their mousehole apartment, when they were awakened by anguished howls and groans that seemed to come from the direction of the kitchen. They had immediately recognized the voice as that of their old enemy, Tom, the house cat, who spent most of his time thinking of ways to catch Jerry and Tuffy.

"Owww!" came the voice again. "Owwwww, I'm dying!"

"He's sure making enough noise for a dying cat," said Jerry. "I don't trust him; he's just trying to play on our sympathy."

"But what if he really is dying?" said Tuffy. "Suppose he was found under the sink in the morning, stiff and cold? How would we feel then, huh? Huh?"

"Well, what could we do for him even if we did go out there?" cried Jerry.

"Er—we could try to cheer him up or something," answered Tuffy lamely. "At least he wouldn't die alone!"

"Okay," sighed Jerry. "You win.

Tom lay, as usual, in his favorite spot under the kitchen sink. But when they entered the kitchen it was very obvious to Jerry and Tuffy that their old enemy wasn't his usual self. Poor Tom was stretched out on his back crying piteously, and there wasn't any doubt that he was in great pain. Keeping Tom's drinking pan between themselves and the suffering cat, the two little mice moved slowly and cautiously forward.

"Hey, what's the matter, Tom?" cried Jerry.

"Yeh, what's the idea of keeping us awake?" squeaked Tuffy. "You sick or something?"

"Ohhhhh!" moaned Tom. "I—I'm dying for sure!"

"Where does it hurt most?" persisted Jerry.

"Right here," said Tom, pointing to his jaw. "I—I got an awful toothache!"

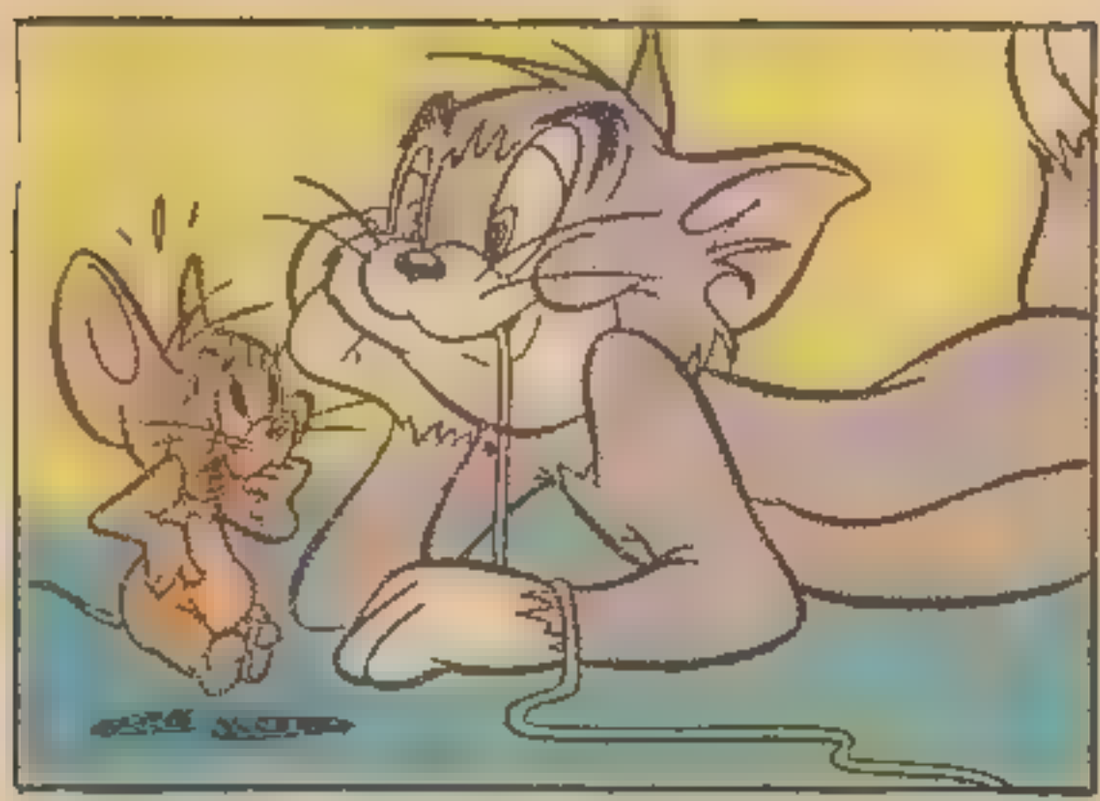
"Okay, let's have a look at it, Tom," said Tuffy. "Maybe we can figure some way to help you."

"What can you guys do about it?" moaned Tom. "Just go away. That's all I ask."

"Listen, we're not worried about you, ya dope! We just don't want to be kept awake, that's all."

"I might have known you'd have selfish reasons," cried Tom, "but go ahead, look!"

With this, Tom opened wide his great mouth. It looked like a cave lined with milk bottles. Sure enough, there was a very painful looking swelling around the very last tooth away in the back.



"Hmm," said Jerry in a professional manner. "That tooth has to come out all right."

The two mice held a whispered conference for a moment or two, and then Tuffy scampered out of the room. A minute later he was back, dragging a coil of twine behind him.

"Okay, open up, Tom," said Tuffy chucking the cat under the chin. "This won't hurt a bit!"

Tom obediently opened his mouth and the brave little mouse disappeared into the fearsome cavern, dragging one end of the twine behind him.

Suddenly, before the horrified eyes of Jerry, Tom's jaws closed and there was a loud "gulp!" Slowly a lump about the size of Tuffy moved down the furry throat of Tom.

"Hey! You swallowed Tuffy, you double-crossing rat!" screamed Jerry.

In a panic, the frantic Jerry tugged with all his might at the twine. Then the jaws opened again and out shot Tuffy hanging on to his end of the twine.

"Whew! I—I thought I was a goner," said Tuffy weakly as he plopped on the floor.

"What's the idea, you dirty double-crosser?" Jerry screamed at Tom. "We try to help you and—"

"I—I'm sorry," said Tom sheepishly. "I really didn't mean it. I forgot myself for the moment. I promise I won't do it again."

"Well, all right," said Tuffy. "We'll give you another chance, but no tricks now."

"I promise," said Tom.

Tuffy climbed into Tom's mouth again, and this time he succeeded in tying the twine around the bad tooth.

"What now?" growled Tom. "You can't tie the other end to a door knob, and even if you could there's nobody around to open the door suddenly."

But it seemed the little mice had other ideas, for Jerry was busy tying the twine to the leg of a chair.

"Now, Tom, you just relax for a few minutes," said Jerry. "Everything's about ready."

In the meanwhile, Tuffy had stolen away while Jerry held Tom's attention. He now appeared carrying a piece of cardboard rolled up like a megaphone. Softly he crept up behind Tom and placed the megaphone close to Tom's ear.

"BOW WOW!" he roared.

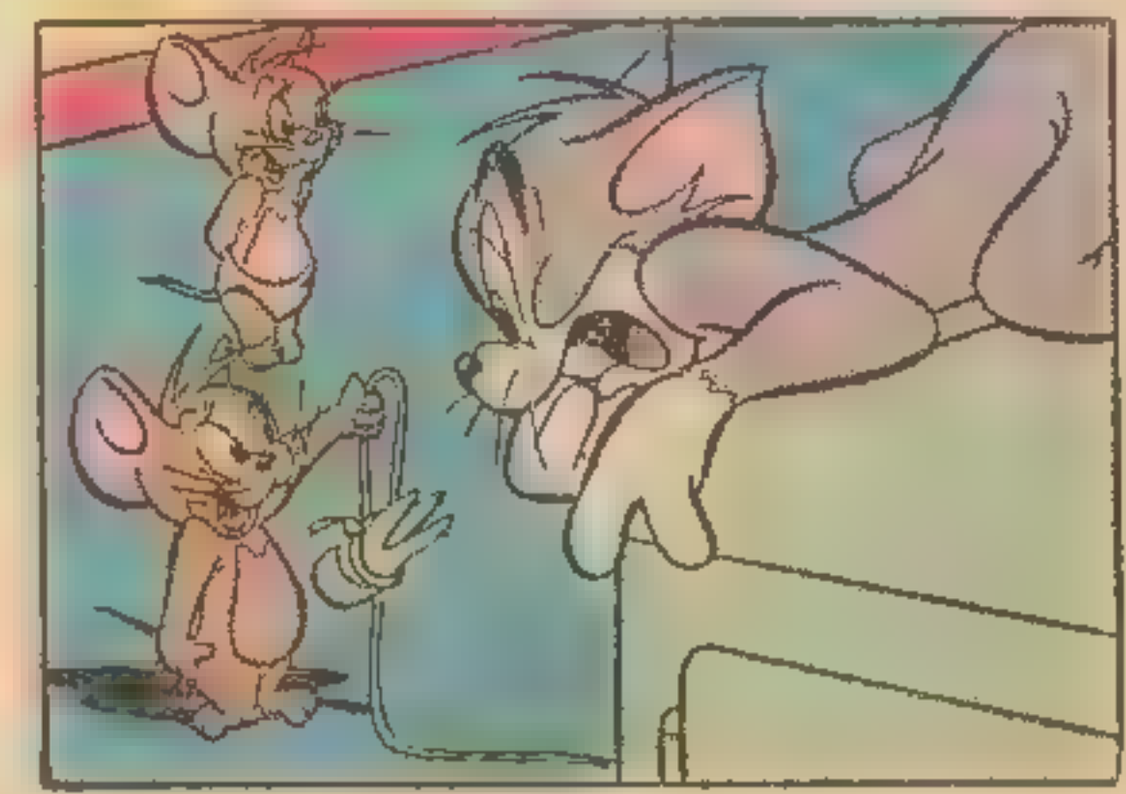
Tom leaped into the air with his fur sticking out like needles. In a twinkling he was standing up on top of the refrigerator. "How did a dog get in here?" snarled Tom. "Who—?"

"There's no dog here, ya dope!" howled Tuffy.

"And no tooth!" cried Jerry. "Look!" He held up the piece of twine; a tooth dangled from the end of it.

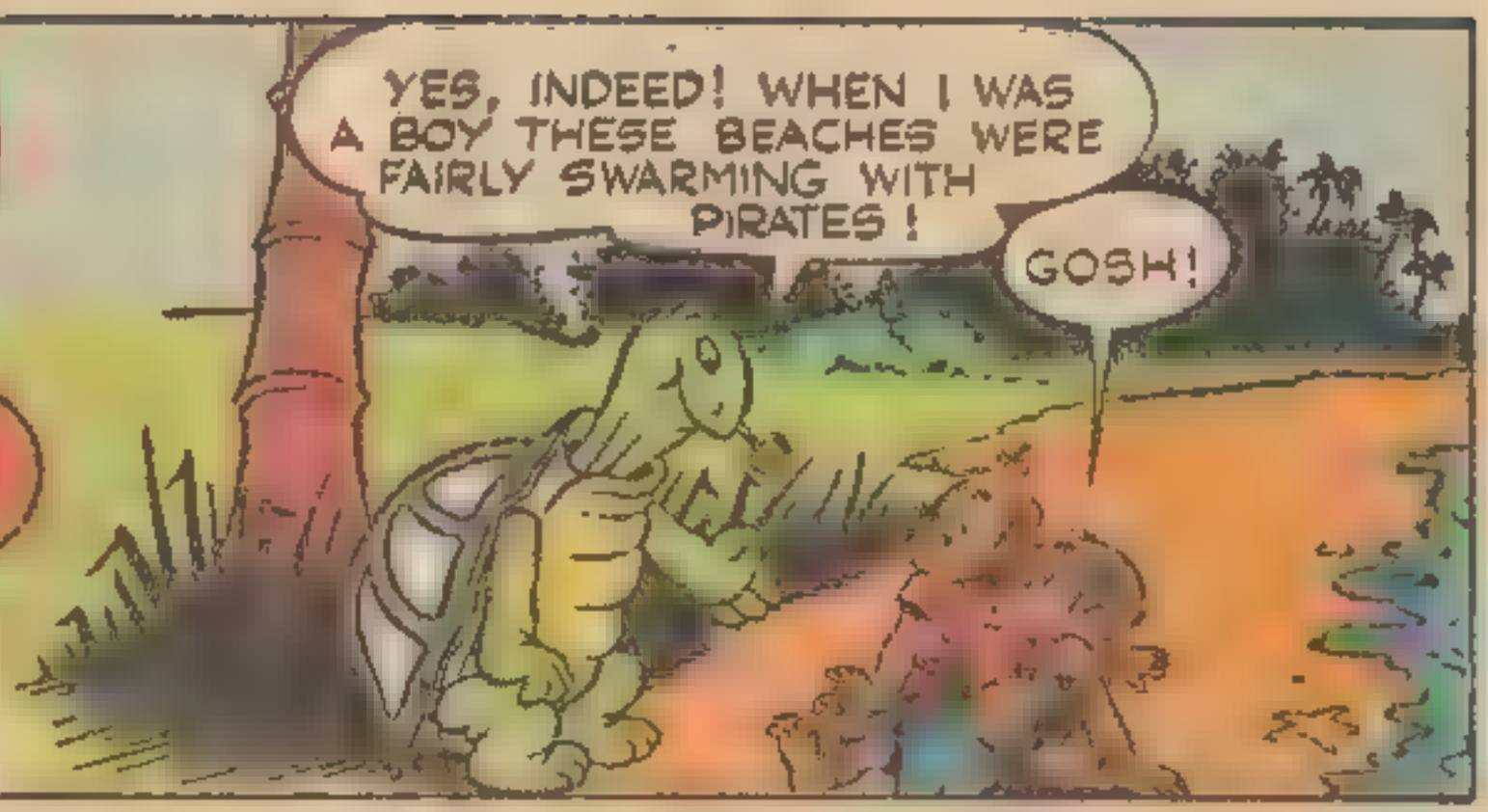
"Well, I'll be darned," muttered Tom, feeling his jaw. "Say, I'd like to shake your hands," said Tom, as he started to climb down off the refrigerator. There was a familiar glint in his eye.

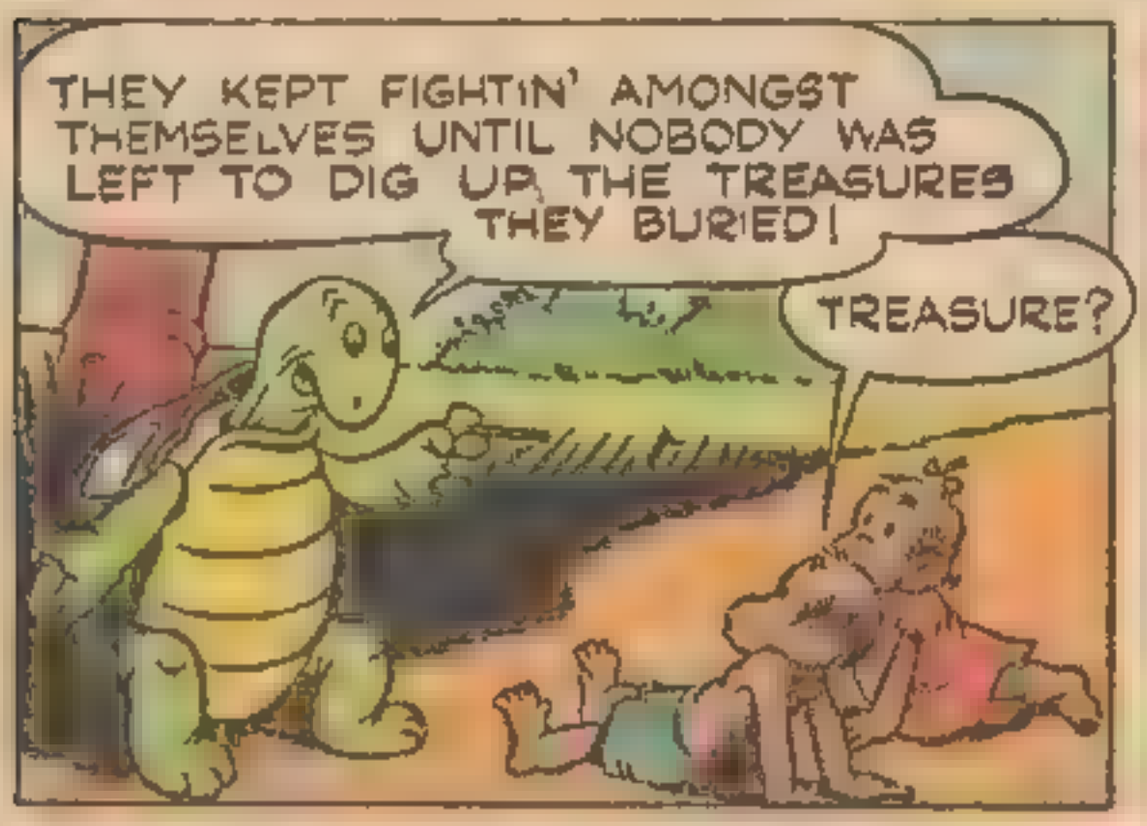
"Never mind, Tom, some other time," laughed the mice as they scampered off.

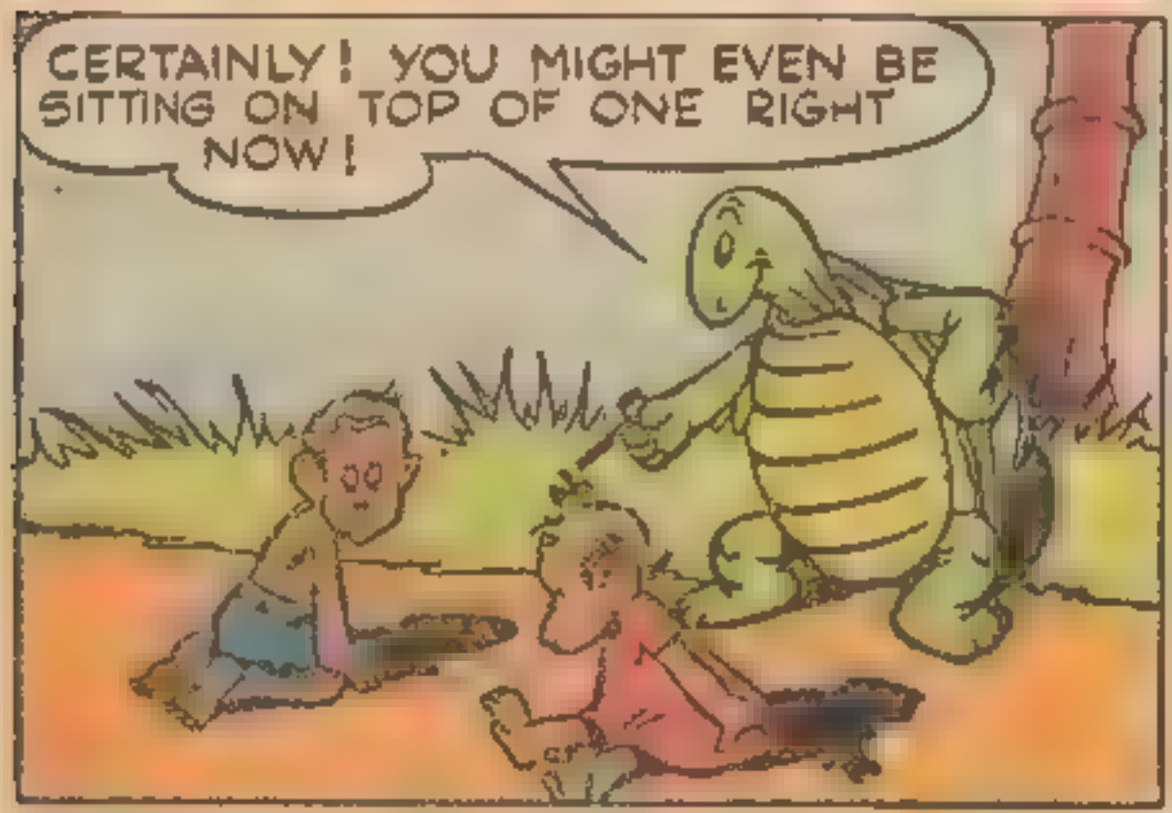


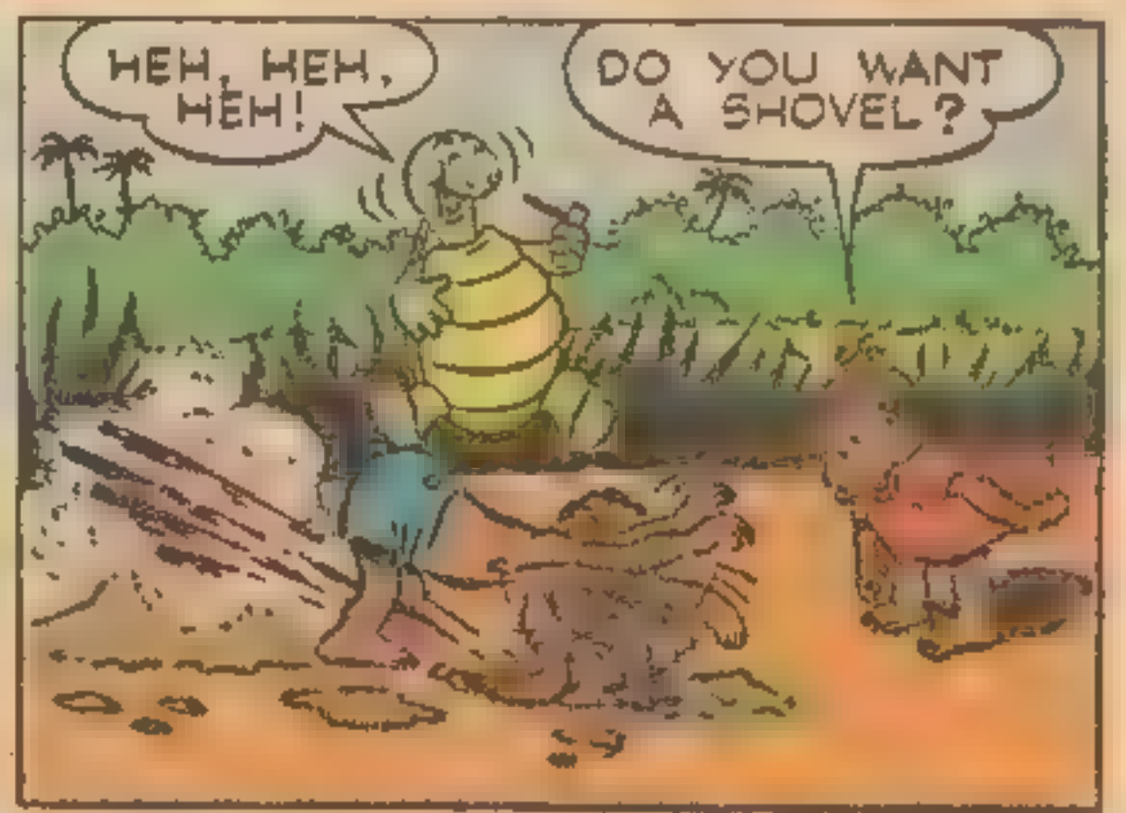
FLIP 'N DIP

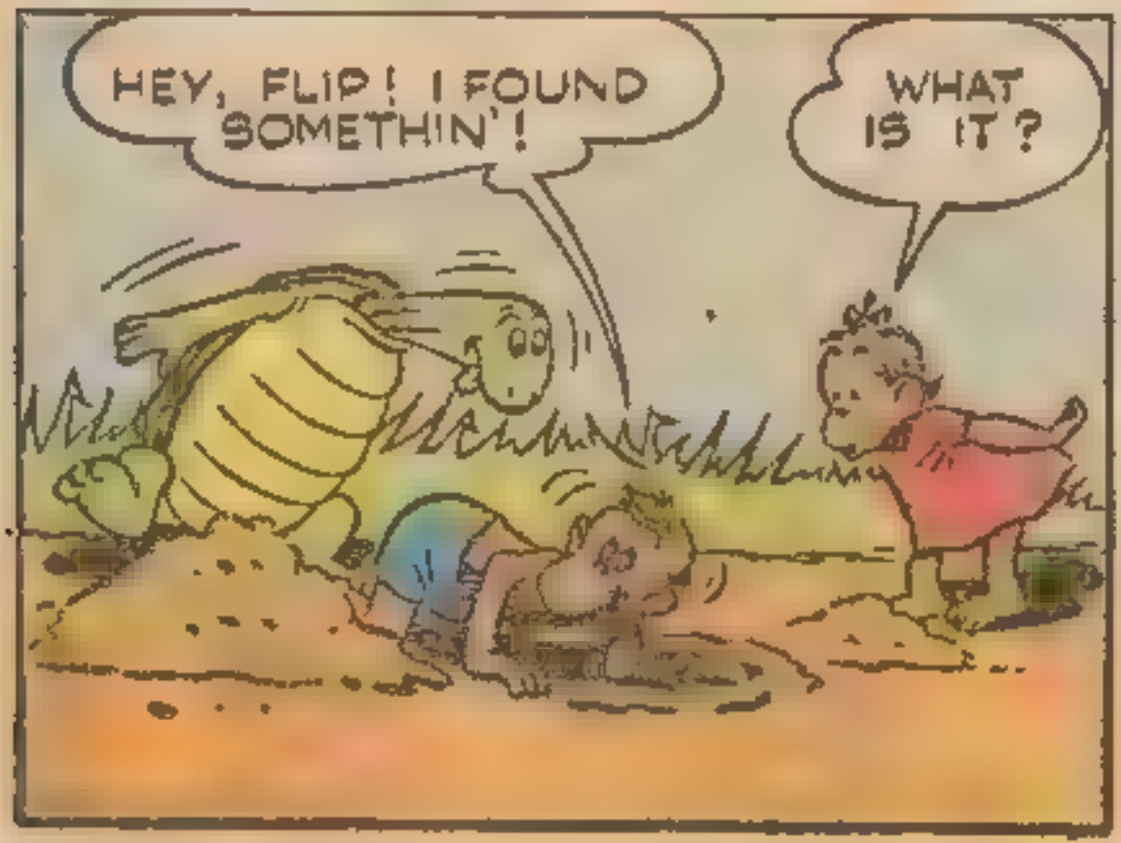
COPR., 1946 BY OSKAR LEBECK

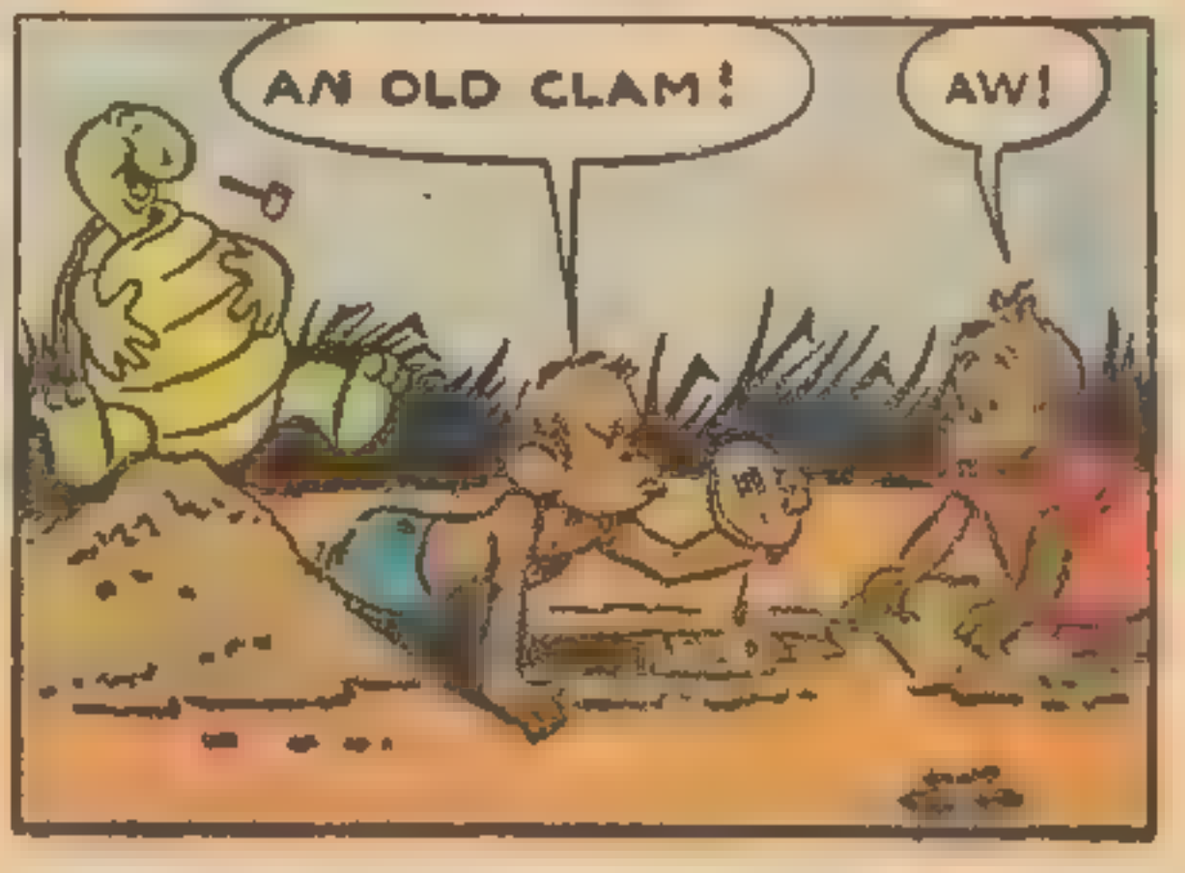


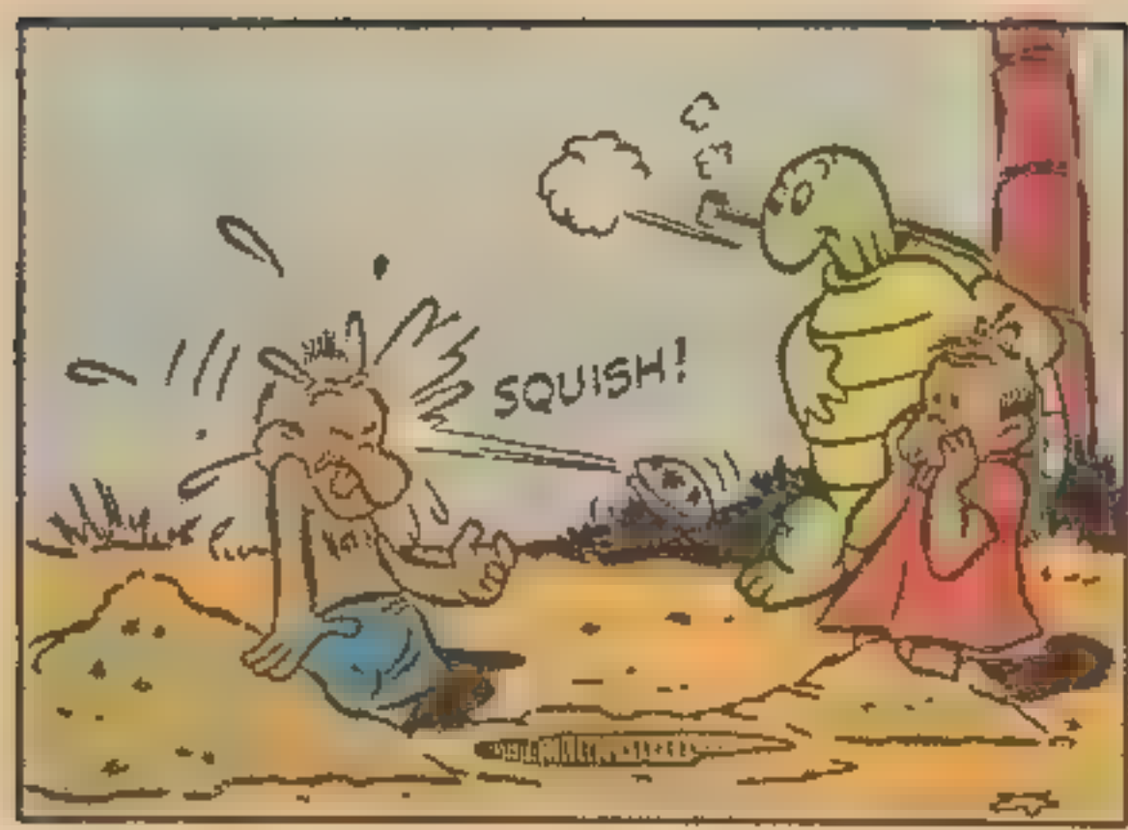


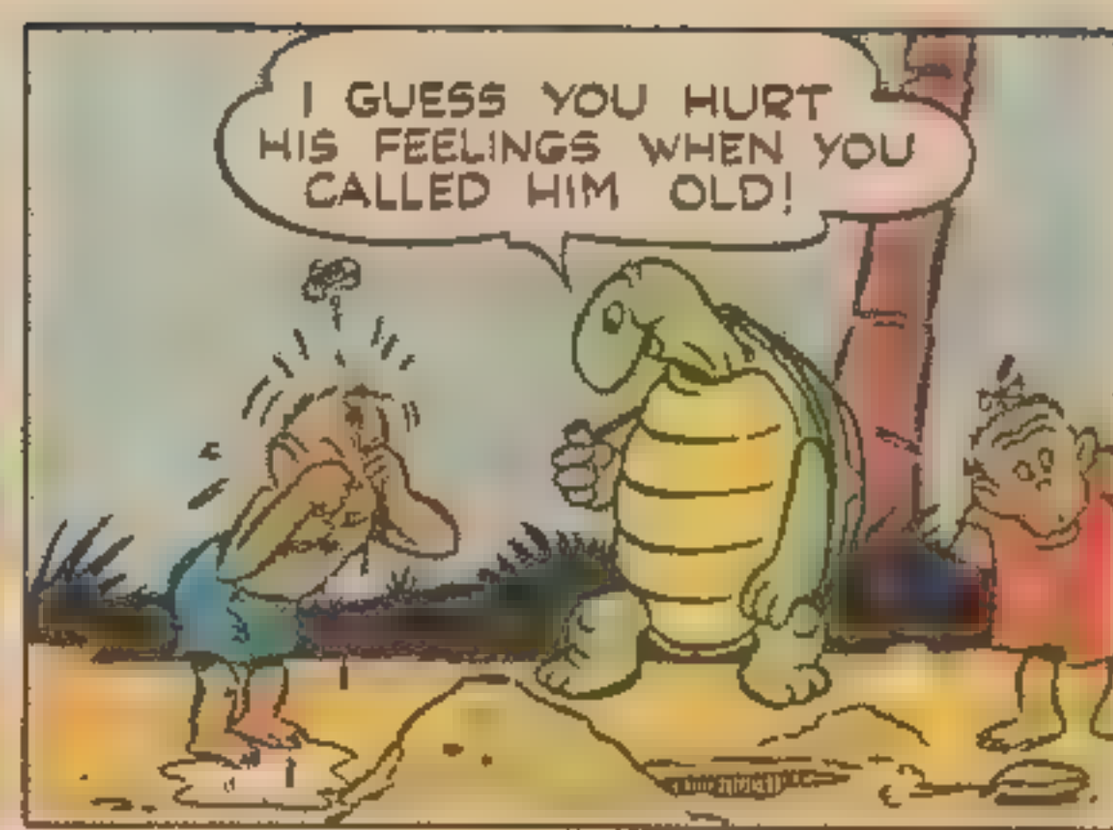


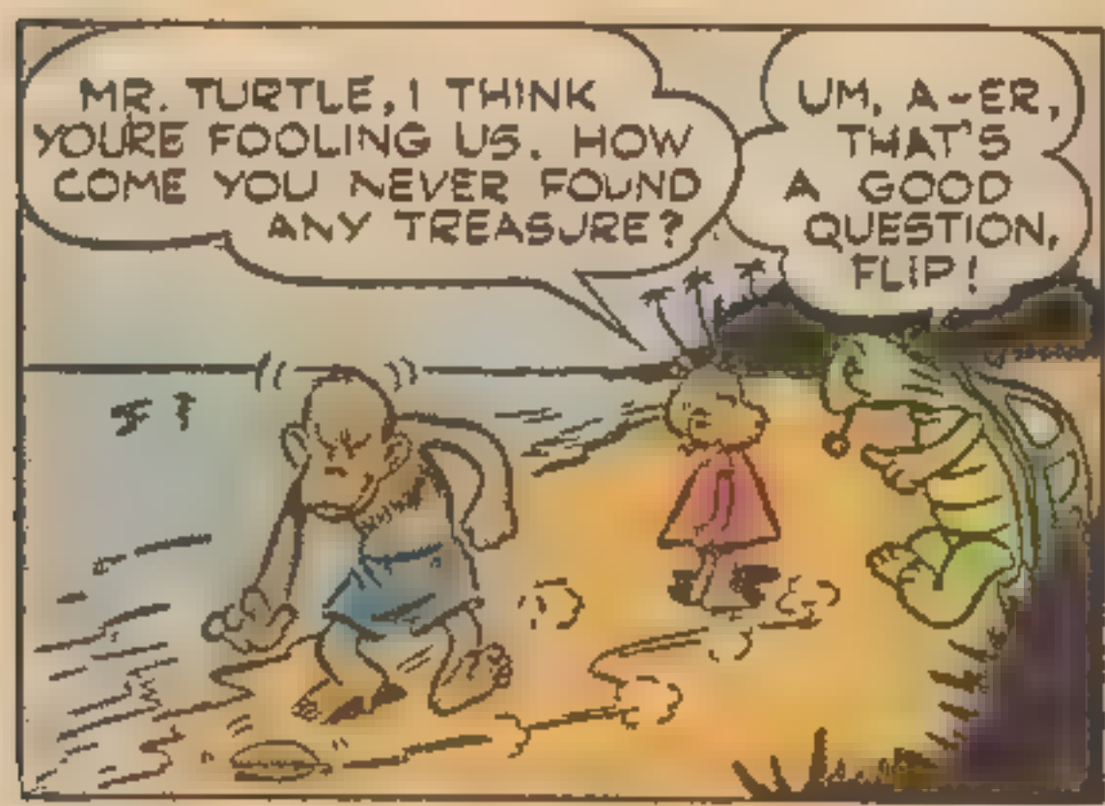


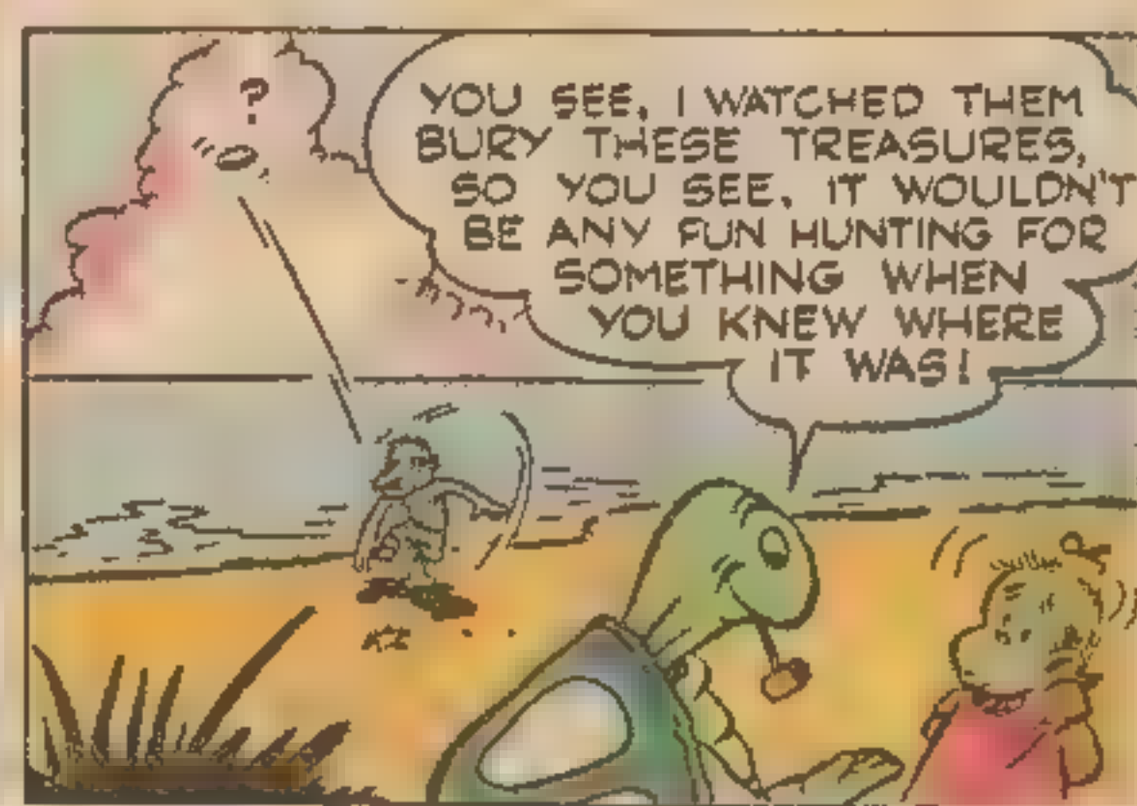





SQUISH!


I GUESS YOU HURT HIS FEELINGS WHEN YOU CALLED HIM OLD!


MR. TURTLE, I THINK YOURE FOOLING US. HOW COME YOU NEVER FOUND ANY TREASURE?
UM, A-ER, THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION, FLIP!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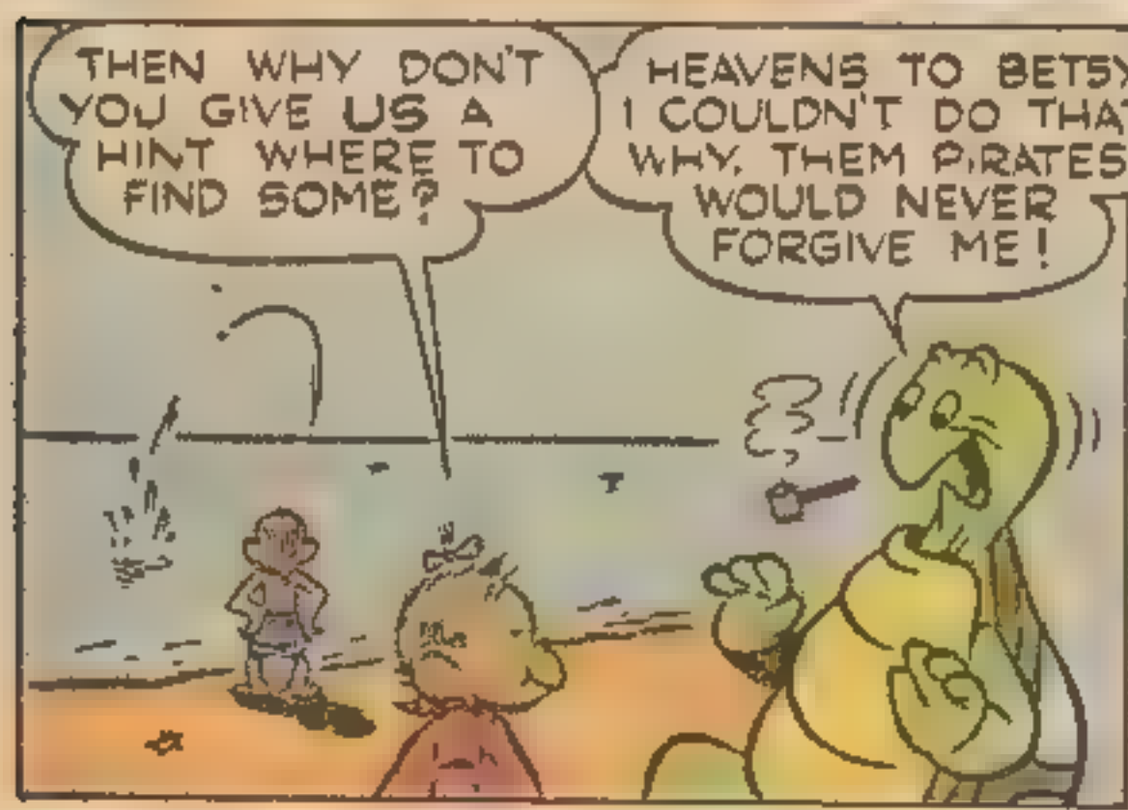
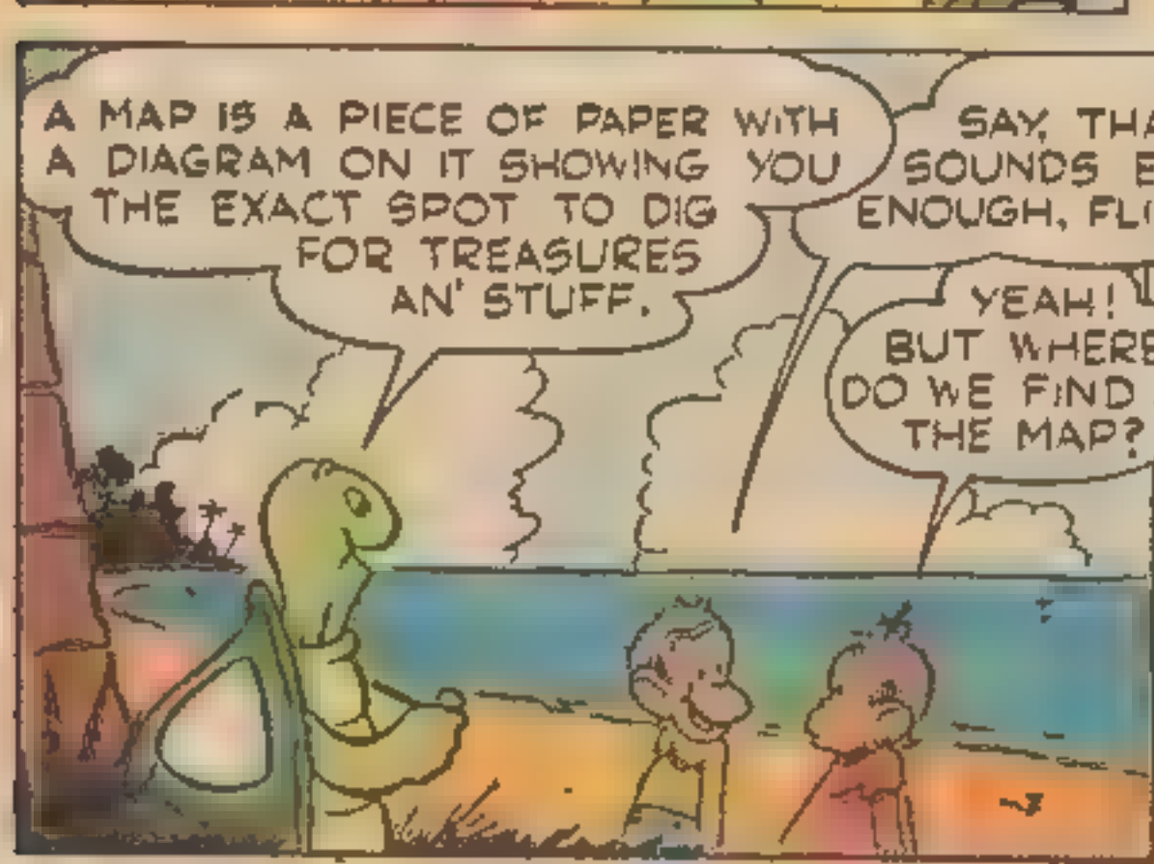
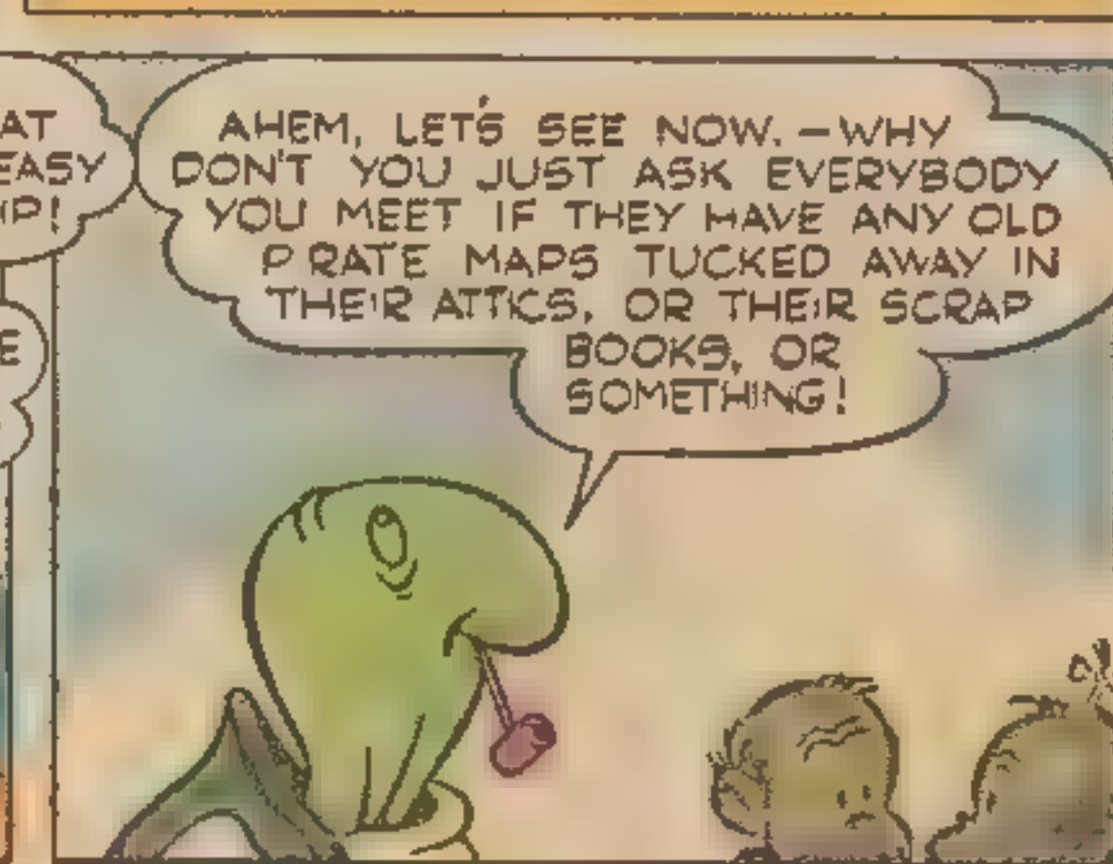
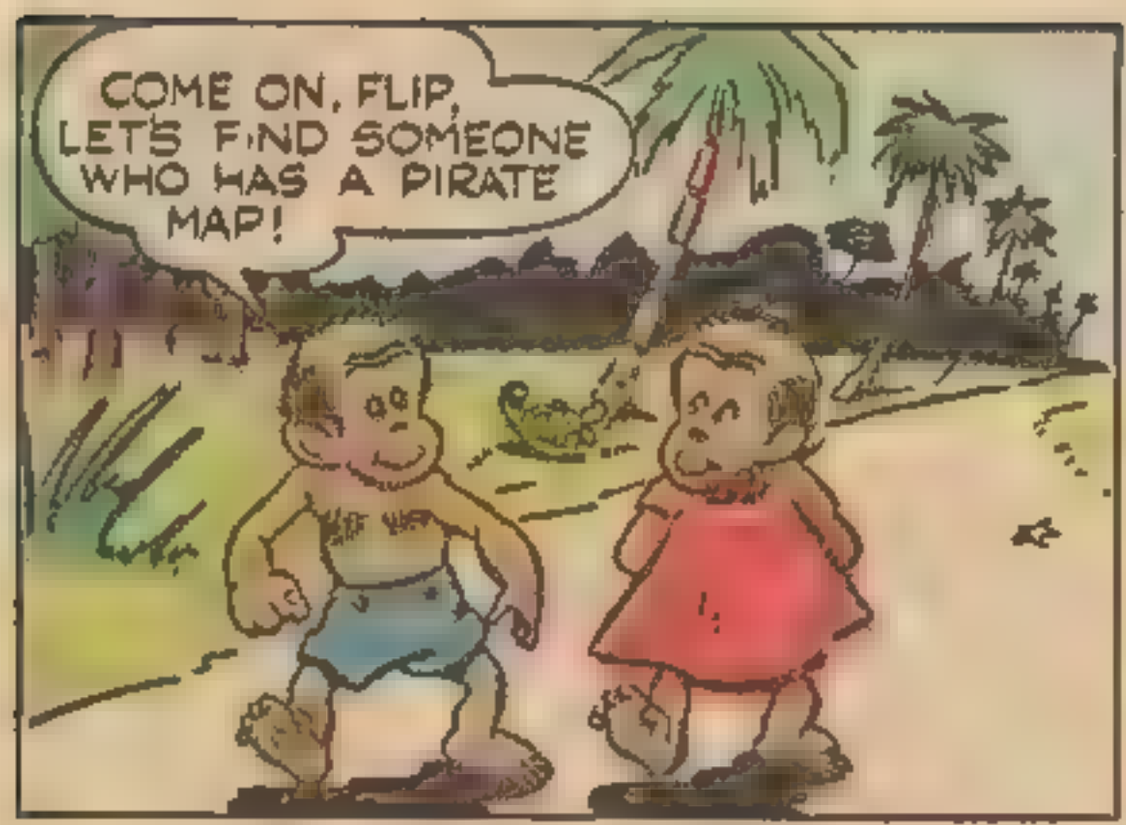
YOU SEE, I WATCHED THEM BURY THESE TREASURES, SO YOU SEE, IT WOULDN'T BE ANY FUN HUNTING FOR SOMETHING WHEN YOU KNEW WHERE IT WAS!

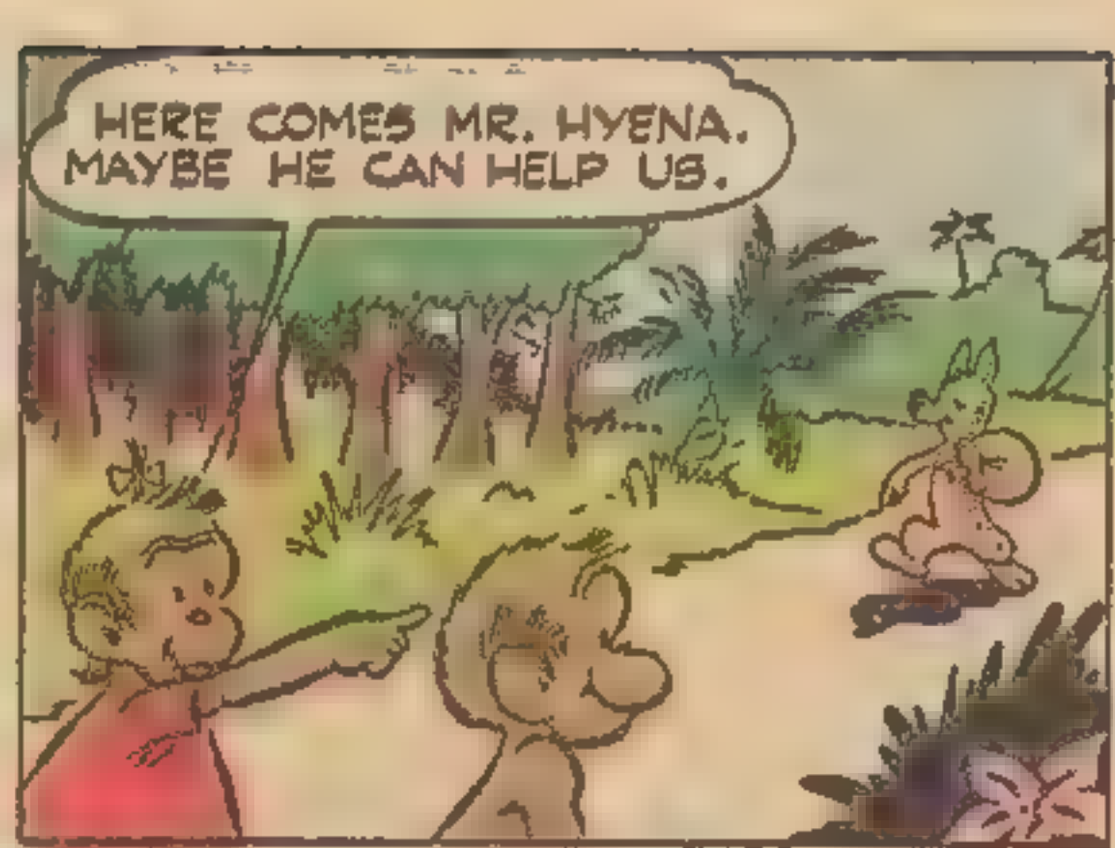

THEN WHY DON'T YOU GIVE US A HINT WHERE TO FIND SOME?
HEAVENS TO BETSY! I COULDN'T DO THAT. WHY, THEM PIRATES WOULD NEVER FORGIVE ME!

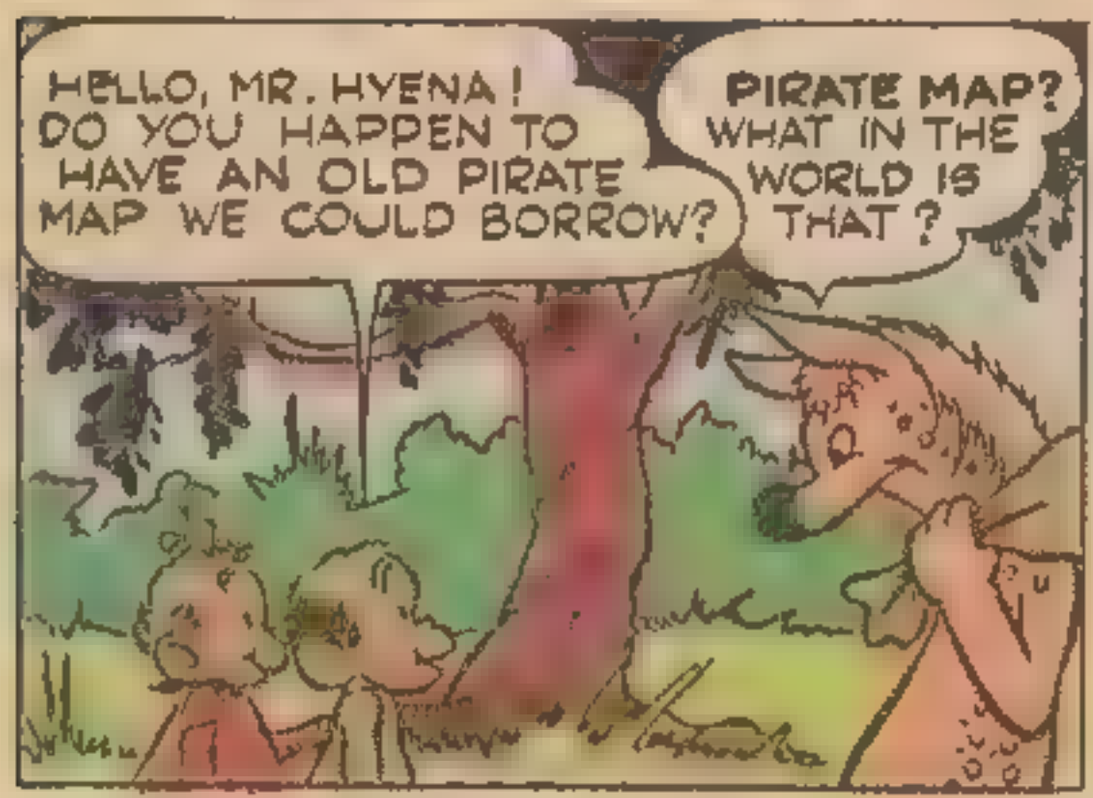
I CAN TELL YOU THIS MUCH. IF YOU EXPECT TO HUNT FOR TREASURE, YOU FIRST HAVE TO HAVE A MAP!
MAP? WHAT'S THAT?
HUMPH!

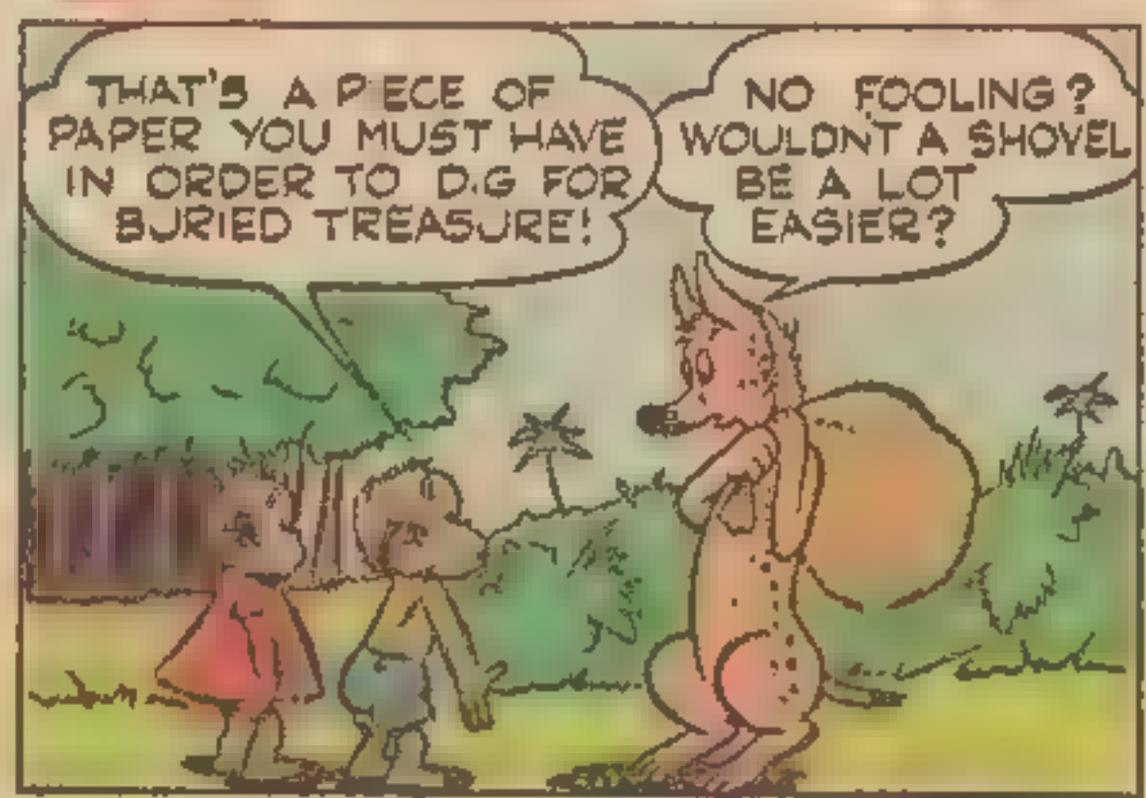

A MAP IS A PIECE OF PAPER WITH A DIAGRAM ON IT SHOWING YOU THE EXACT SPOT TO DIG FOR TREASURES AN' STUFF.
SAY, THAT SOUNDS EASY ENOUGH, FLIP!
YEAH! BUT WHERE DO WE FIND THE MAP?

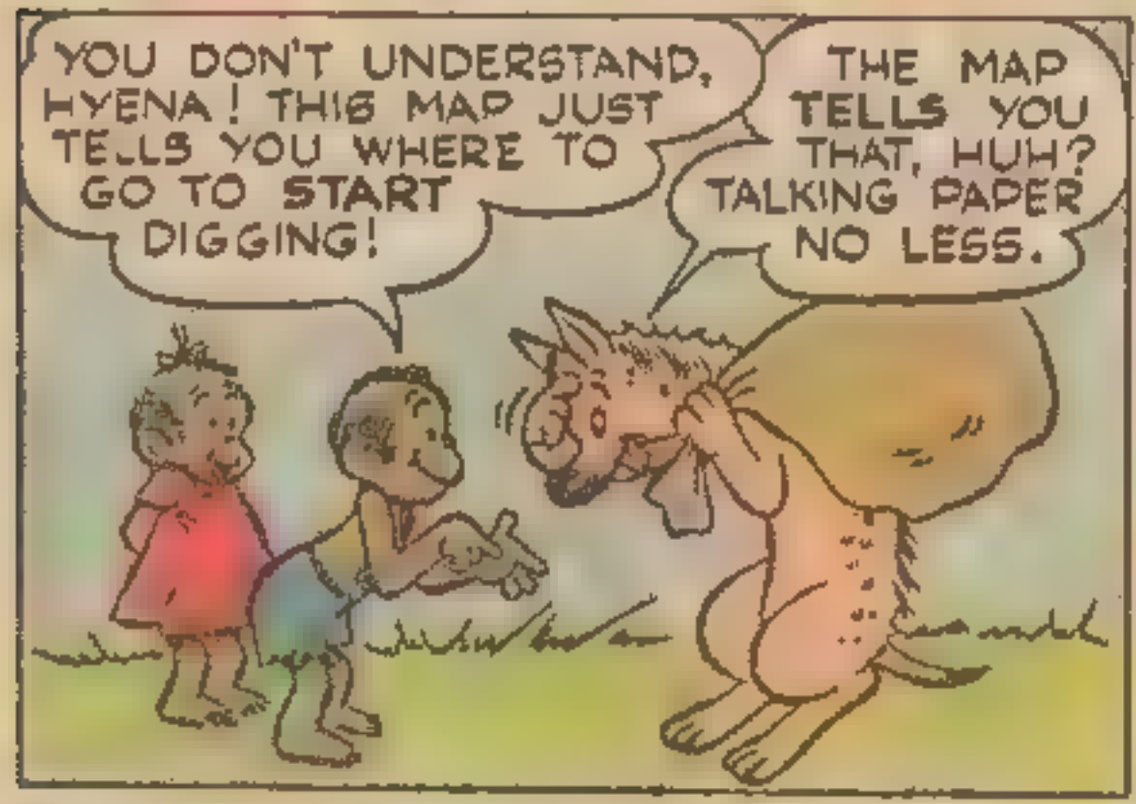

AHEM, LET'S SEE NOW. — WHY DON'T YOU JUST ASK EVERYBODY YOU MEET IF THEY HAVE ANY OLD PIRATE MAPS TUCKED AWAY IN THEIR ATTICS, OR THEIR SCRAP BOOKS, OR SOMETHING!

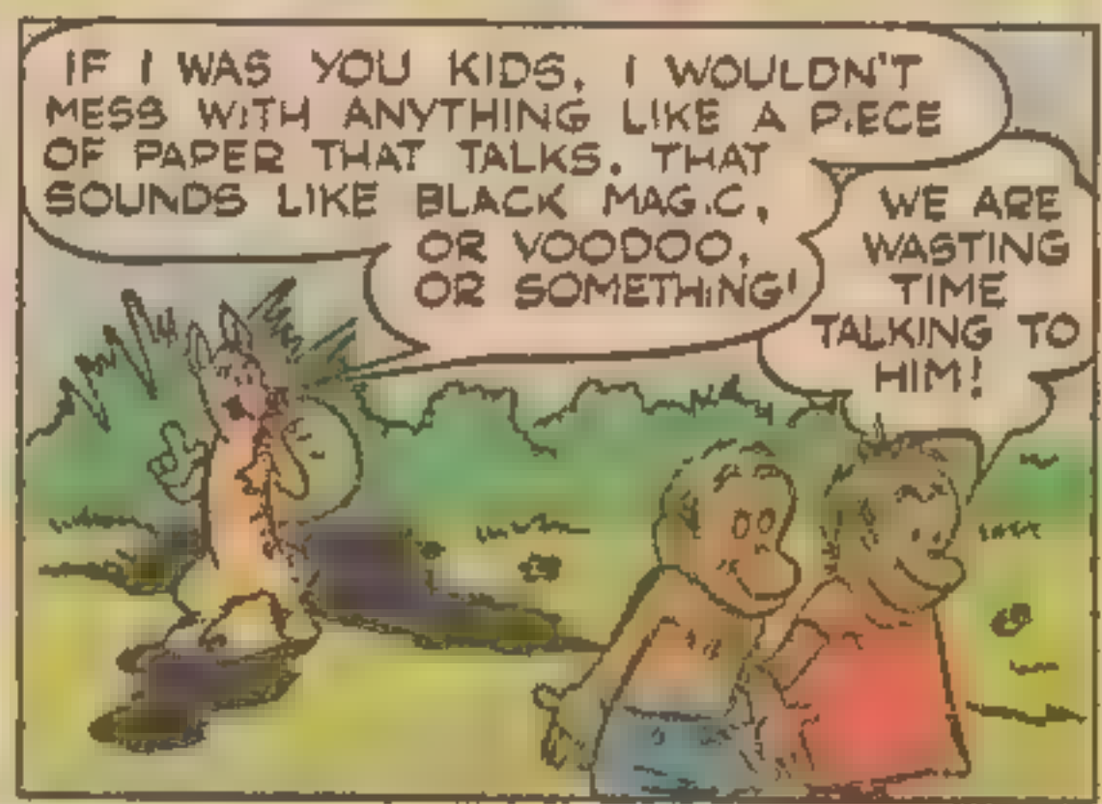

COME ON, FLIP, LET'S FIND SOMEONE WHO HAS A PIRATE MAP!

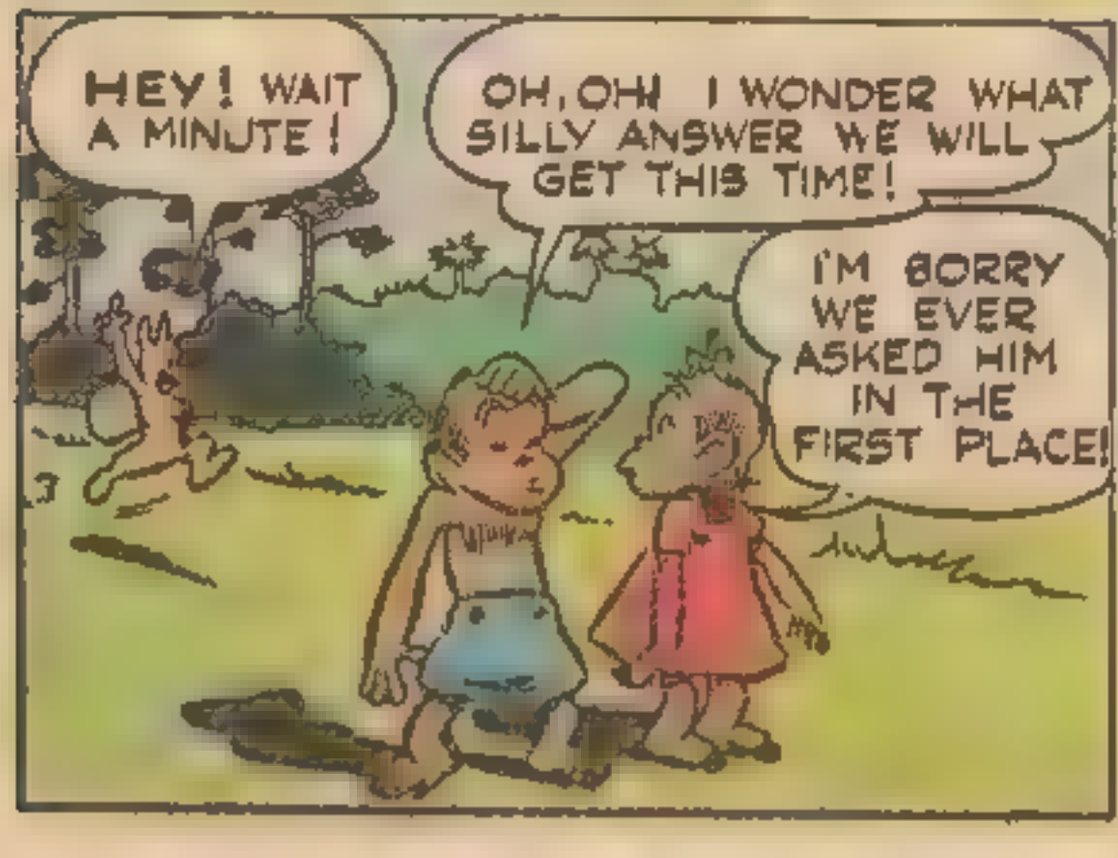

HERE COMES MR. HYENA. MAYBE HE CAN HELP US.

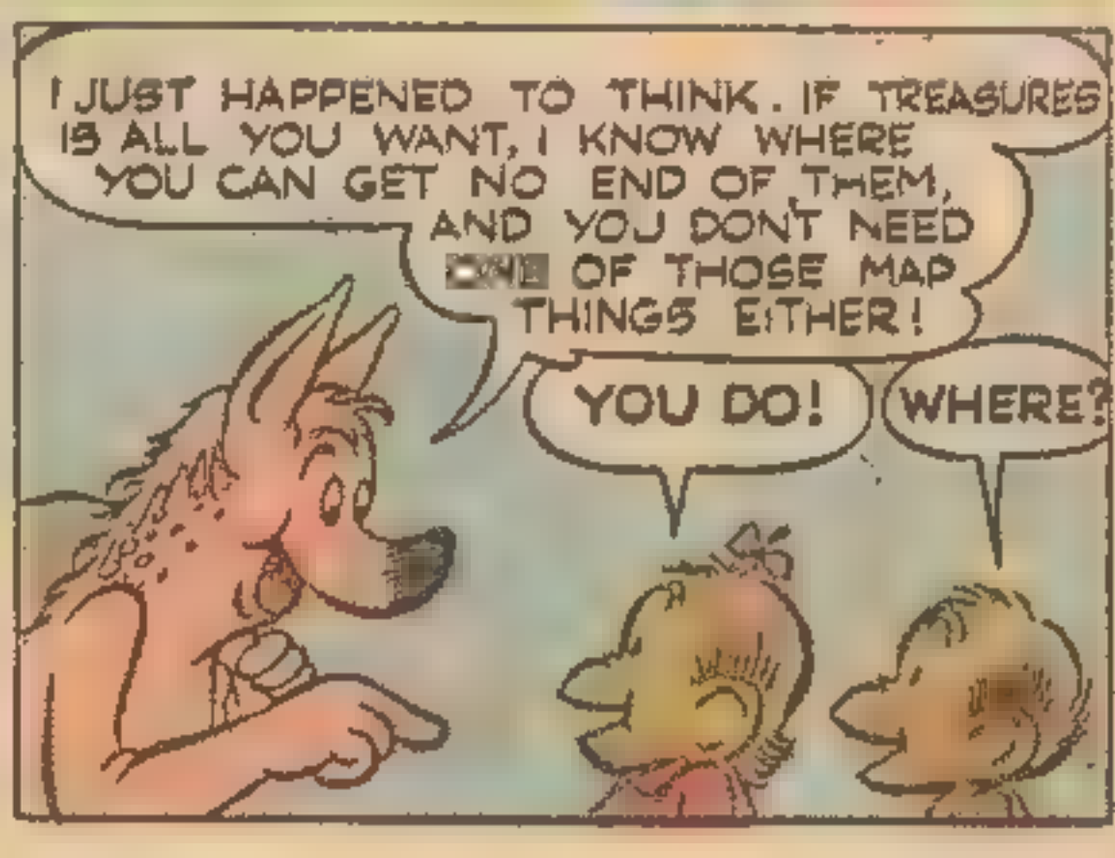

HELLO, MR. HYENA! DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE AN OLD PIRATE MAP WE COULD BORROW?
PIRATE MAP? WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THAT?

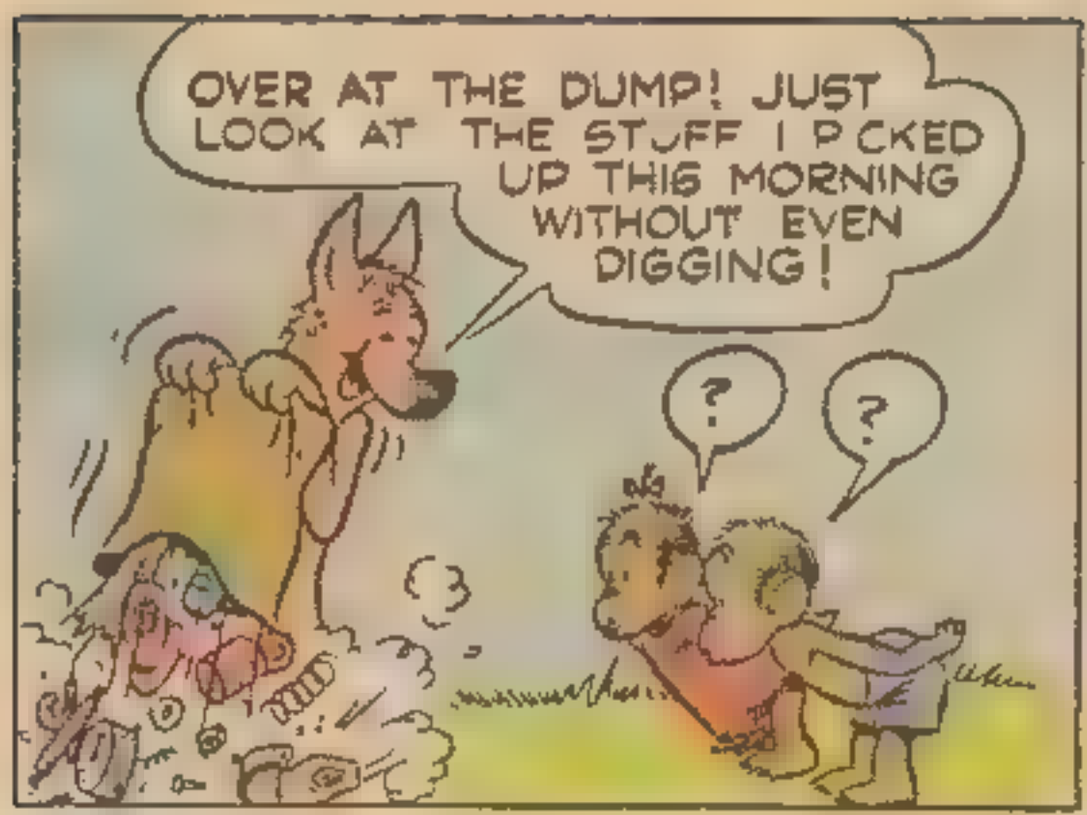

THAT'S A PIECE OF PAPER YOU MUST HAVE IN ORDER TO DIG FOR BURIED TREASURE!
NO FOOLING? WOULDN'T A SHOVEL BE A LOT EASIER?

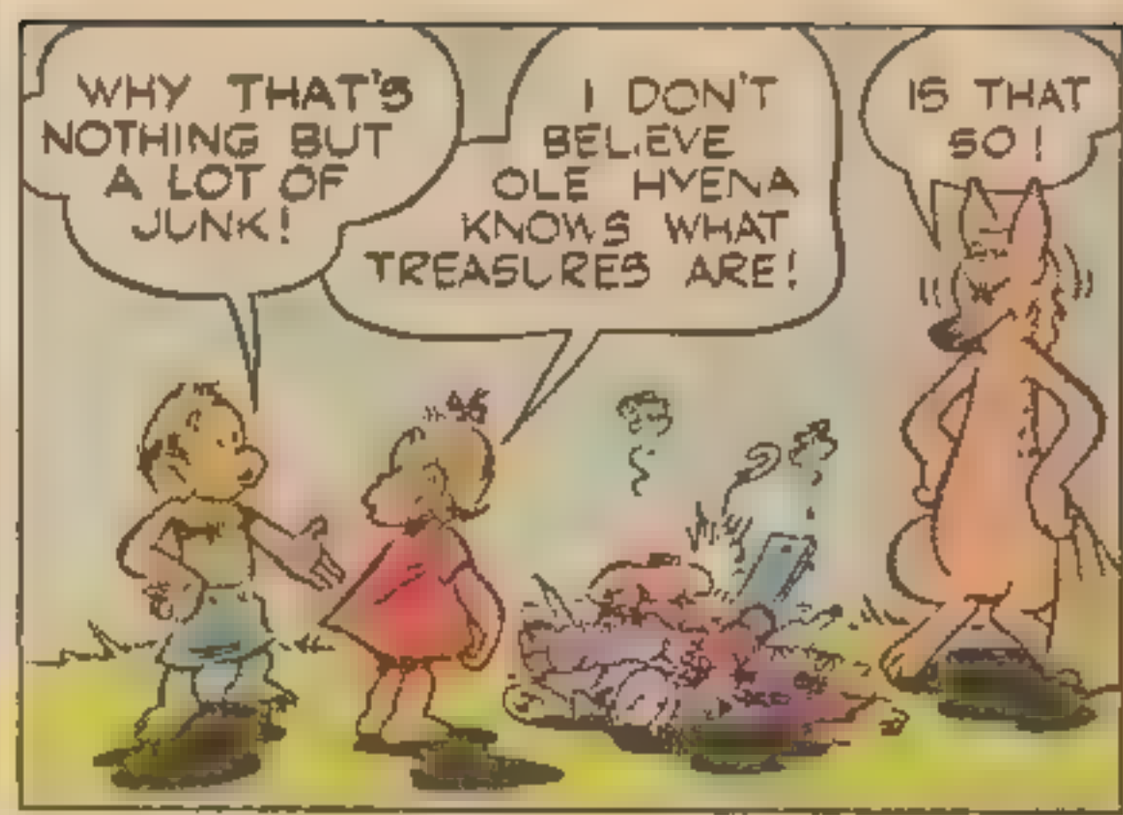

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, HYENA! THIS MAP JUST TELLS YOU WHERE TO GO TO START DIGGING!
THE MAP TELLS YOU THAT, HUH? TALKING PAPER NO LESS.

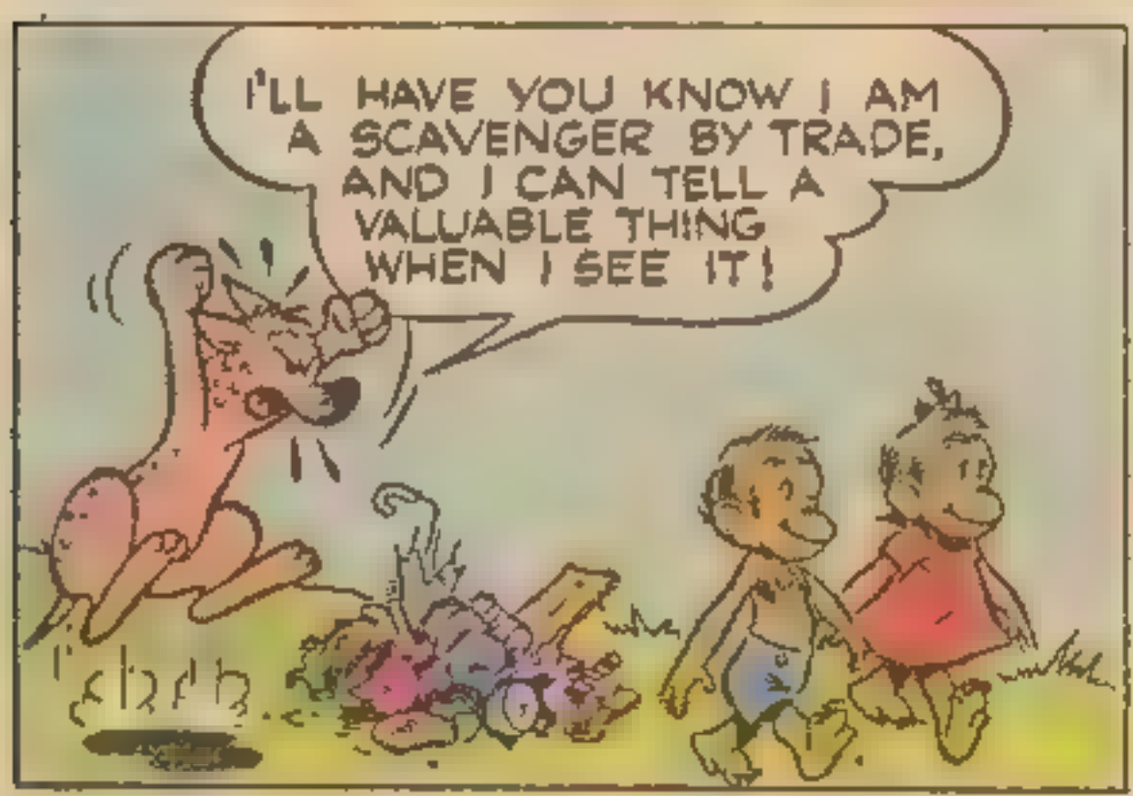

IF I WAS YOU KIDS, I WOULDN'T MESS WITH ANYTHING LIKE A PIECE OF PAPER THAT TALKS. THAT SOUNDS LIKE BLACK MAGIC, OR VOODOO, OR SOMETHING!
WE ARE WASTING TIME TALKING TO HIM!

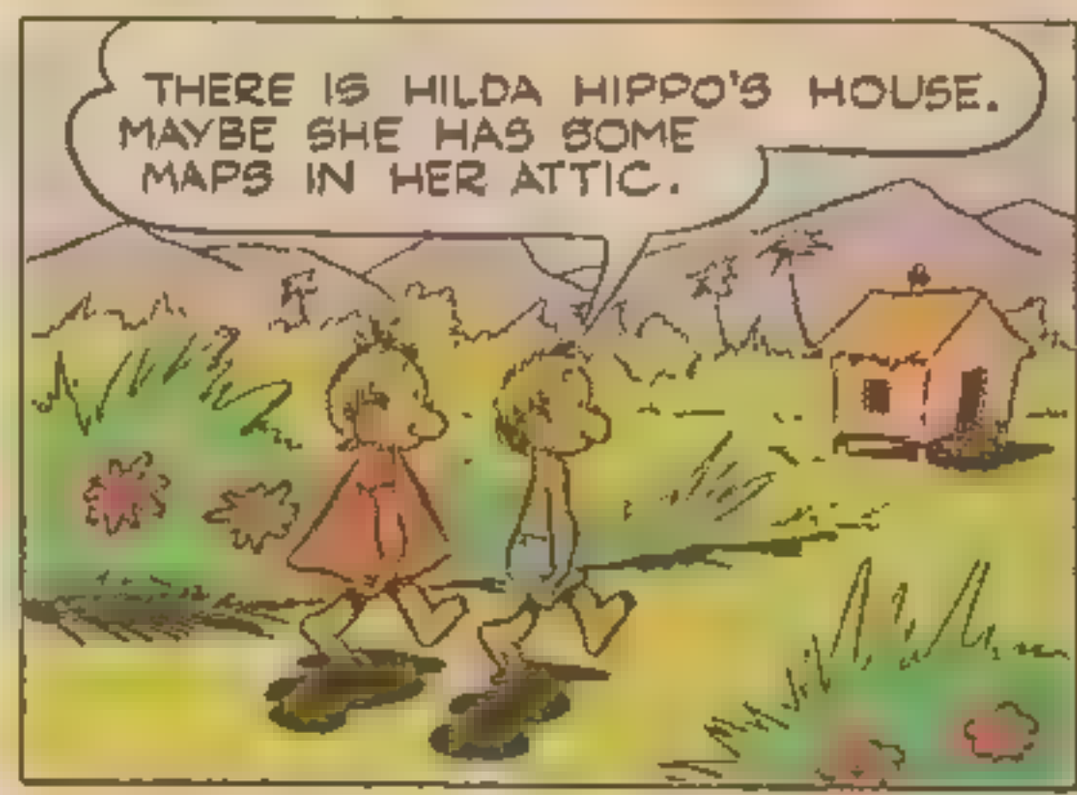

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!
OH, OH! I WONDER WHAT SILLY ANSWER WE WILL GET THIS TIME!
I'M SORRY WE EVER ASKED HIM IN THE FIRST PLACE!

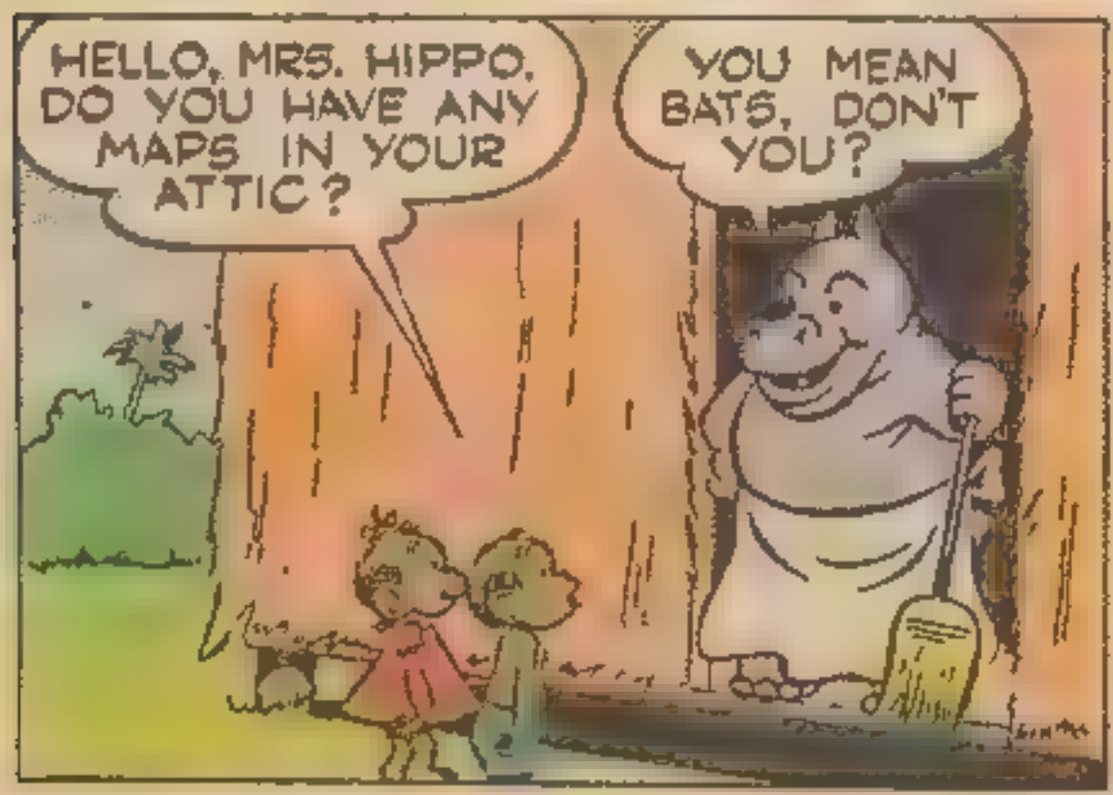

I JUST HAPPENED TO THINK. IF TREASURES IS ALL YOU WANT, I KNOW WHERE YOU CAN GET NO END OF THEM, AND YOU DON'T NEED ONE OF THOSE MAP THINGS EITHER!
YOU DO!
WHERE?

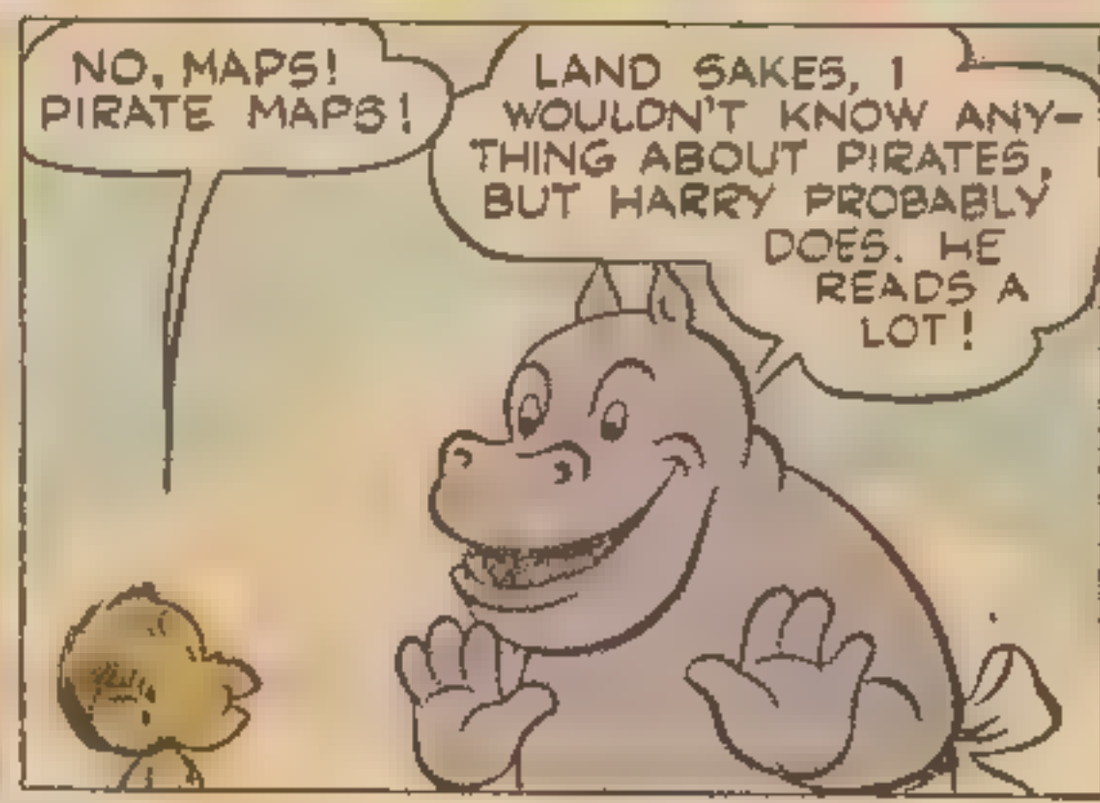

OVER AT THE DUMP! JUST LOOK AT THE STUFF I PICKED UP THIS MORNING WITHOUT EVEN DIGGING!
?
?

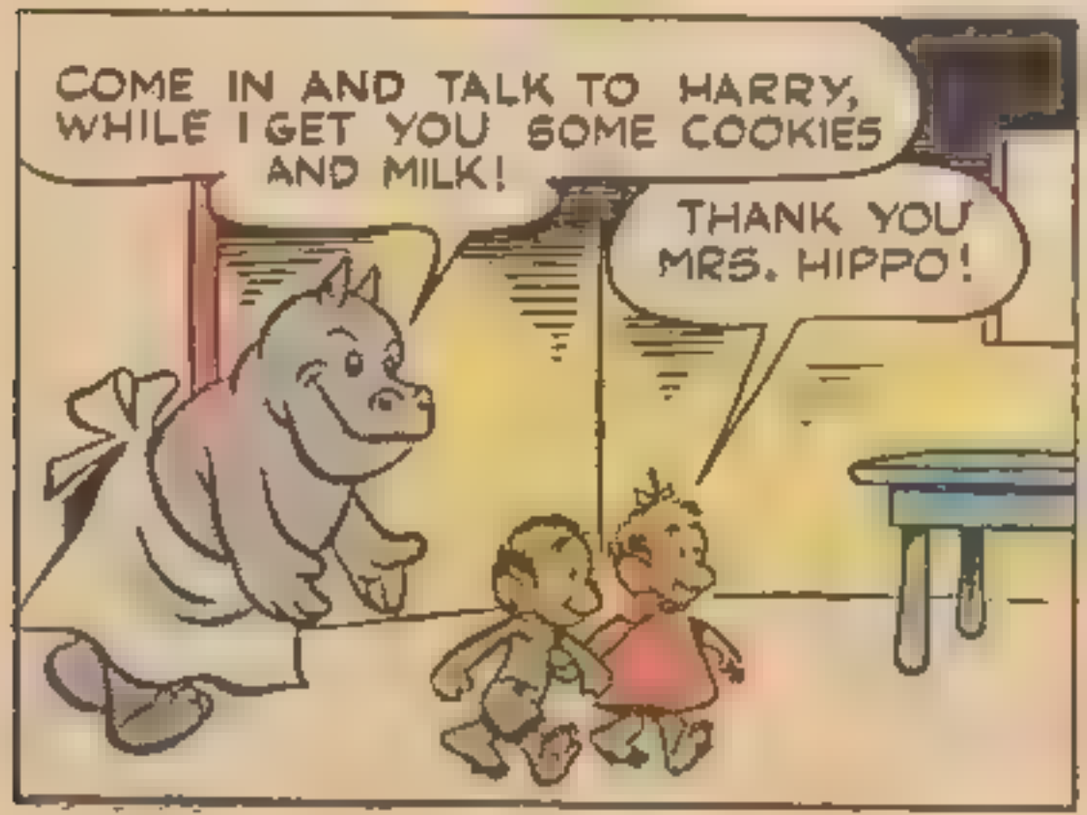

WHY THAT'S NOTHING BUT A LOT OF JUNK!
I DON'T BELIEVE OLE HYENA KNOWS WHAT TREASURES ARE!
IS THAT SO!

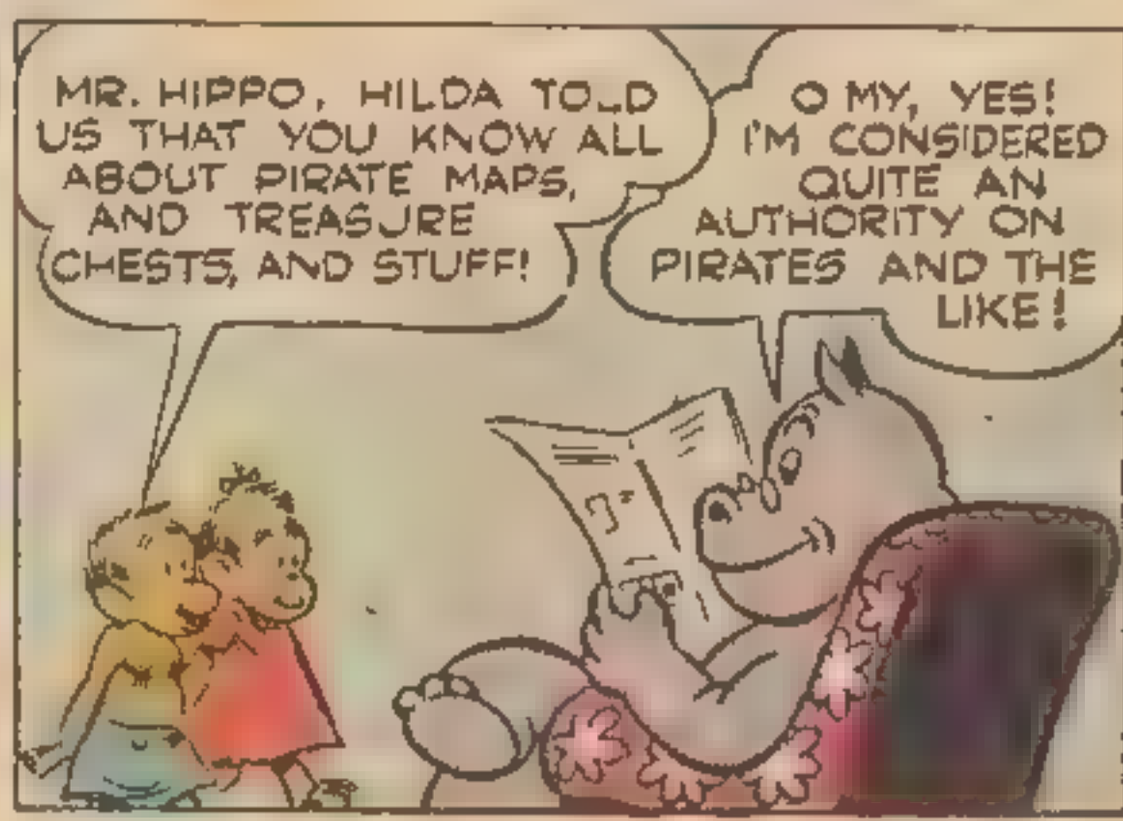

I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I AM A SCAVENGER BY TRADE, AND I CAN TELL A VALUABLE THING WHEN I SEE IT!

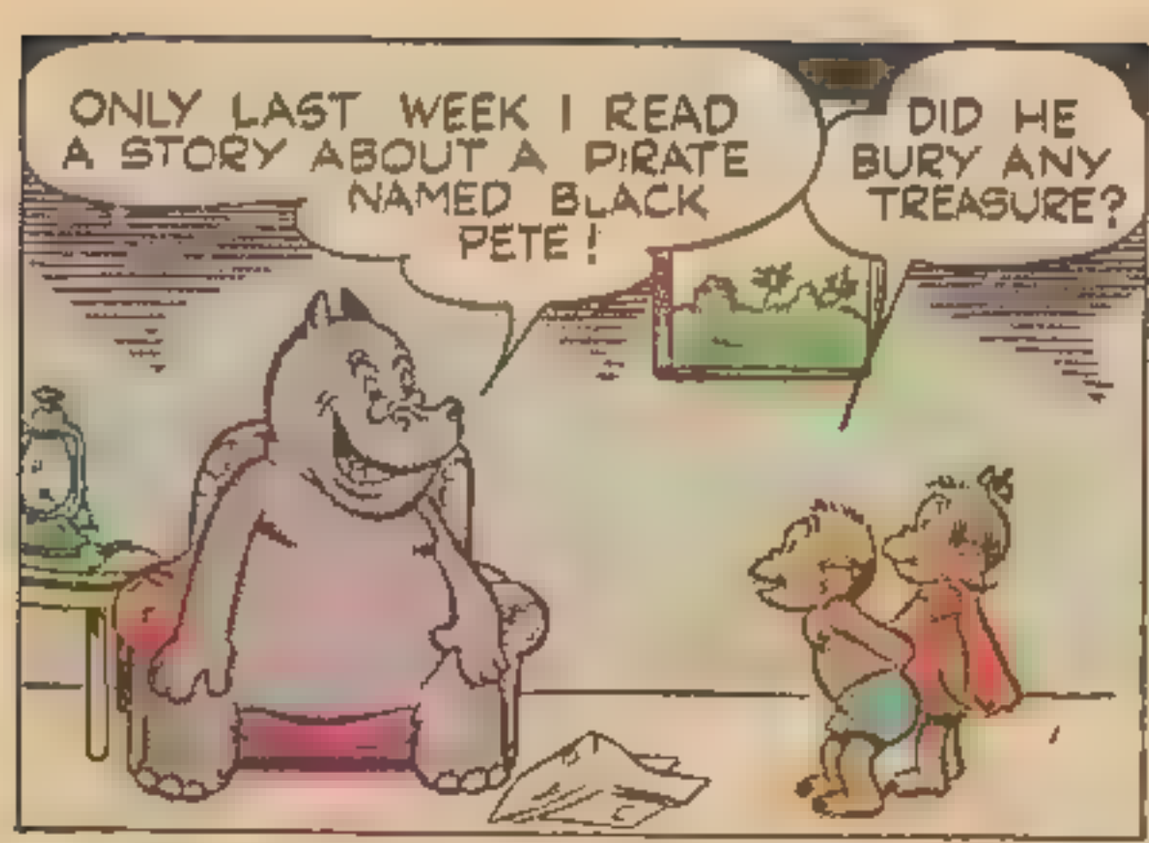

THERE IS HILDA HIPPO'S HOUSE. MAYBE SHE HAS SOME MAPS IN HER ATTIC.

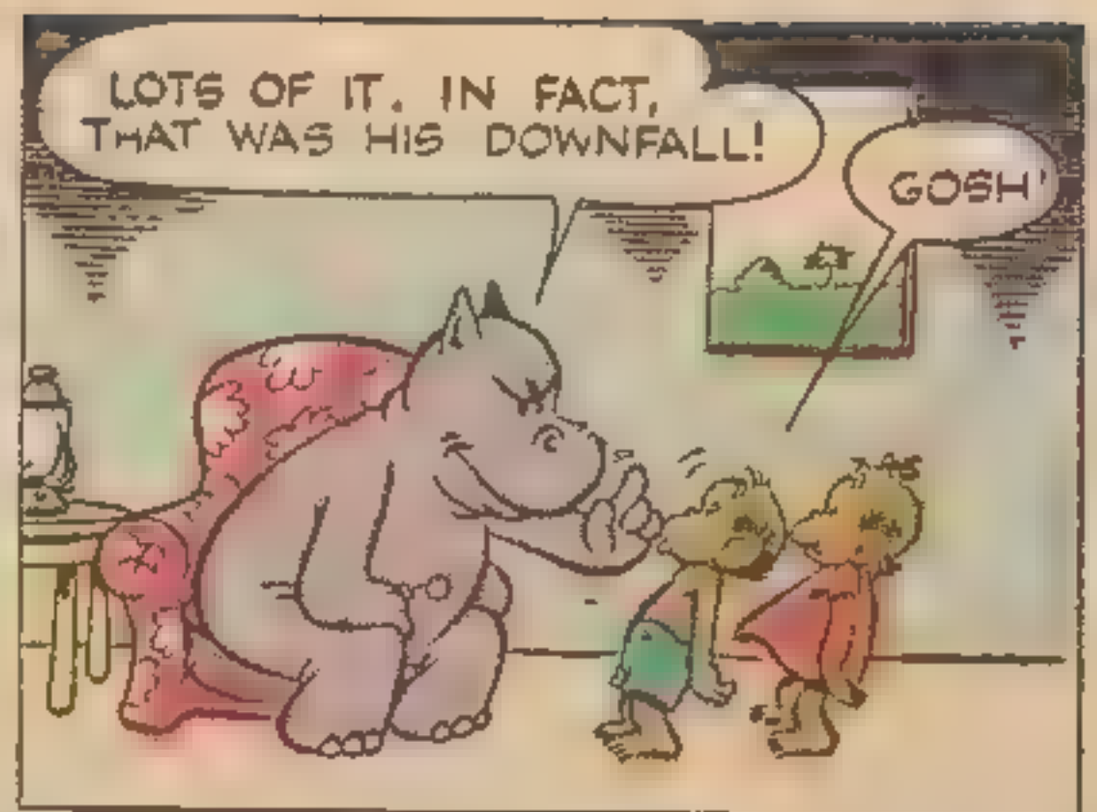

HELLO, MRS. HIPPO. DO YOU HAVE ANY MAPS IN YOUR ATTIC?
YOU MEAN BATS, DON'T YOU?

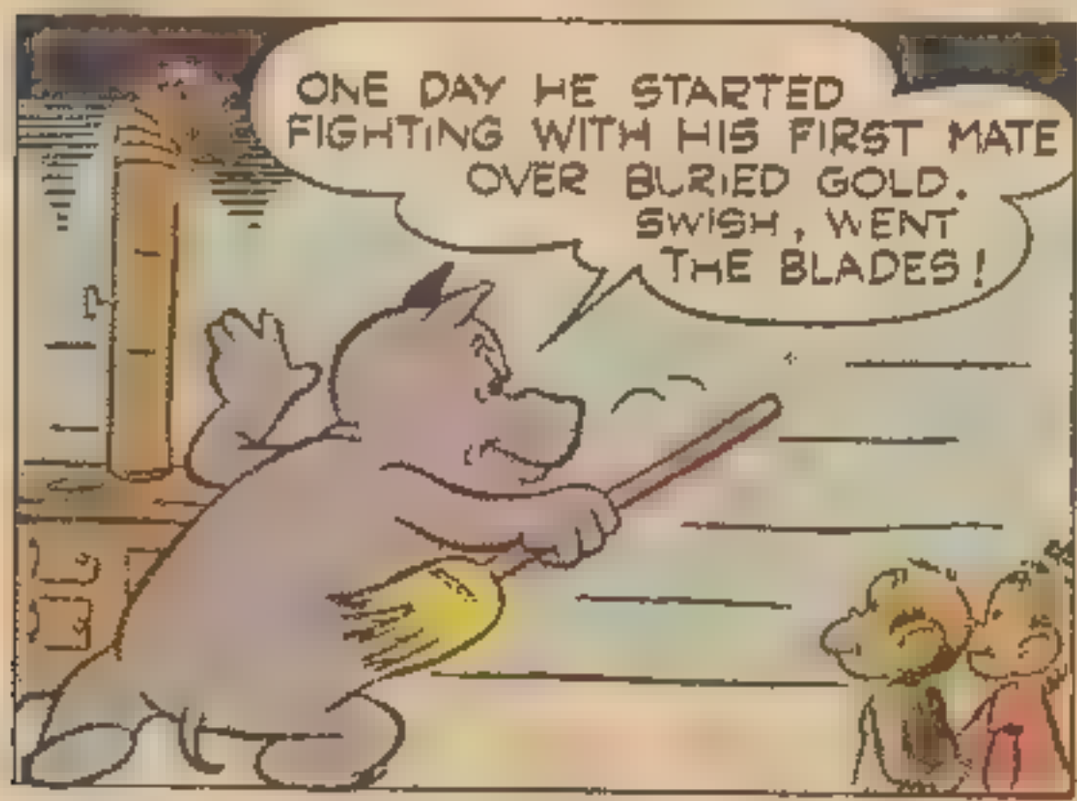

NO, MAPS! PIRATE MAPS!
LAND SAKES, I WOULDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT PIRATES, BUT HARRY PROBABLY DOES. HE READS A LOT!

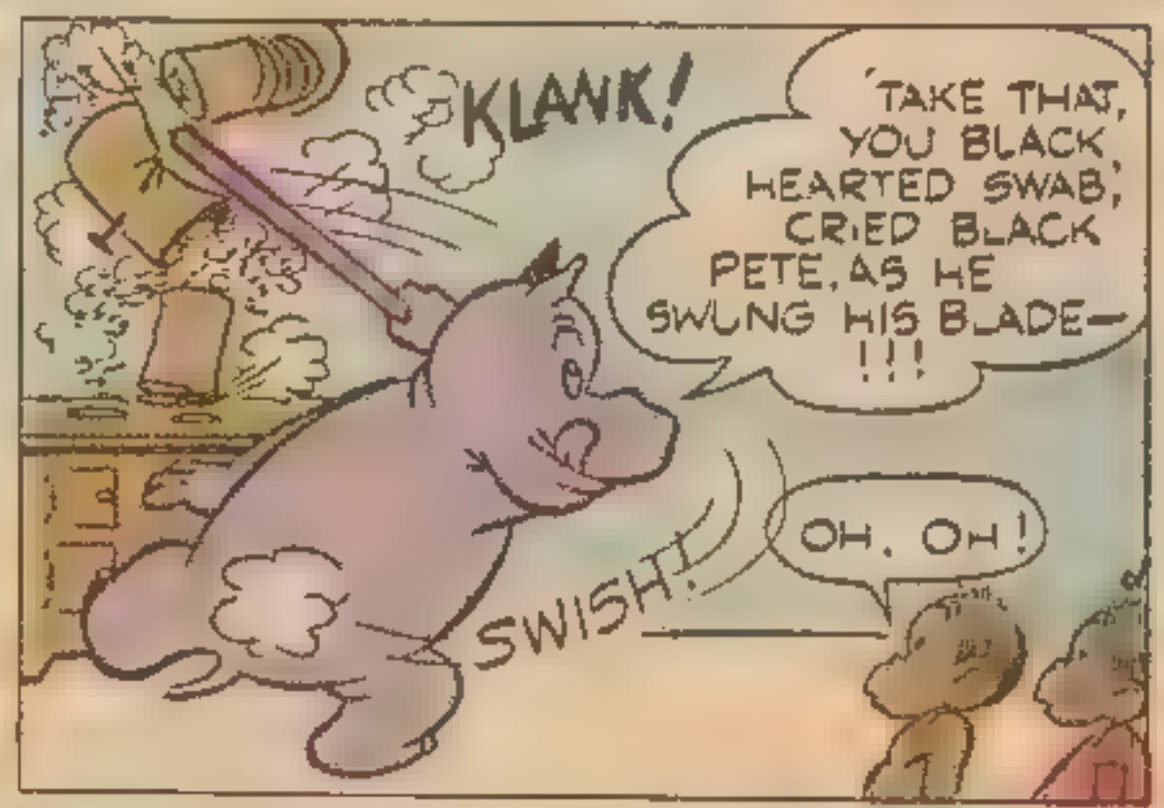

COME IN AND TALK TO HARRY, WHILE I GET YOU SOME COOKIES AND MILK!
THANK YOU MRS. HIPPO!

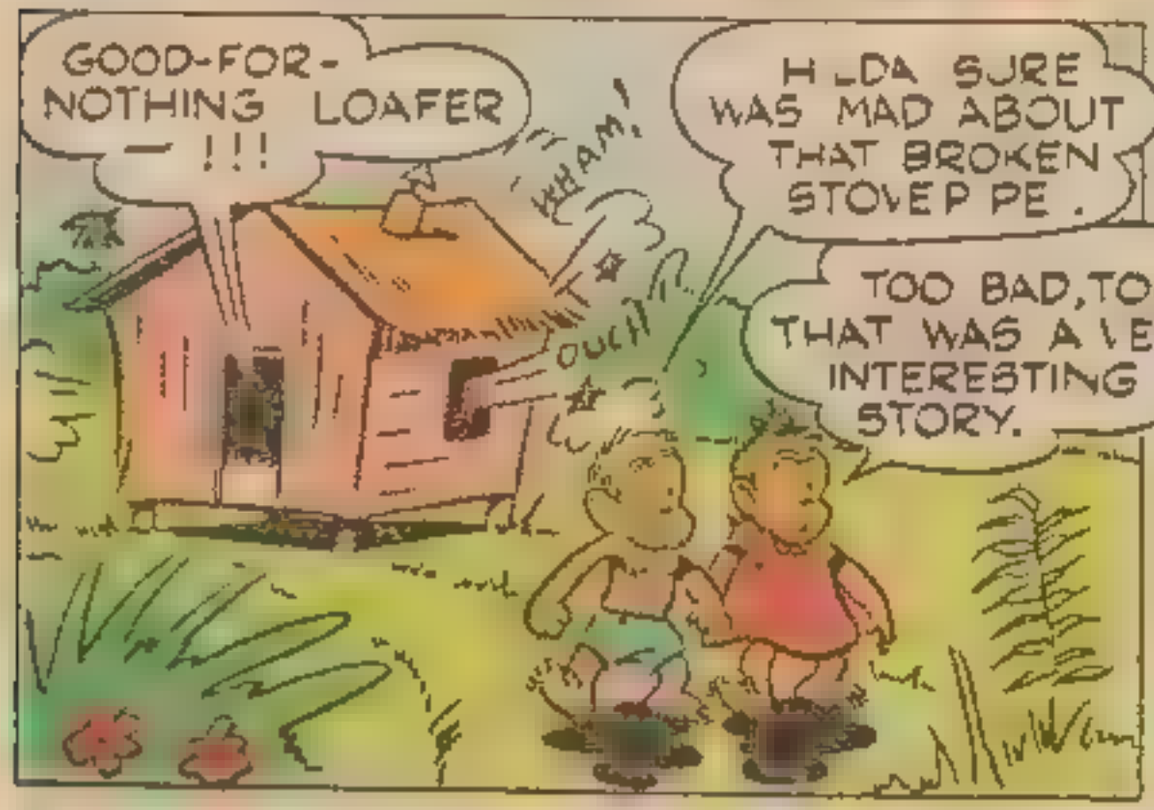

MR. HIPPO, HILDA TOLD US THAT YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT PIRATE MAPS, AND TREASURE CHESTS, AND STUFF!
O MY, YES! I'M CONSIDERED QUITE AN AUTHORITY ON PIRATES AND THE LIKE!

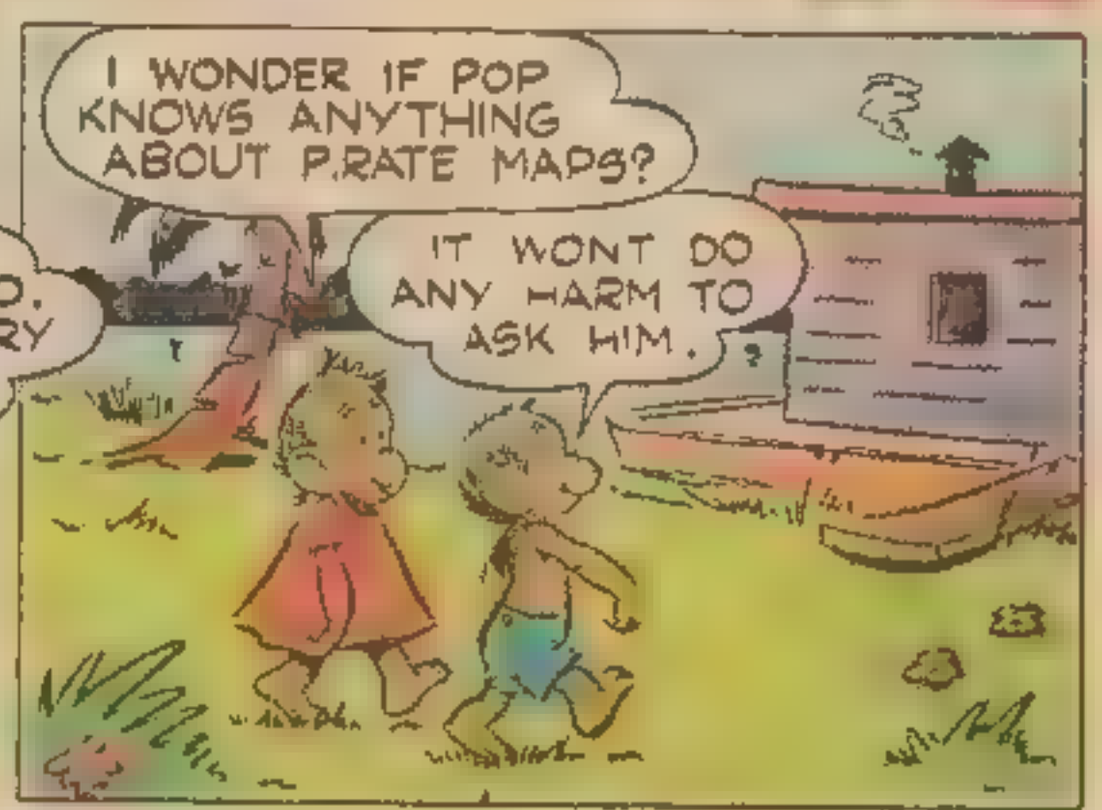

ONLY LAST WEEK I READ A STORY ABOUT A PIRATE NAMED BLACK PETE!
DID HE BURY ANY TREASURE?

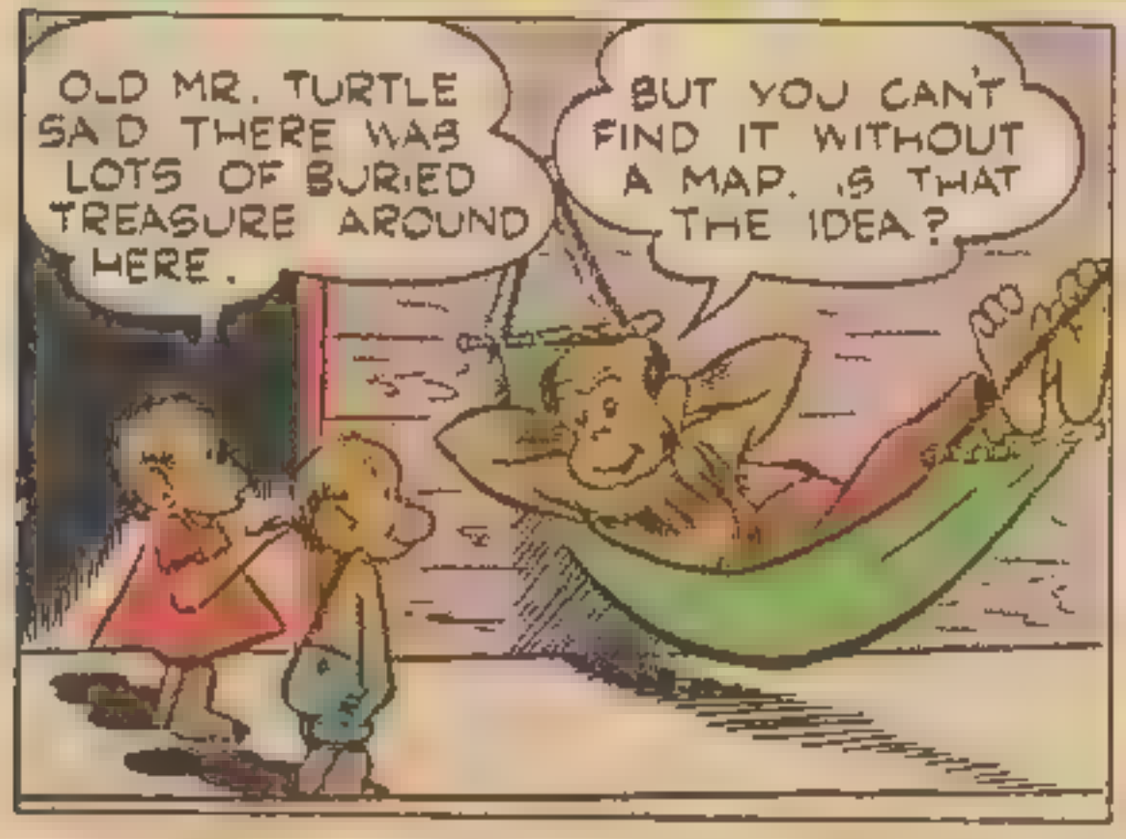

LOTS OF IT. IN FACT, THAT WAS HIS DOWNFALL!
GOSH!

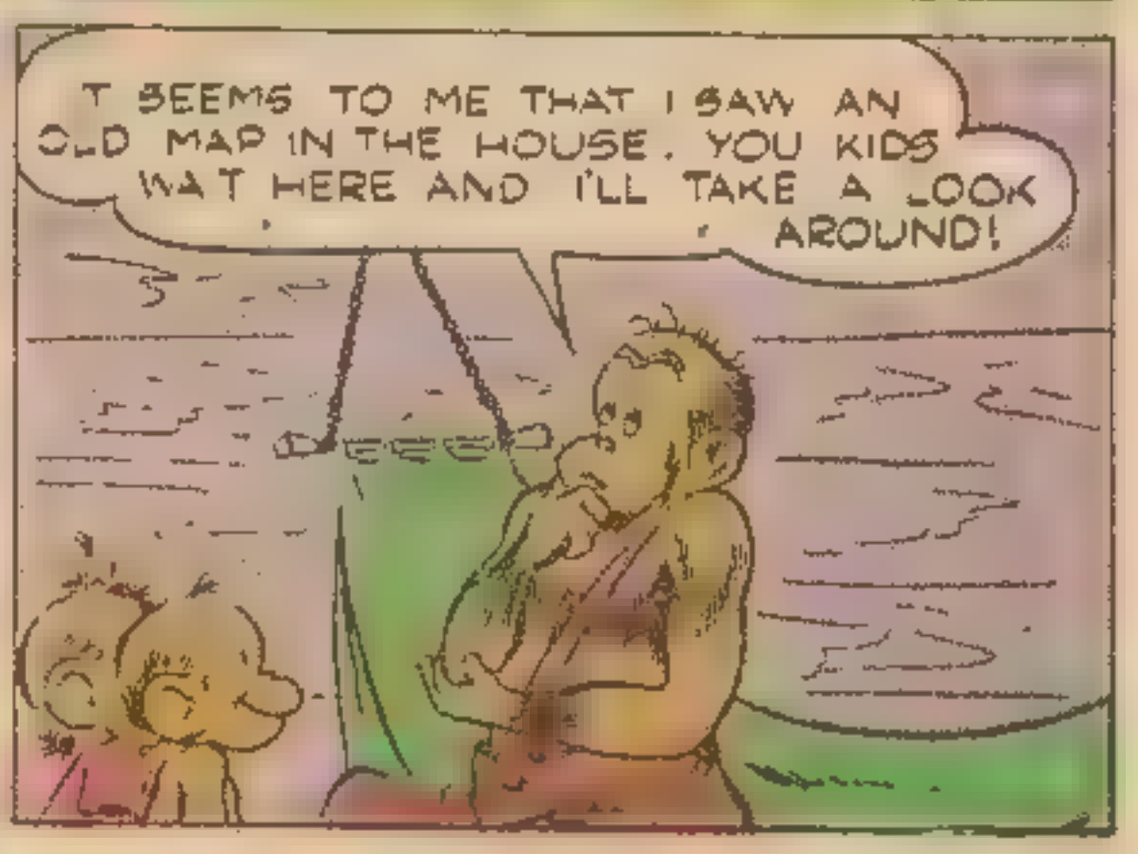

ONE DAY HE STARTED FIGHTING WITH HIS FIRST MATE OVER BURIED GOLD. SWISH, WENT THE BLADES!

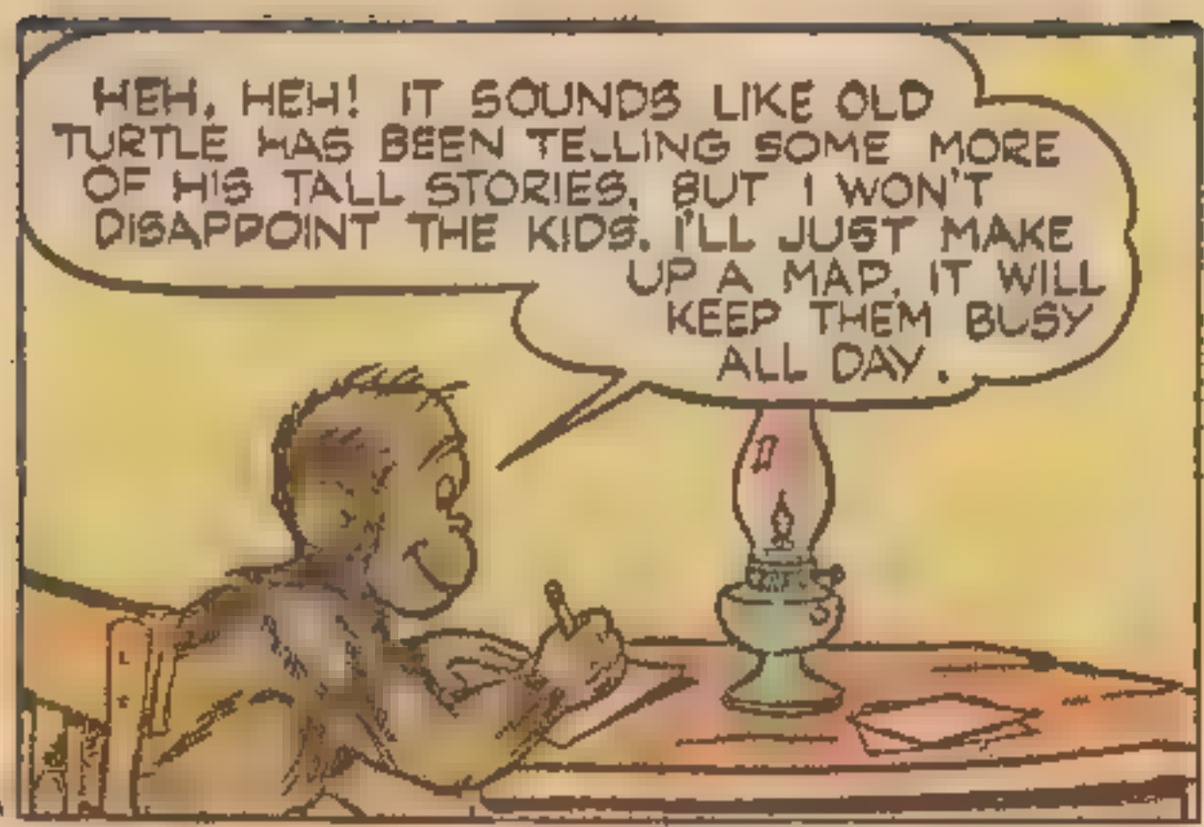

KLANK!
'TAKE THAT, YOU BLACK HEARTED SWAB,' CRIED BLACK PETE, AS HE SWUNG HIS BLADE— !!!
SWISH!
OH, OH!

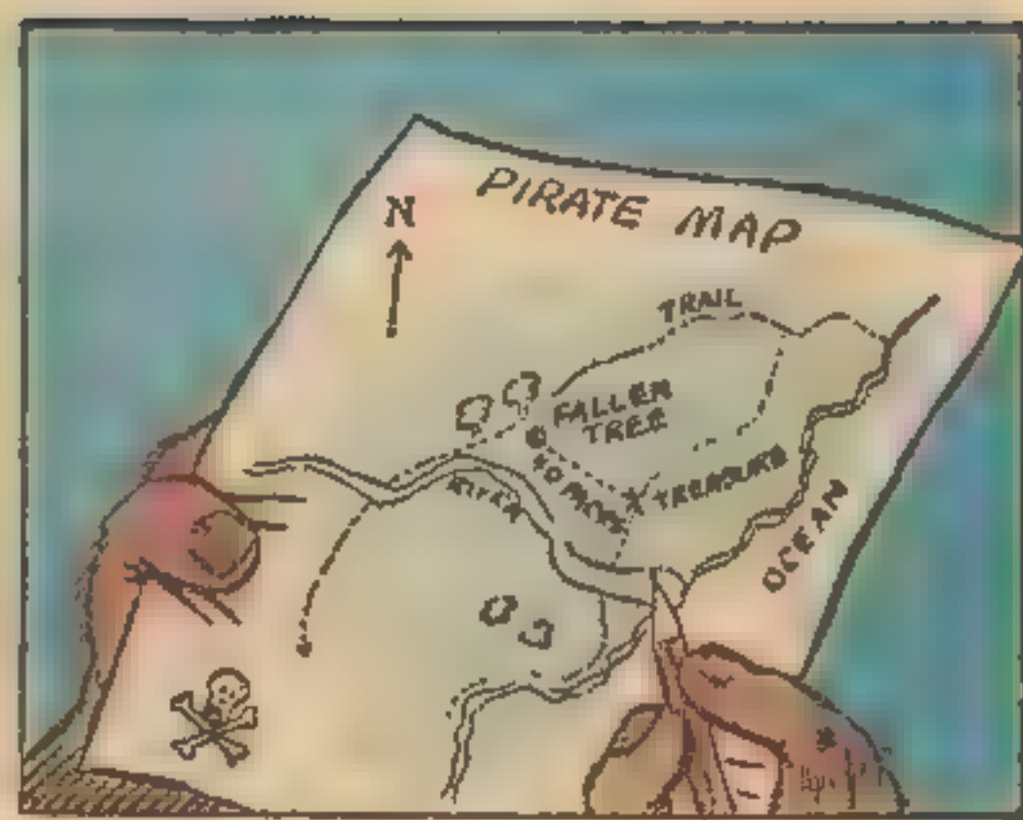

GOOD-FOR-NOTHING LOAFER — !!!
WHAM!
OUCH!
HILDA SURE WAS MAD ABOUT THAT BROKEN STOVEPIPE.
TOO BAD, TOO. THAT WAS A VERY INTERESTING STORY.

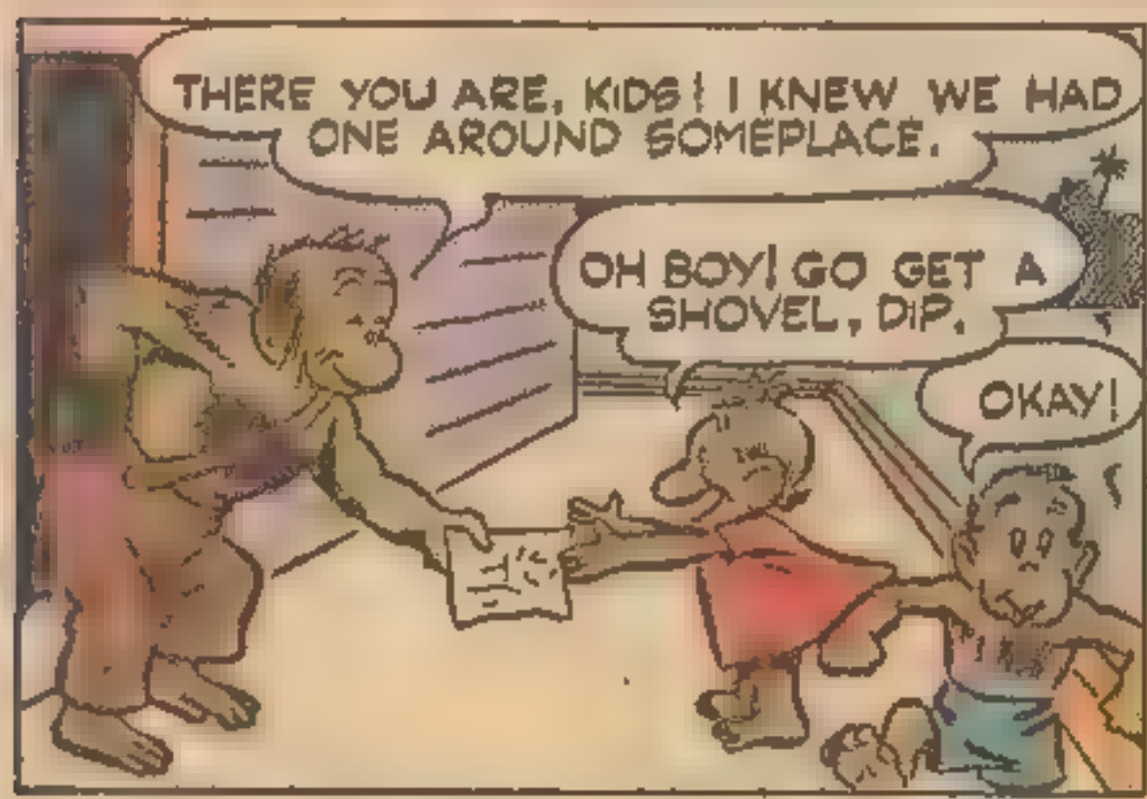

I WONDER IF POP KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT PIRATE MAPS?
IT WONT DO ANY HARM TO ASK HIM.

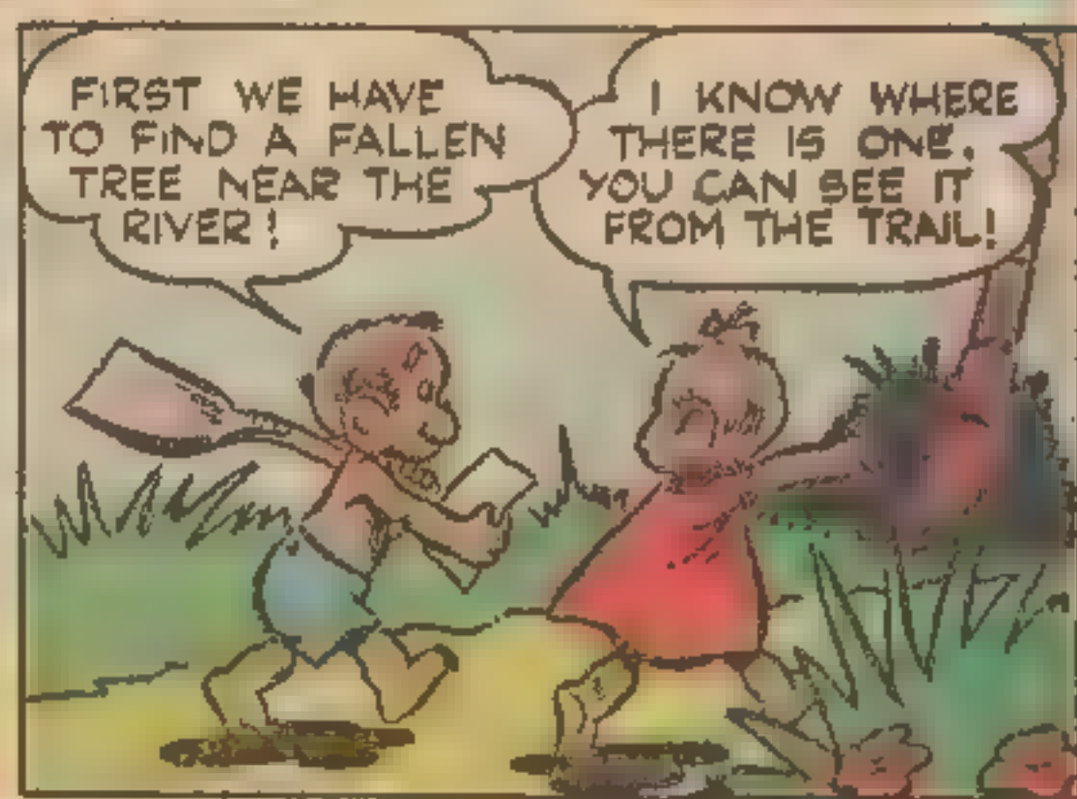

OLD MR. TURTLE SAID THERE WAS LOTS OF BURIED TREASURE AROUND HERE.
BUT YOU CAN'T FIND IT WITHOUT A MAP. IS THAT THE IDEA?

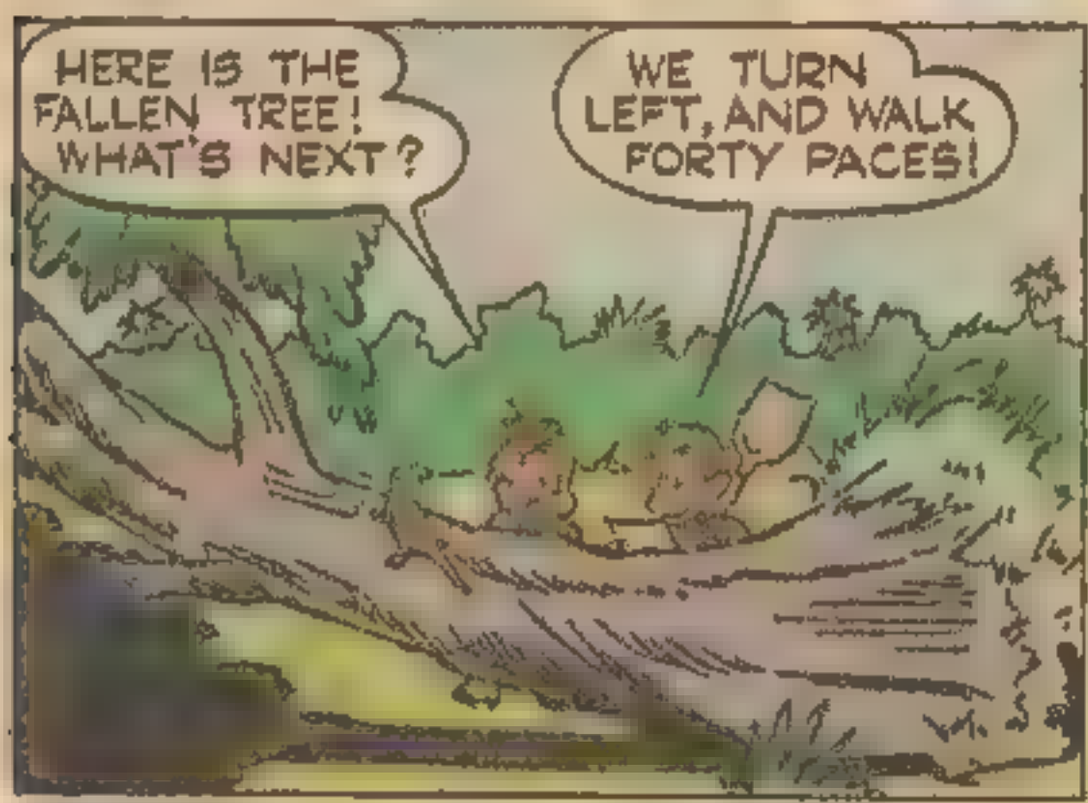

IT SEEMS TO ME THAT I SAW AN OLD MAP IN THE HOUSE. YOU KIDS WAIT HERE AND I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND!

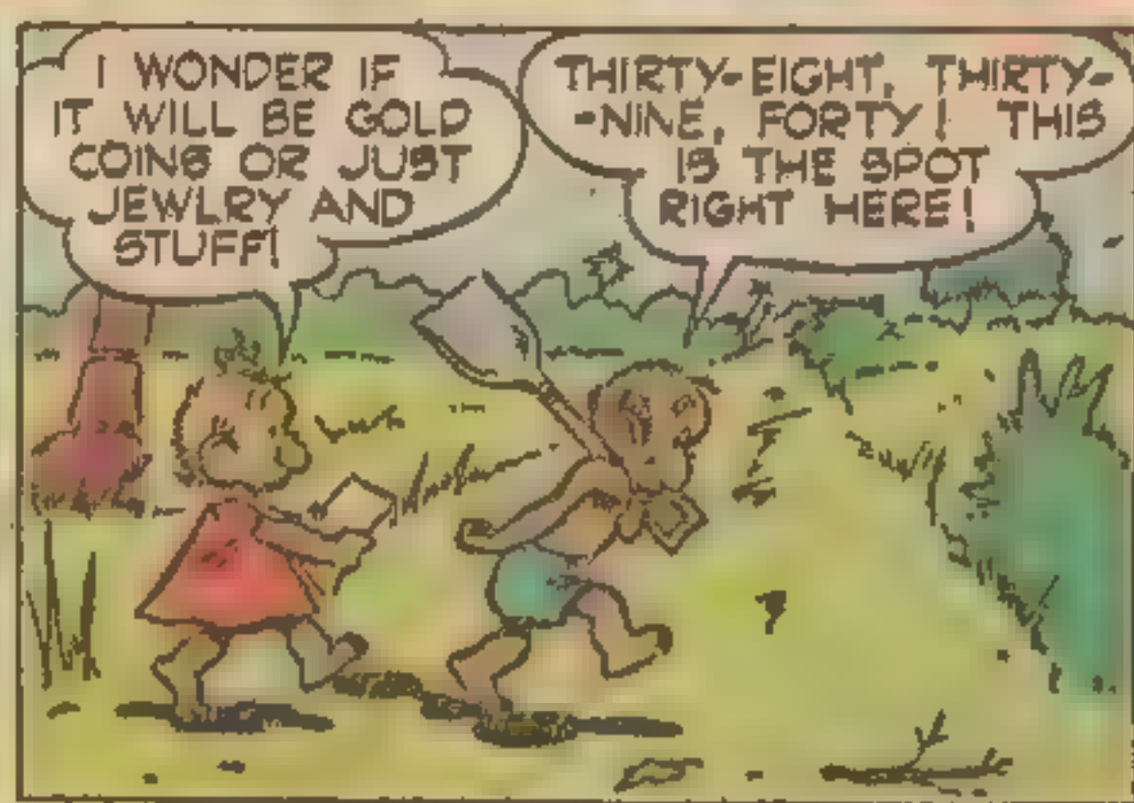

HEH, HEH! IT SOUNDS LIKE OLD TURTLE HAS BEEN TELLING SOME MORE OF HIS TALL STORIES, BUT I WON'T DISAPPOINT THE KIDS. I'LL JUST MAKE UP A MAP, IT WILL KEEP THEM BUSY ALL DAY.

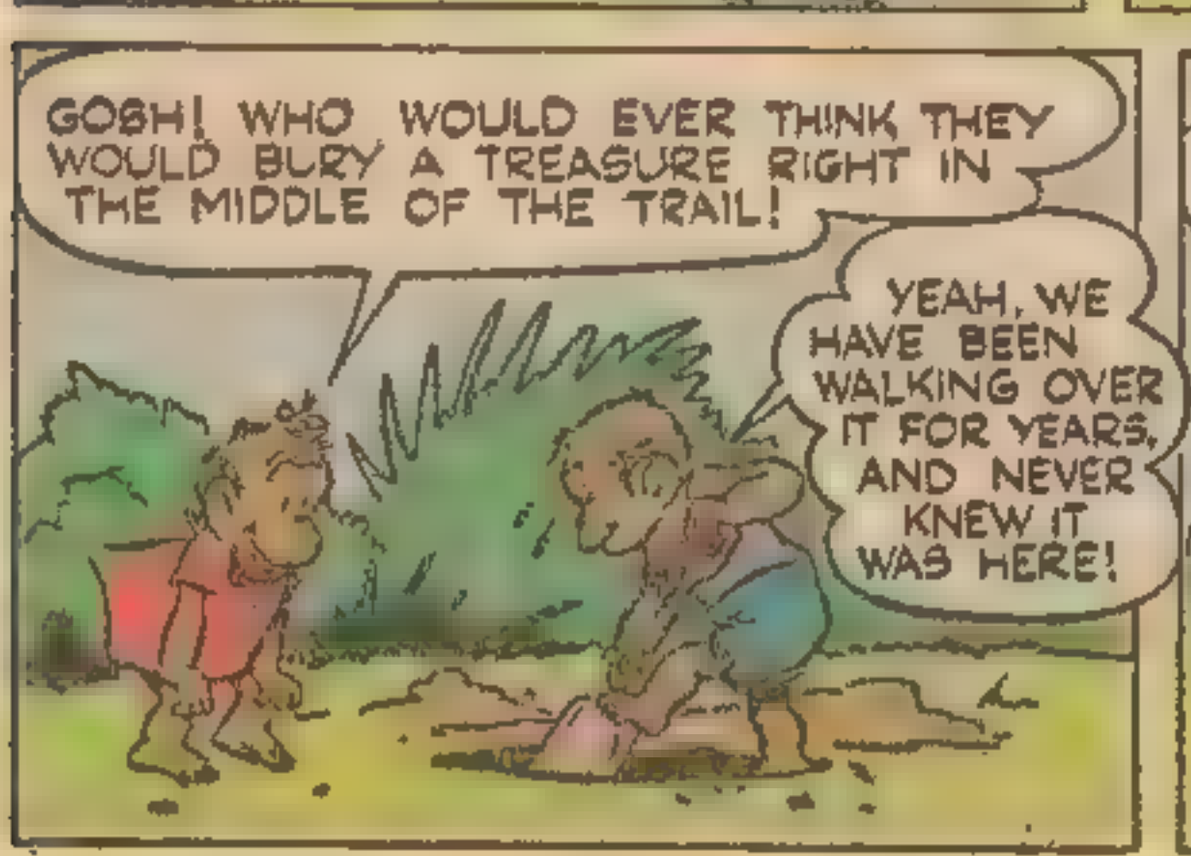

PIRATE MAP
N
TRAIL
FALLEN TREE
RIVER
TREASURE
OCEAN

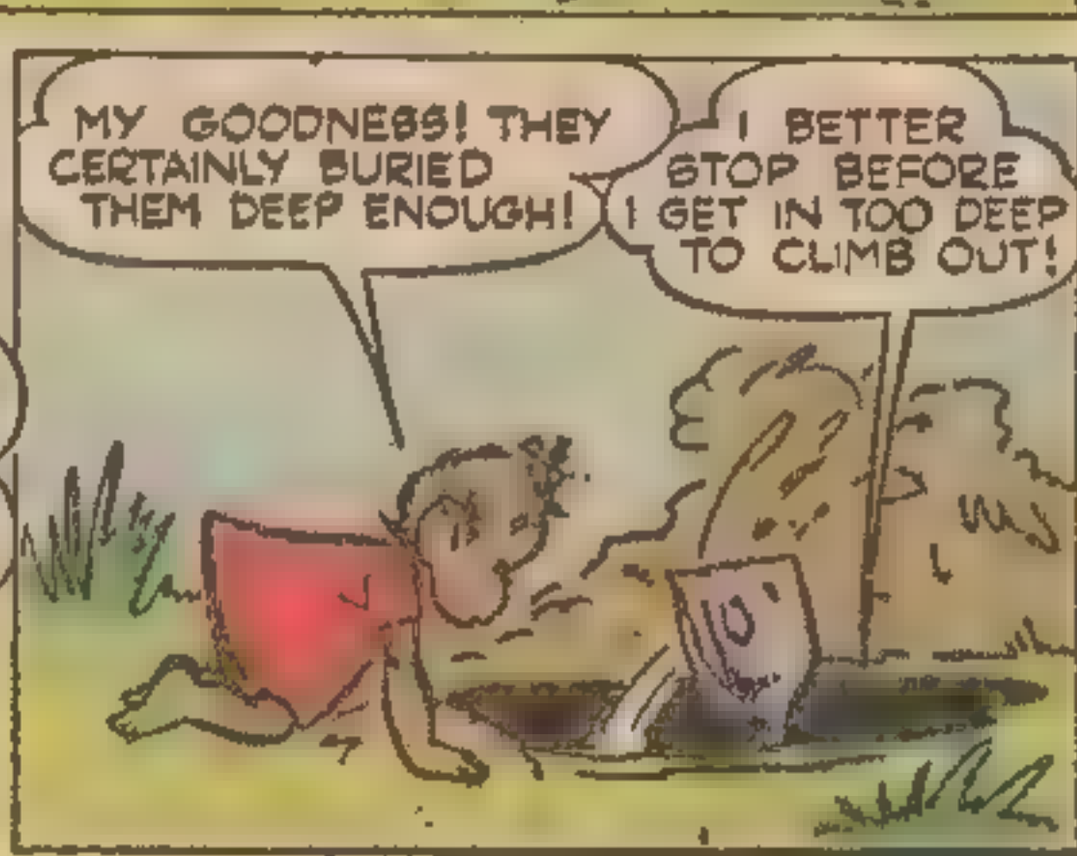

THERE YOU ARE, KIDS! I KNEW WE HAD ONE AROUND SOMEPLACE.
OH BOY! GO GET A SHOVEL, DIP.
OKAY!

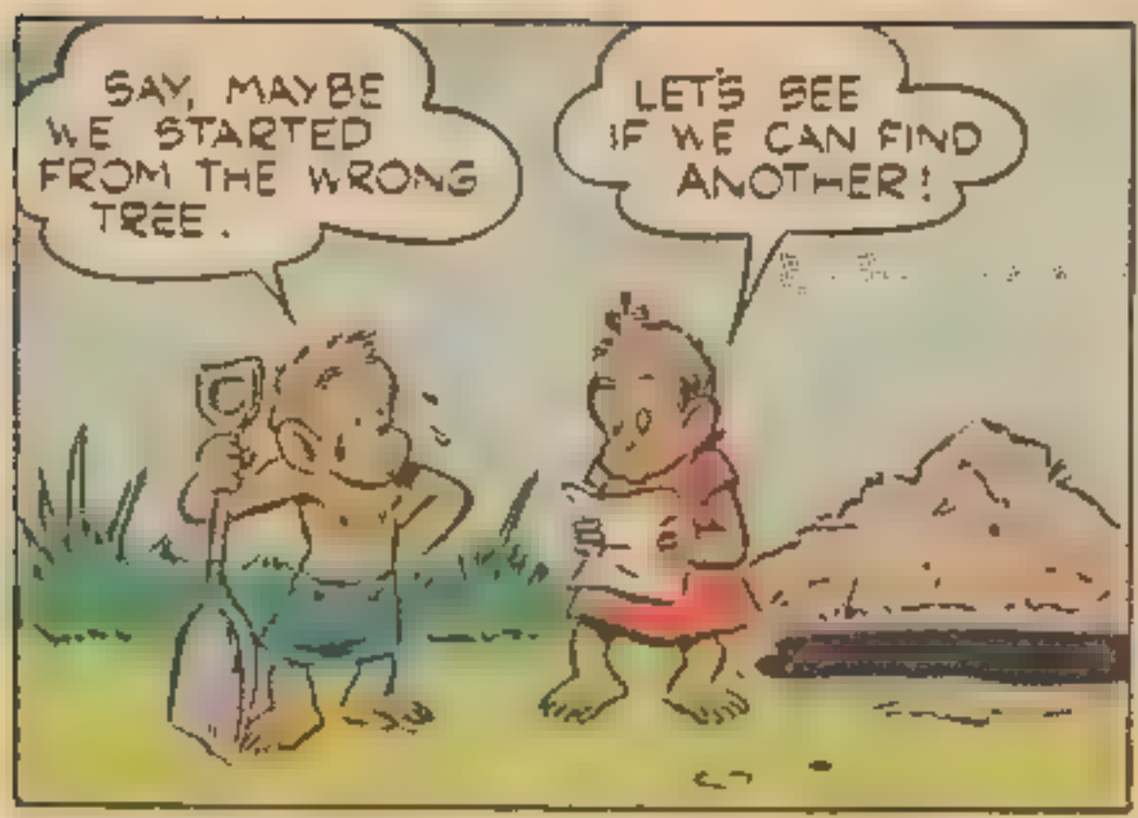

FIRST WE HAVE TO FIND A FALLEN TREE NEAR THE RIVER!
I KNOW WHERE THERE IS ONE. YOU CAN SEE IT FROM THE TRAIL!

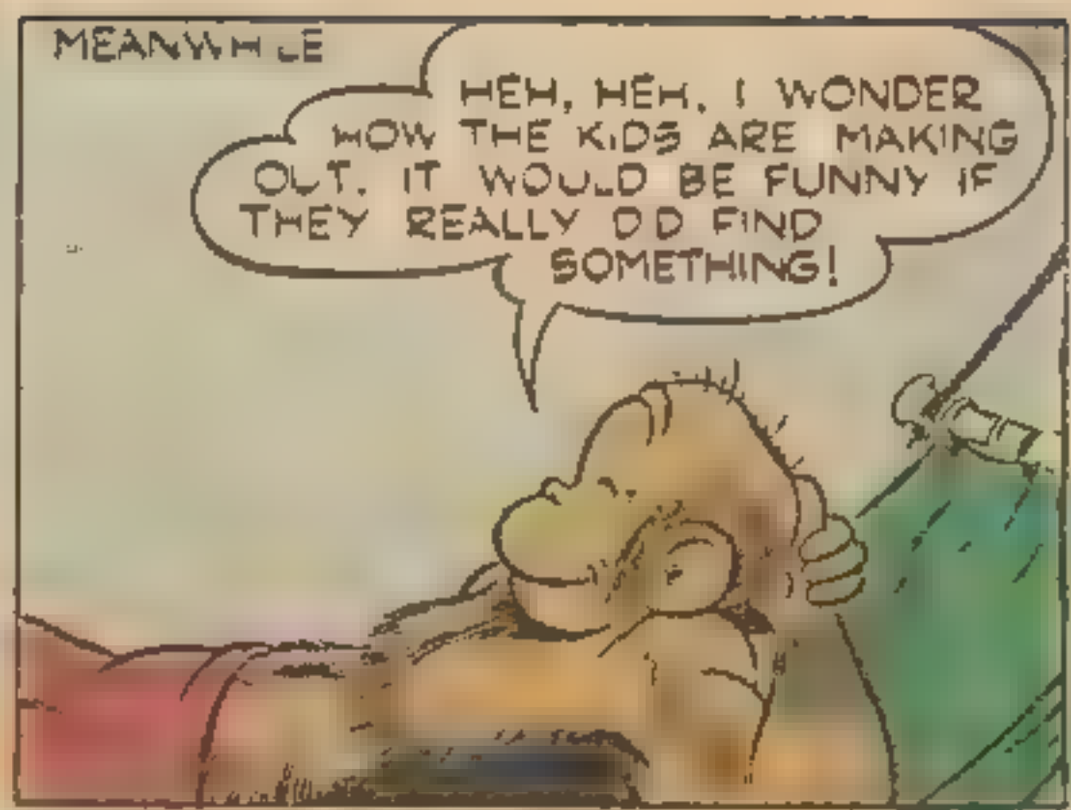

HERE IS THE FALLEN TREE! WHAT'S NEXT?
WE TURN LEFT, AND WALK FORTY PACES!

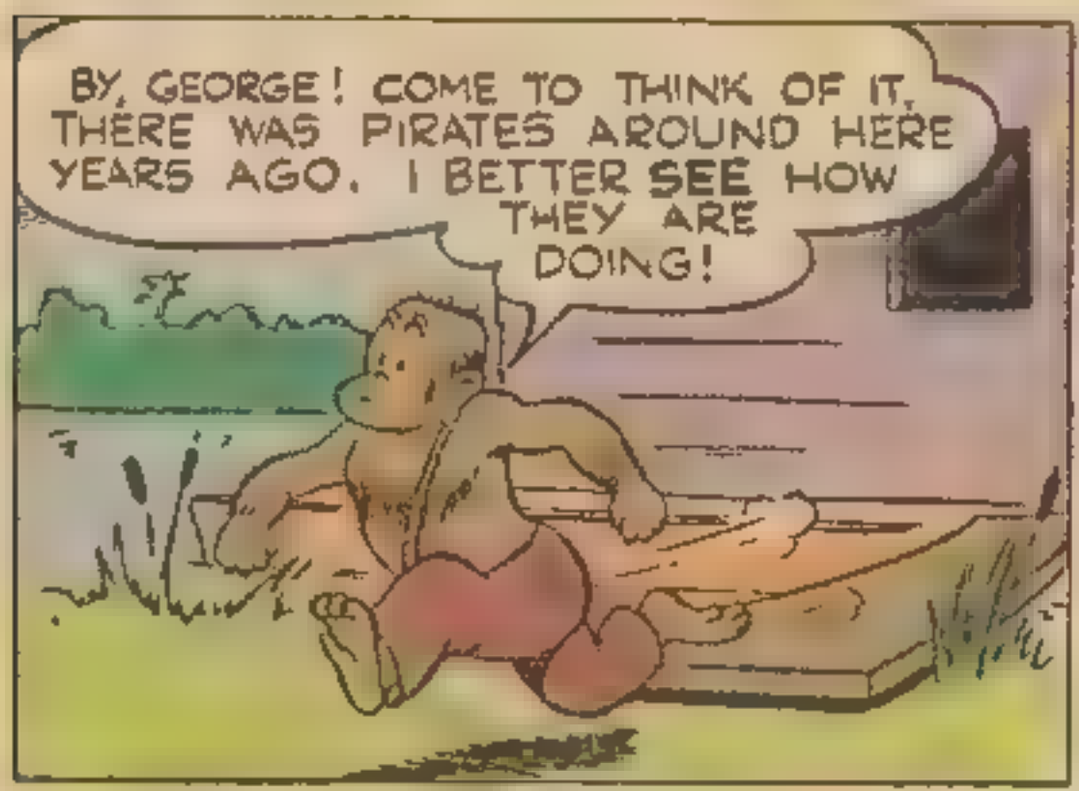

I WONDER IF IT WILL BE GOLD COINS OR JUST JEWLRY AND STUFF!
THIRTY-EIGHT, THIRTY--NINE, FORTY! THIS IS THE SPOT RIGHT HERE!

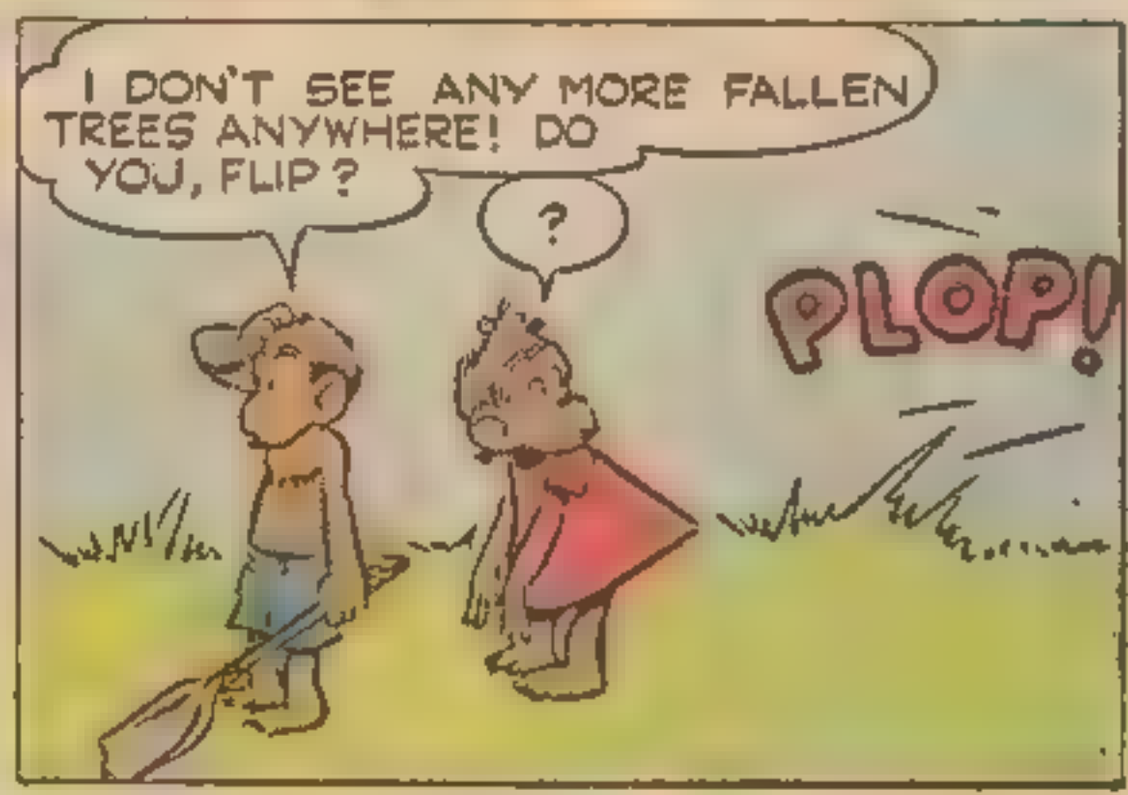

GOSH! WHO WOULD EVER THINK THEY WOULD BURY A TREASURE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TRAIL!
YEAH, WE HAVE BEEN WALKING OVER IT FOR YEARS, AND NEVER KNEW IT WAS HERE!

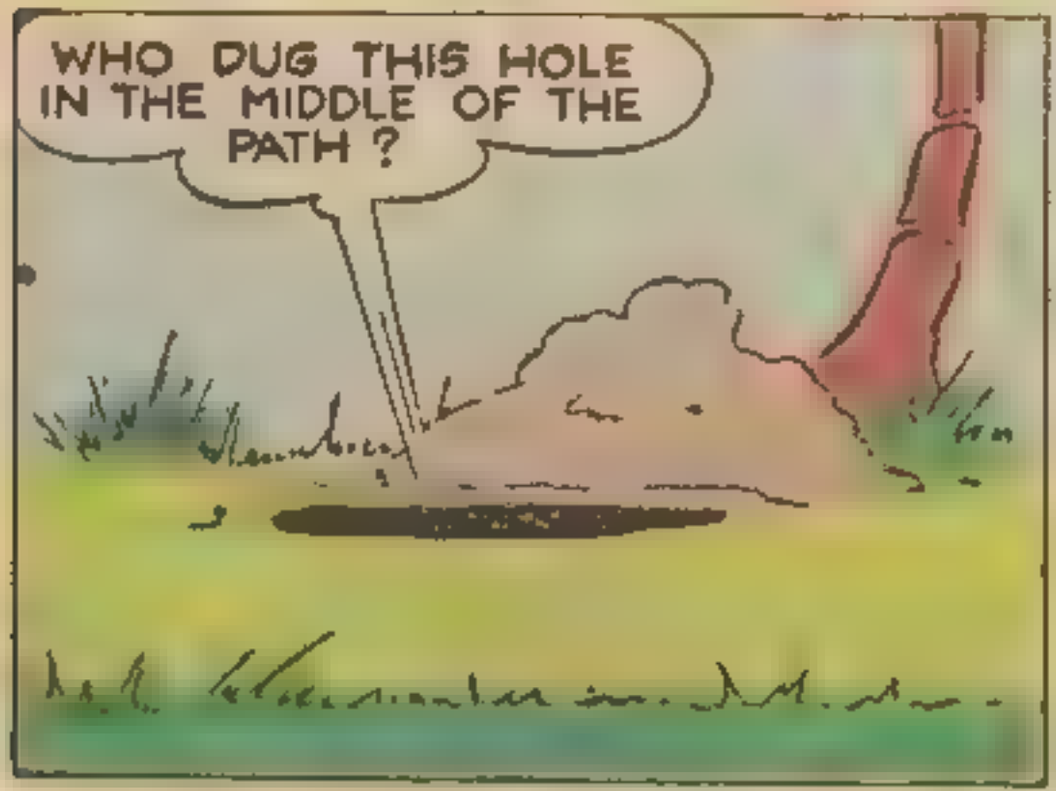

MY GOODNESS! THEY CERTAINLY BURIED THEM DEEP ENOUGH!
I BETTER STOP BEFORE I GET IN TOO DEEP TO CLIMB OUT!

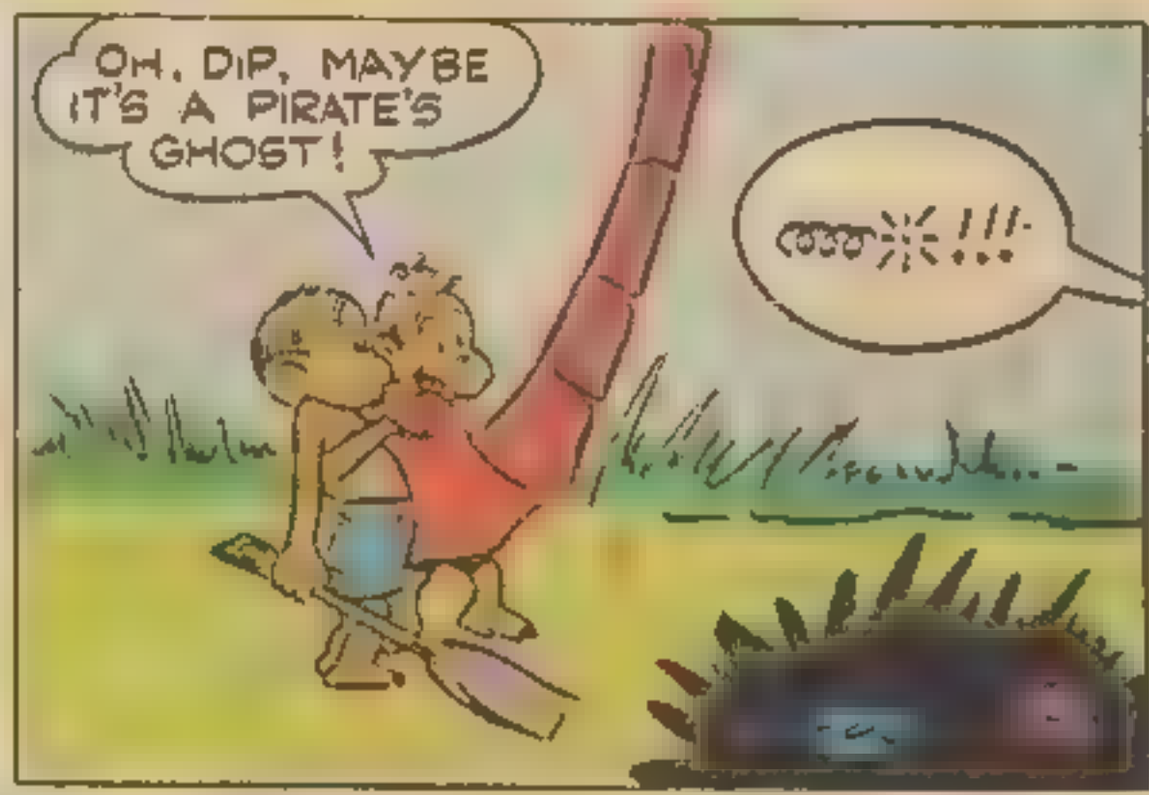

SAY, MAYBE WE STARTED FROM THE WRONG TREE.
LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND ANOTHER!

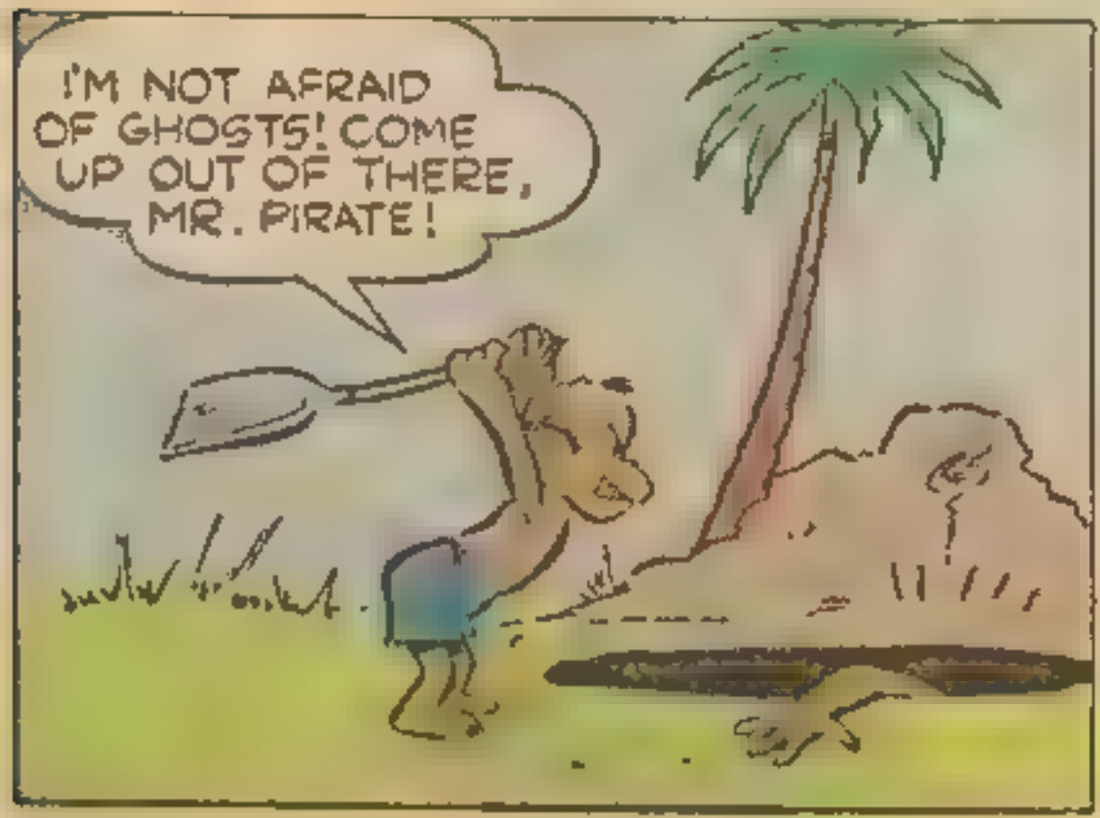

MEANWHILE
HEH, HEH. I WONDER HOW THE KIDS ARE MAKING OUT. IT WOULD BE FUNNY IF THEY REALLY DID FIND SOMETHING!

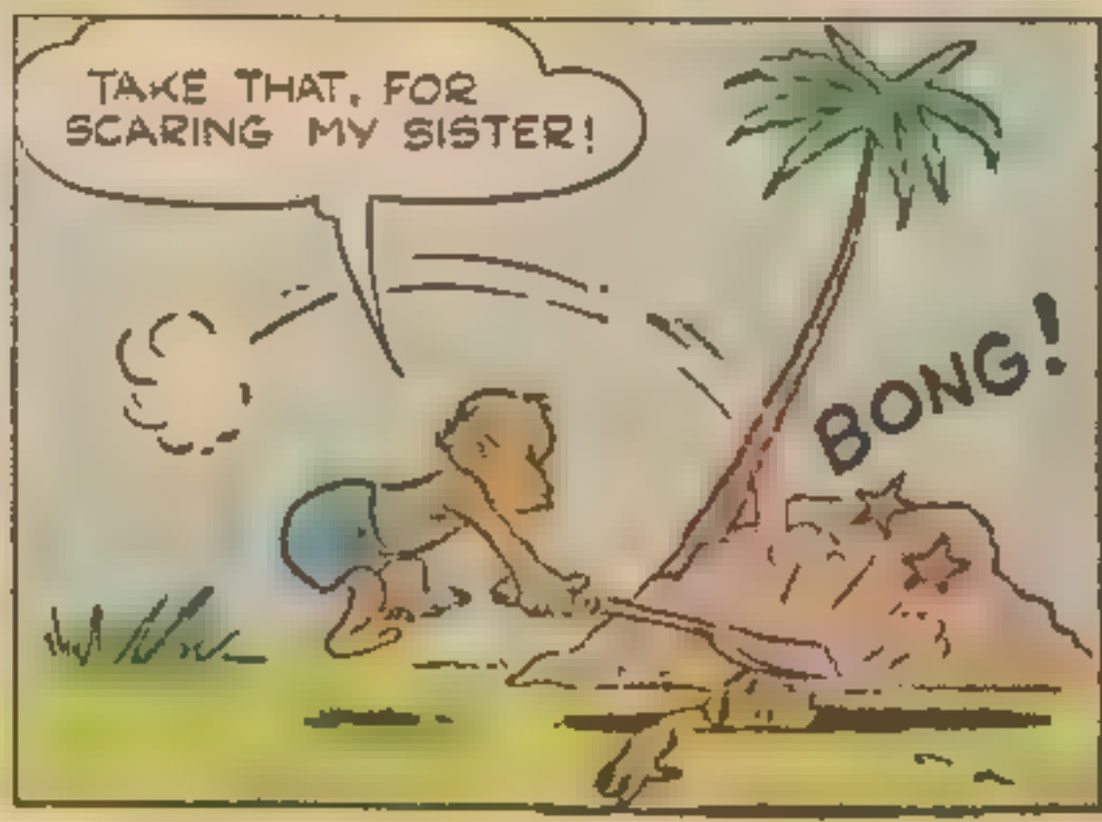

BY, GEORGE! COME TO THINK OF IT, THERE WAS PIRATES AROUND HERE YEARS AGO. I BETTER SEE HOW THEY ARE DOING!

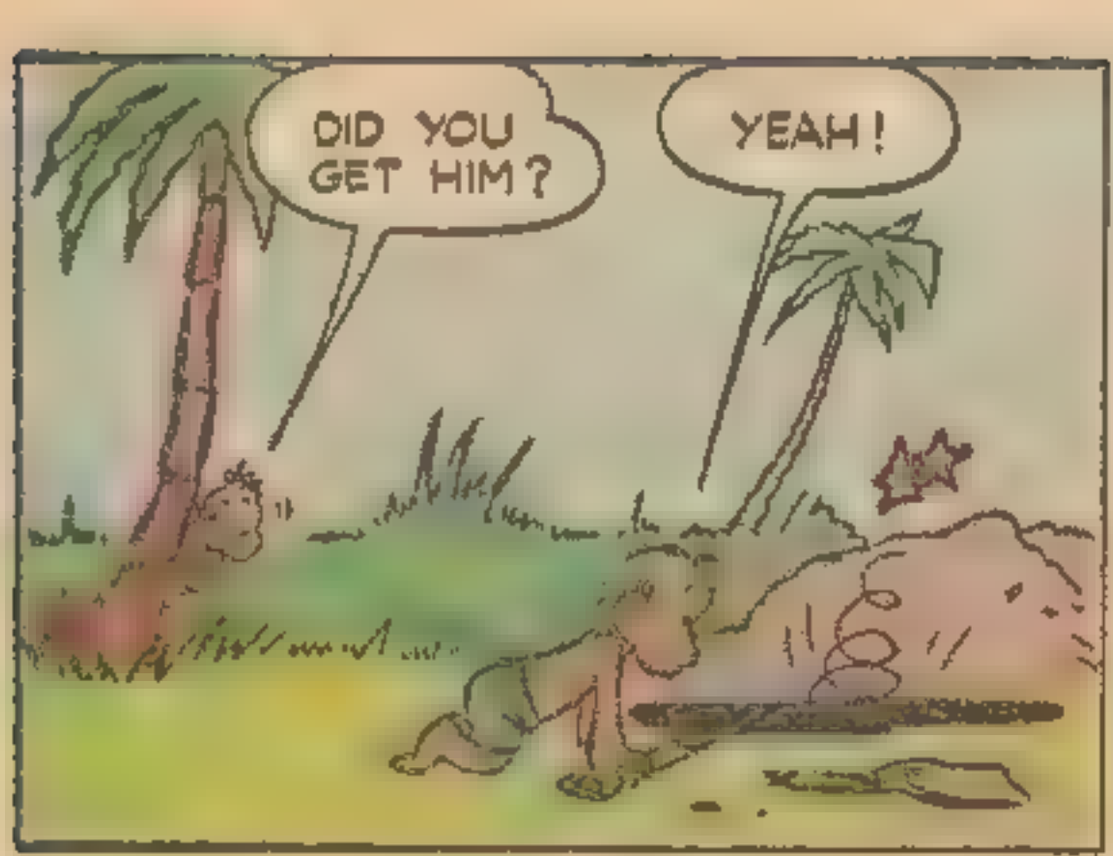

I DON'T SEE ANY MORE FALLEN TREES ANYWHERE! DO YOU, FLIP?
?
PLOP!

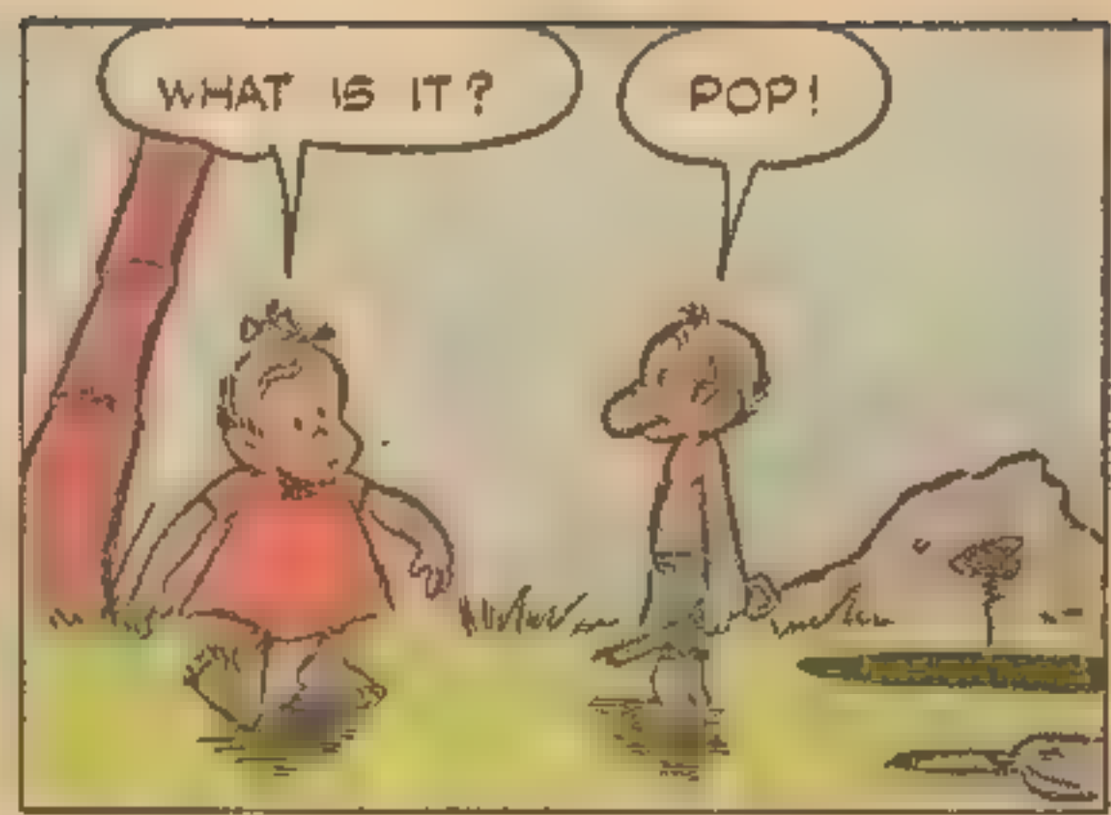

WHO DUG THIS HOLE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PATH?

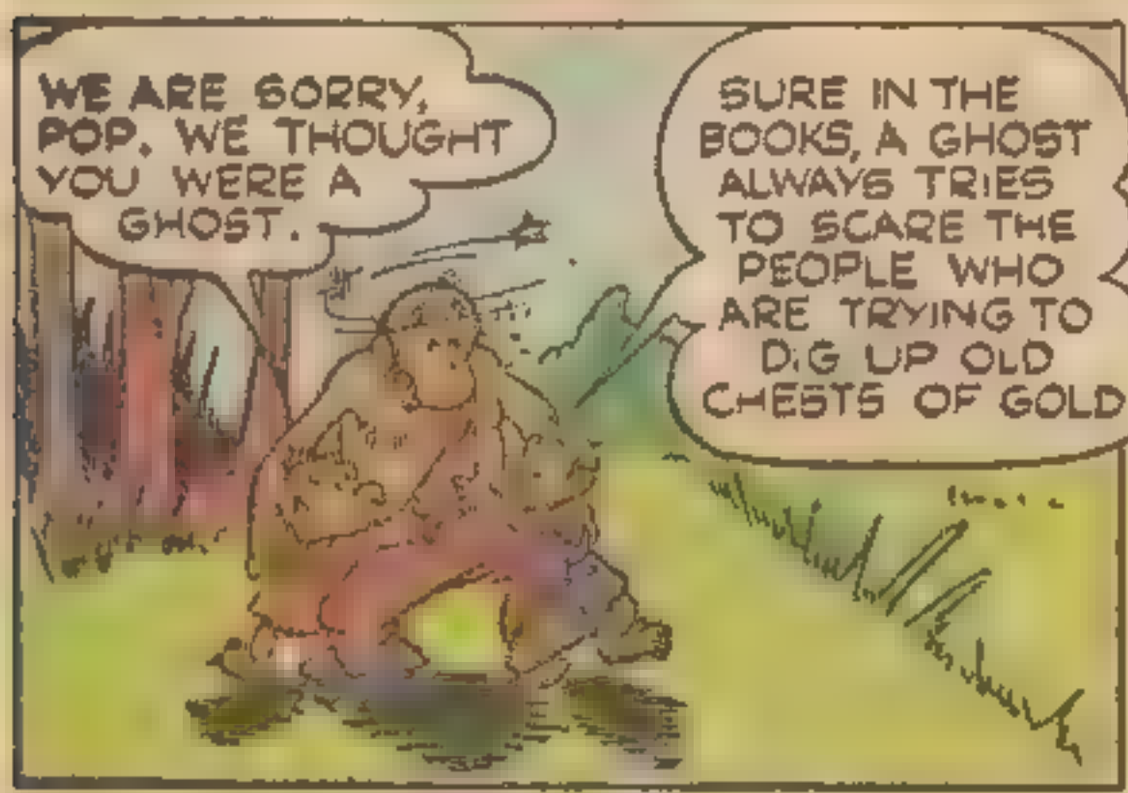

OH, DIP, MAYBE IT'S A PIRATE'S GHOST!
!!!

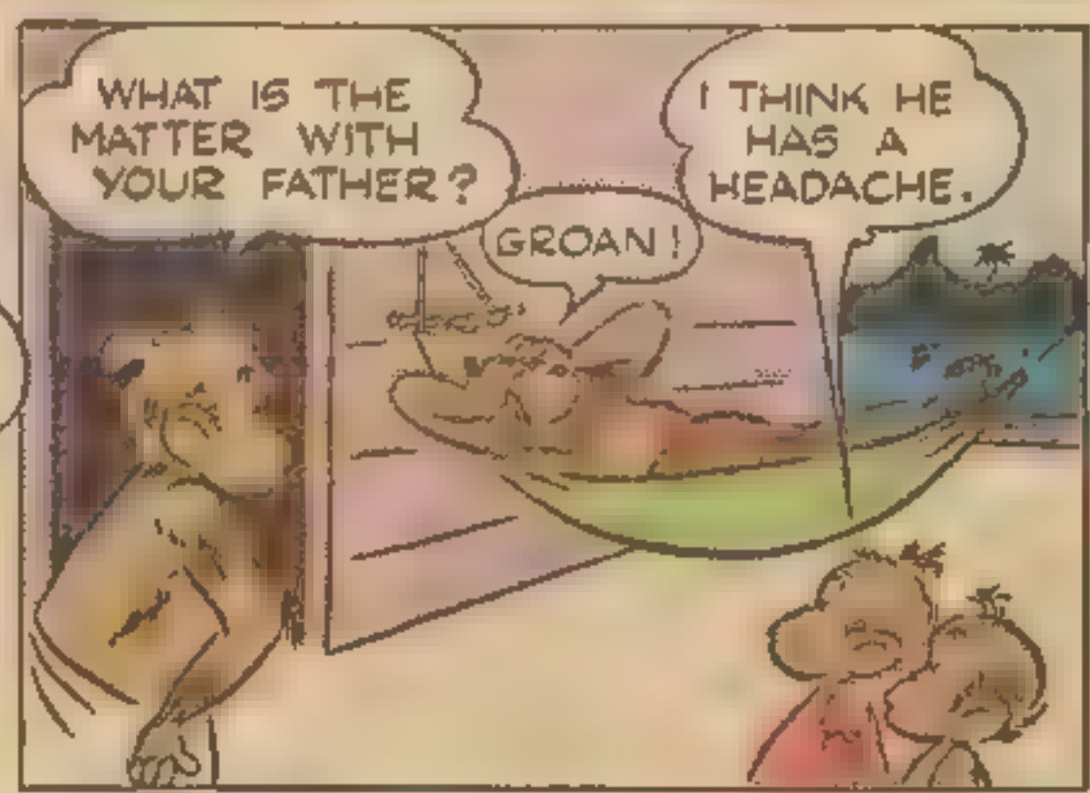

I'M NOT AFRAID OF GHOSTS! COME UP OUT OF THERE, MR. PIRATE!

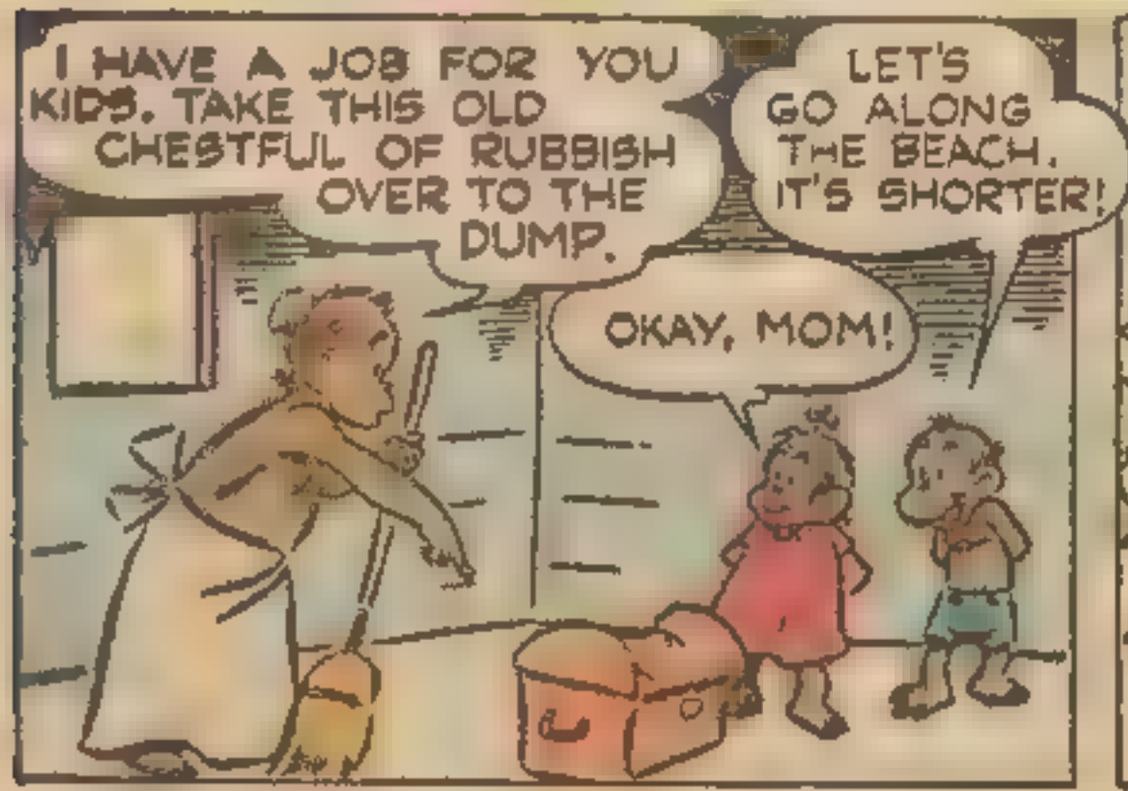

TAKE THAT, FOR SCARING MY SISTER!
BONG!

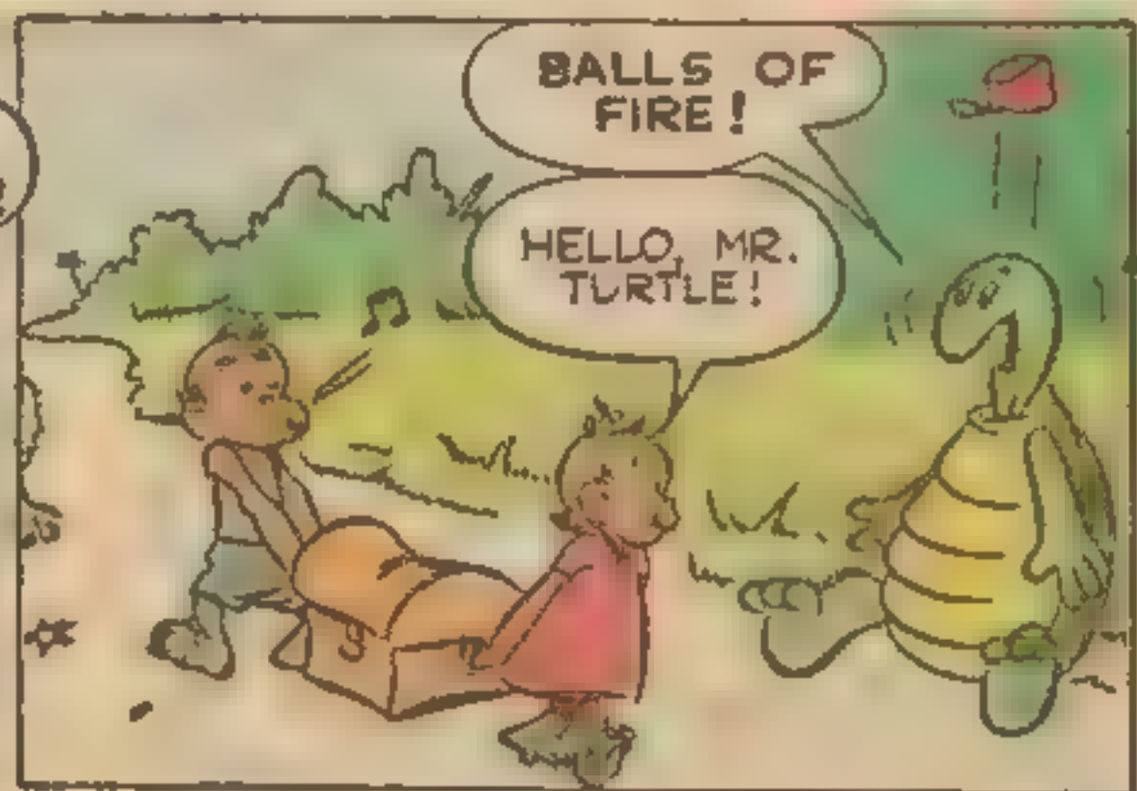

DID YOU GET HIM?
YEAH!

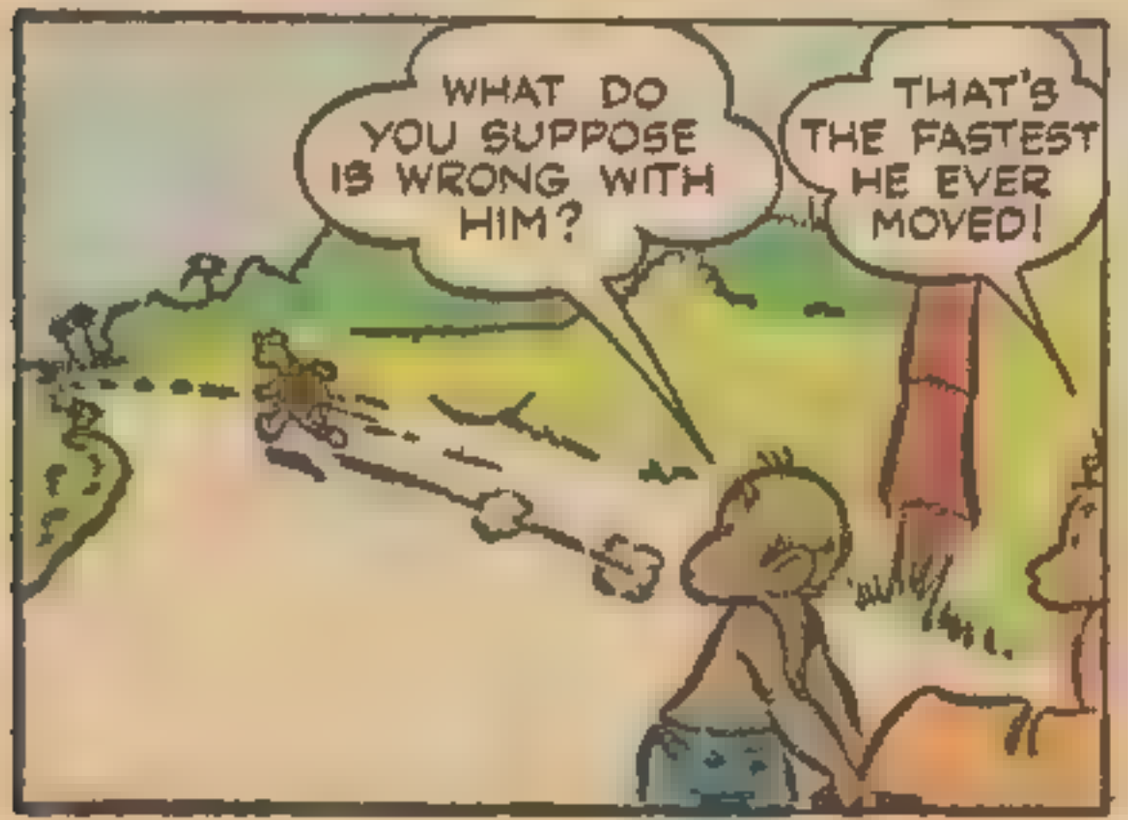

WHAT IS IT?
POP!

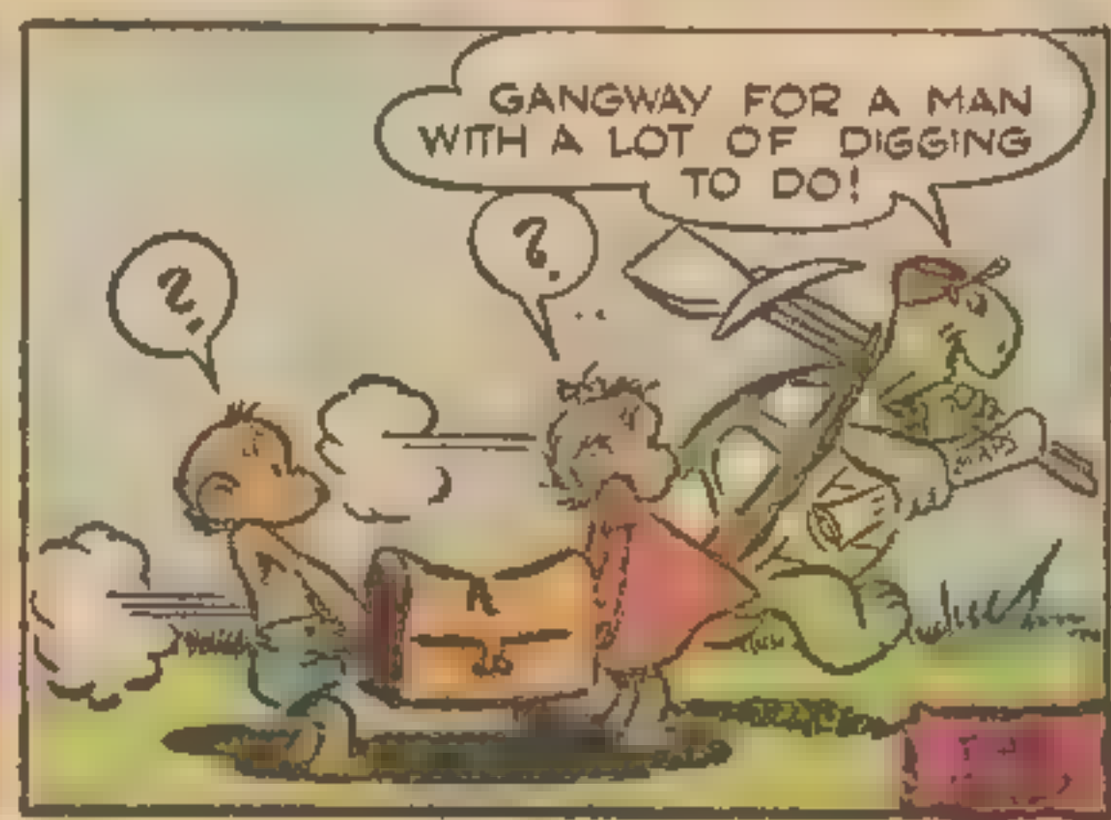

WE ARE SORRY, POP. WE THOUGHT YOU WERE A GHOST.
SURE IN THE BOOKS, A GHOST ALWAYS TRIES TO SCARE THE PEOPLE WHO ARE TRYING TO DIG UP OLD CHESTS OF GOLD!

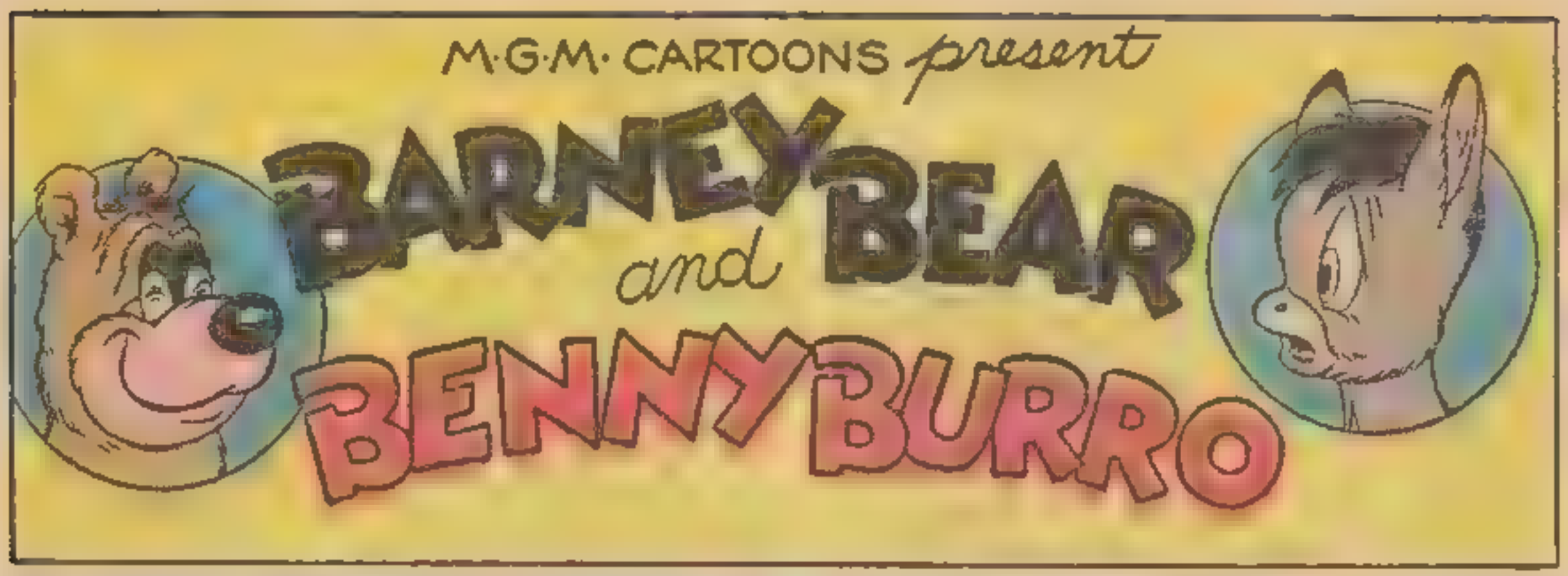

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOUR FATHER?
GROAN!
I THINK HE HAS A HEADACHE.

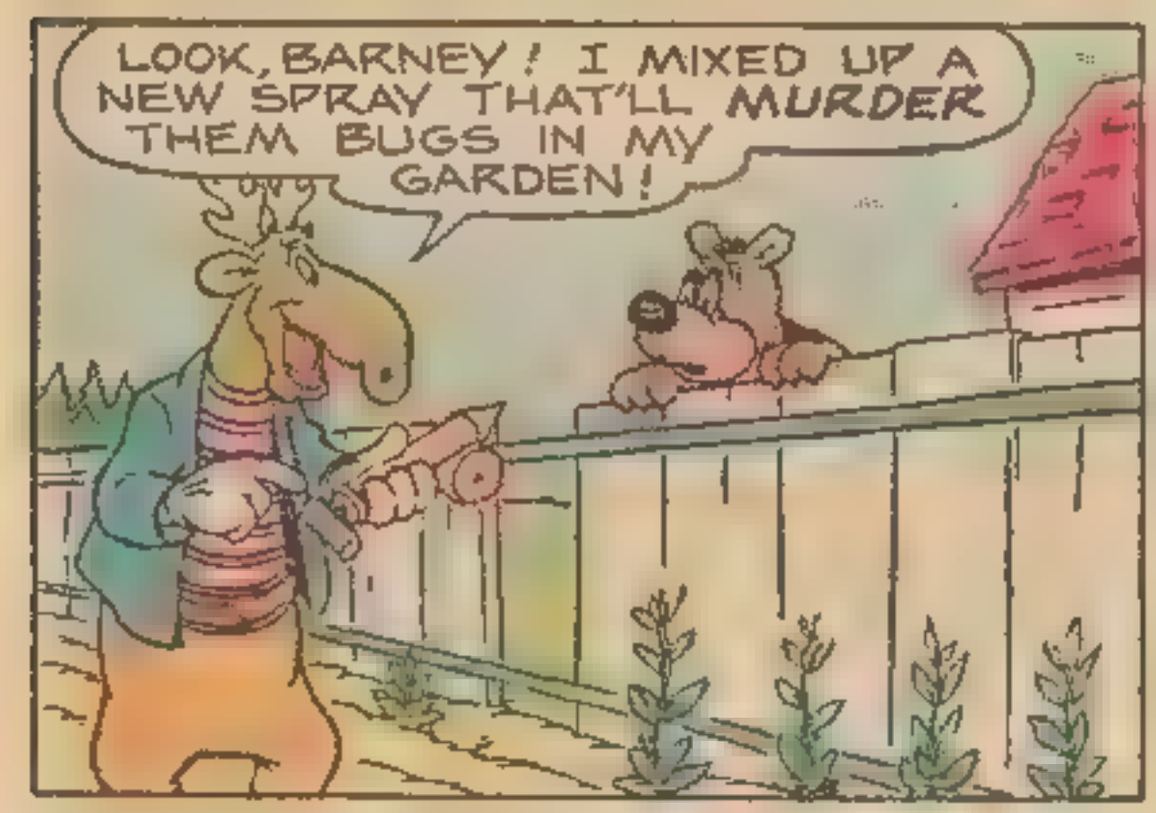

I HAVE A JOB FOR YOU KIDS. TAKE THIS OLD CHESTFUL OF RUBBISH OVER TO THE DUMP.
LET'S GO ALONG THE BEACH. IT'S SHORTER!
OKAY, MOM!

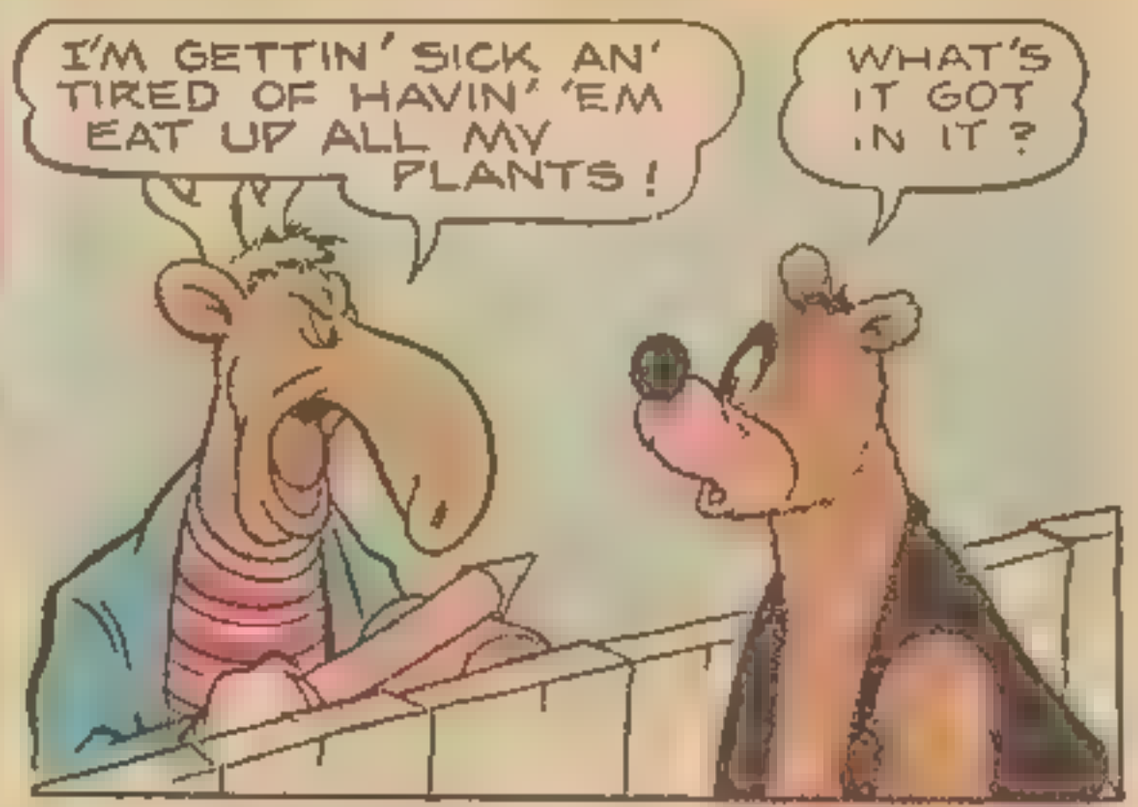

BALLS OF FIRE!
HELLO, MR. TURTLE!

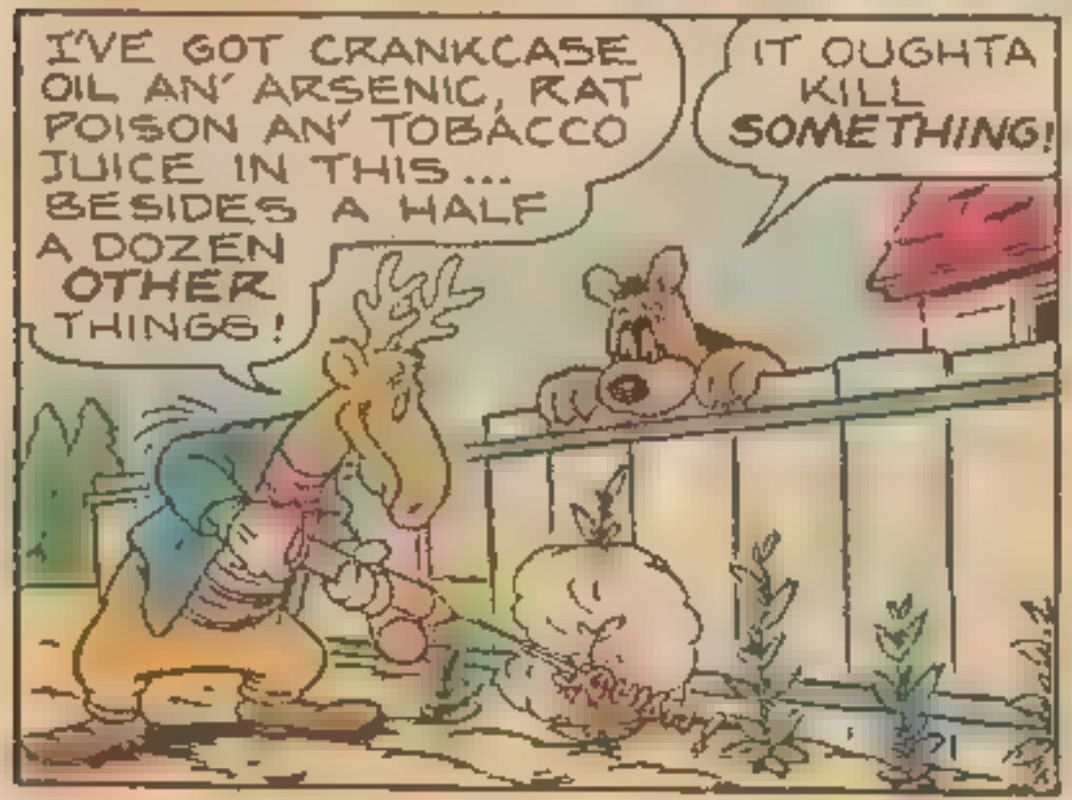

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS WRONG WITH HIM?
THAT'S THE FASTEST HE EVER MOVED!

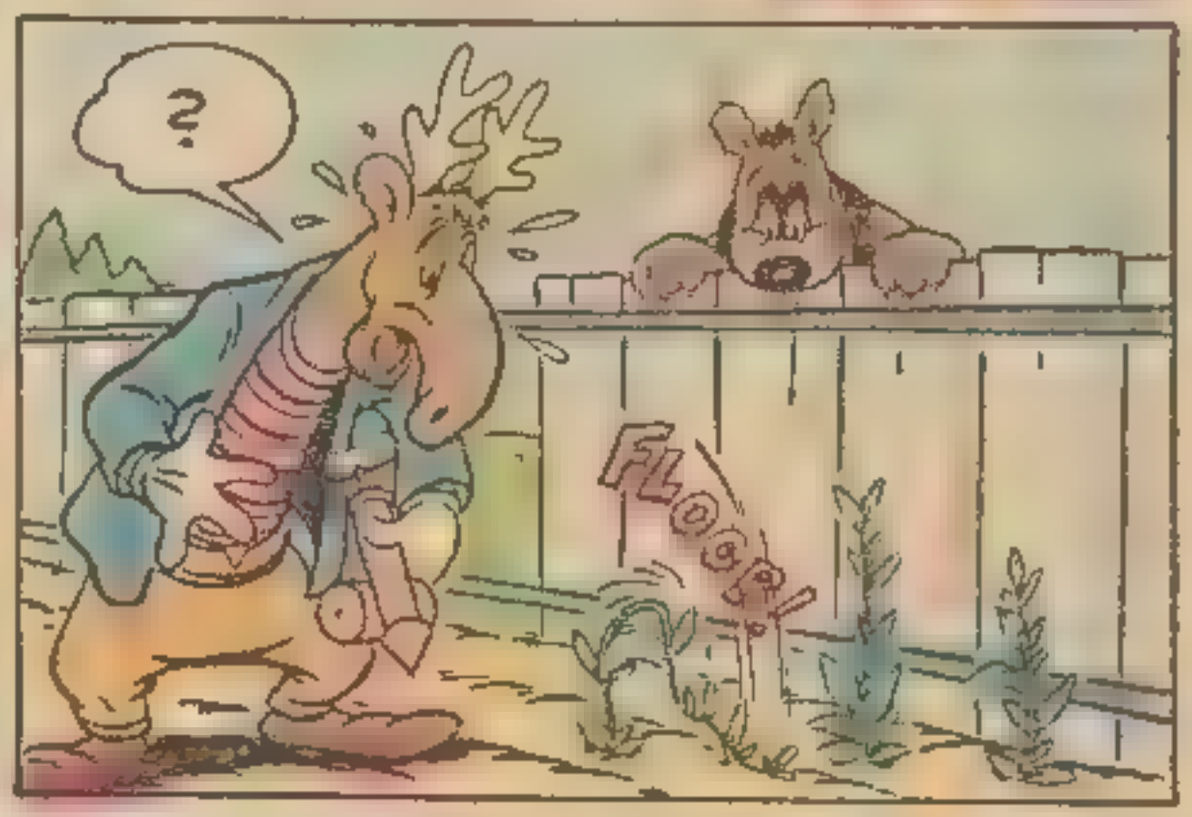

GANGWAY FOR A MAN WITH A LOT OF DIGGING TO DO!
?
?

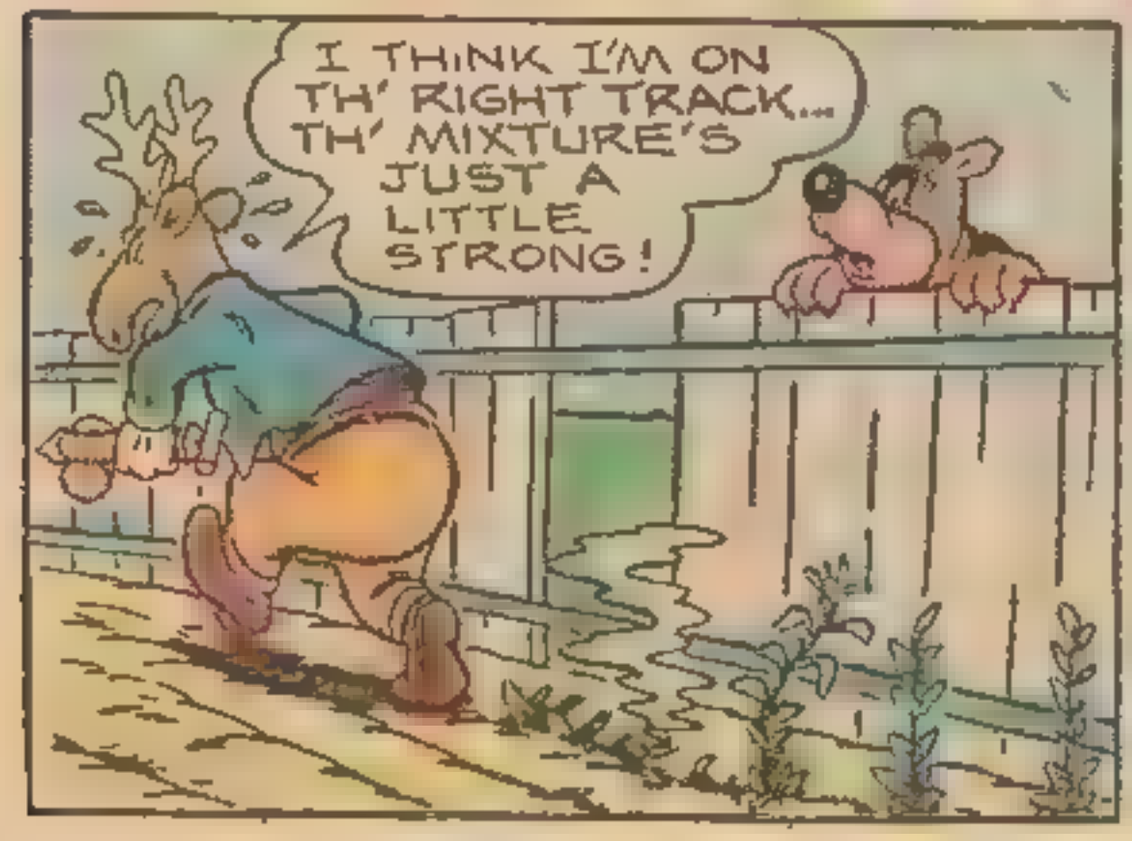

M·G·M· CARTOONS present
BARNEY BEAR
and
BENNY BURRO

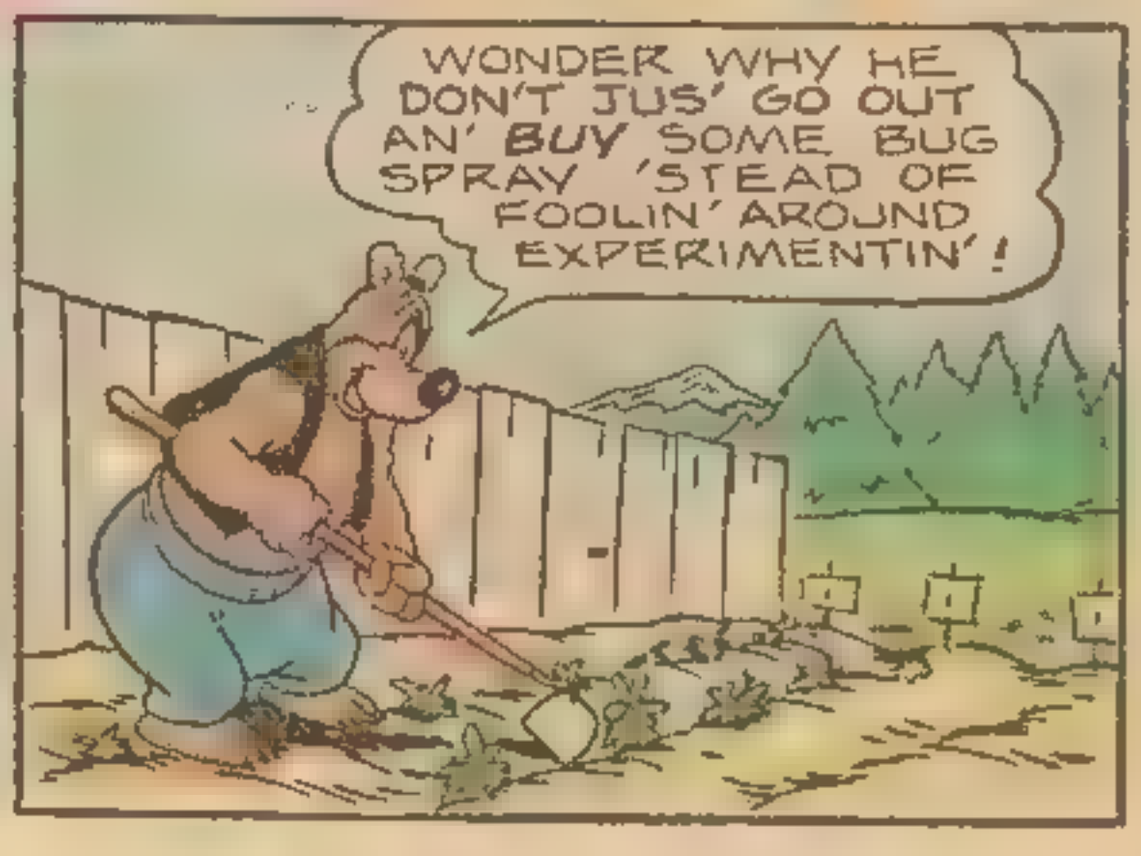

LOOK, BARNEY! I MIXED UP A NEW SPRAY THAT'LL MURDER THEM BUGS IN MY GARDEN!

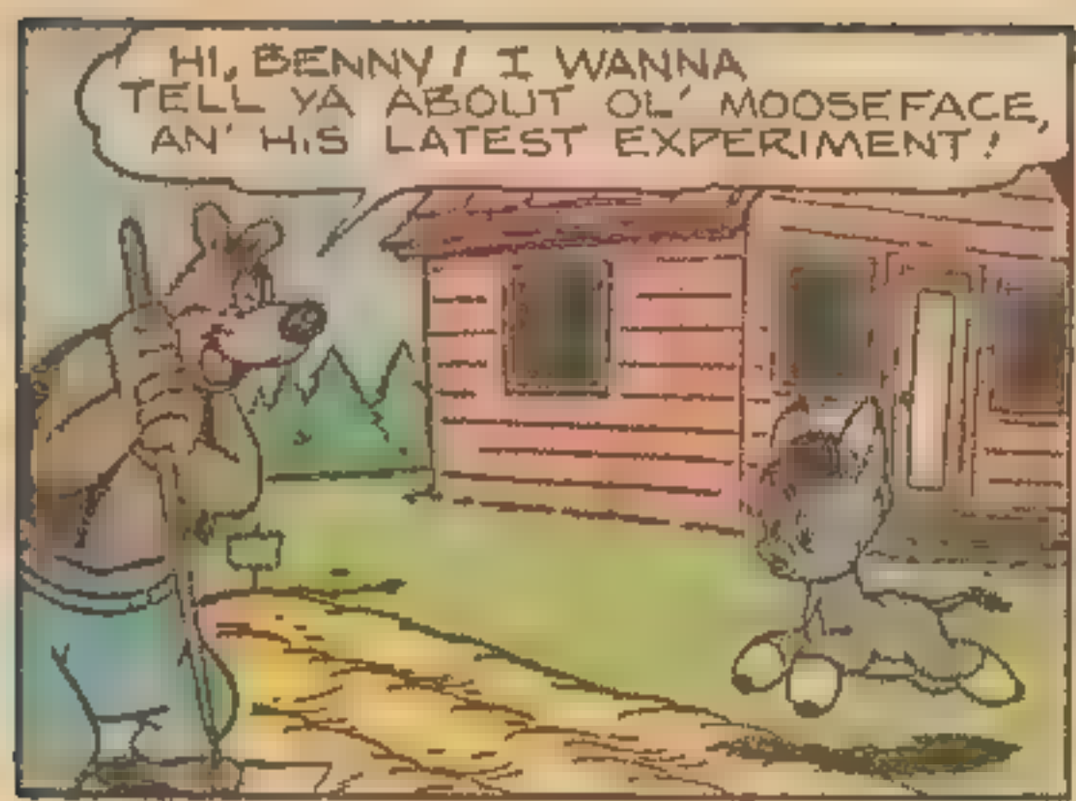

I'M GETTIN' SICK AN' TIRED OF HAVIN' 'EM EAT UP ALL MY PLANTS!
WHAT'S IT GOT IN IT?

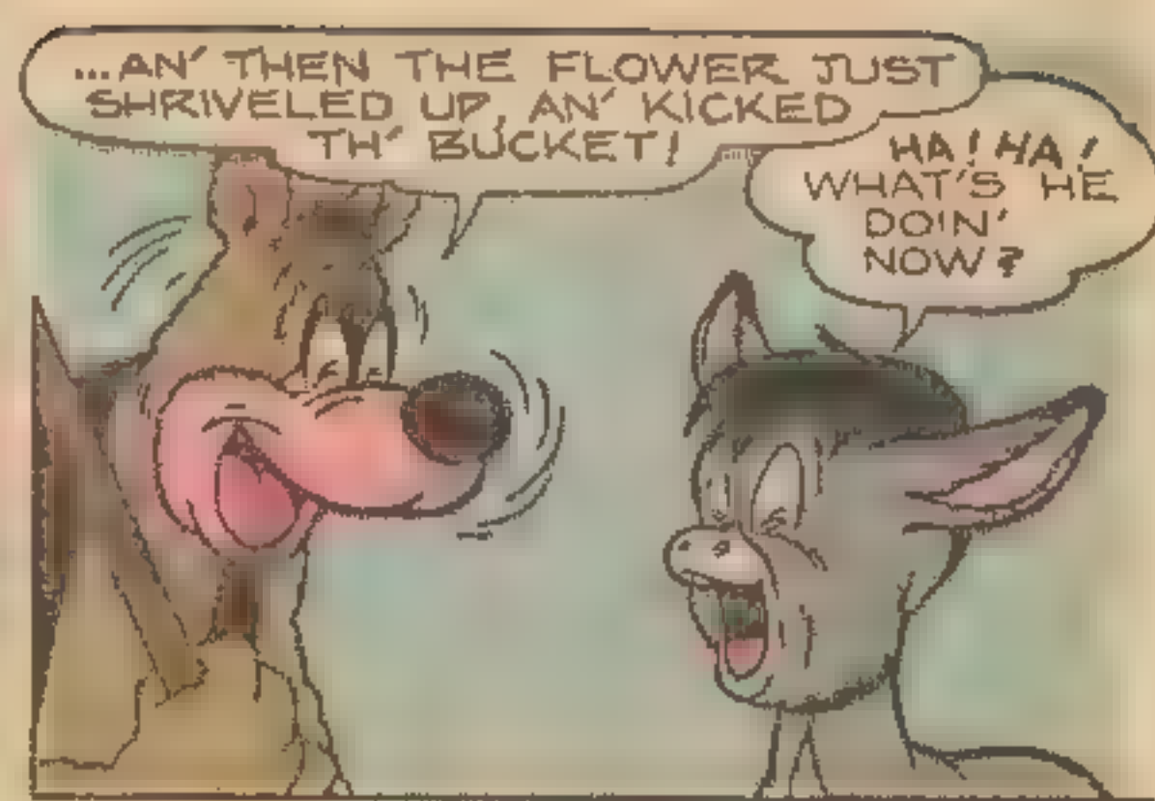

I'VE GOT CRANKCASE OIL AN' ARSENIC, RAT POISON AN' TOBACCO JUICE IN THIS... BESIDES A HALF A DOZEN OTHER THINGS!
IT OUGHTA KILL SOMETHING!

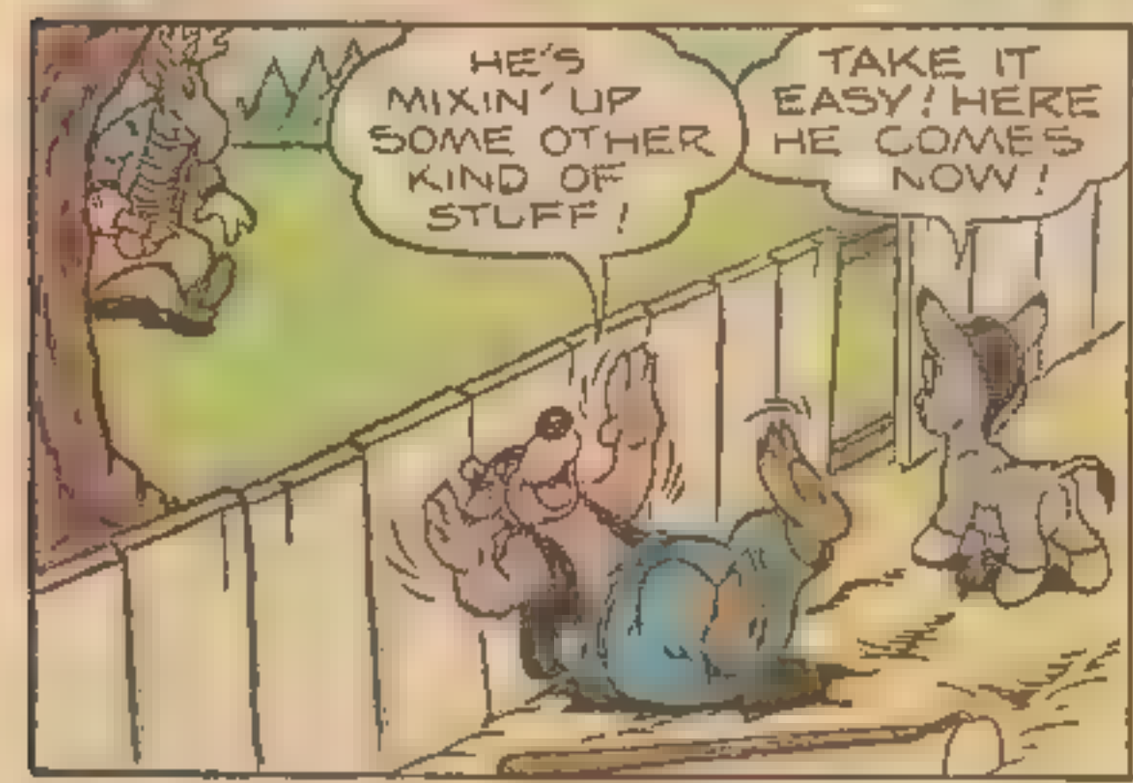

?
FLOOP!

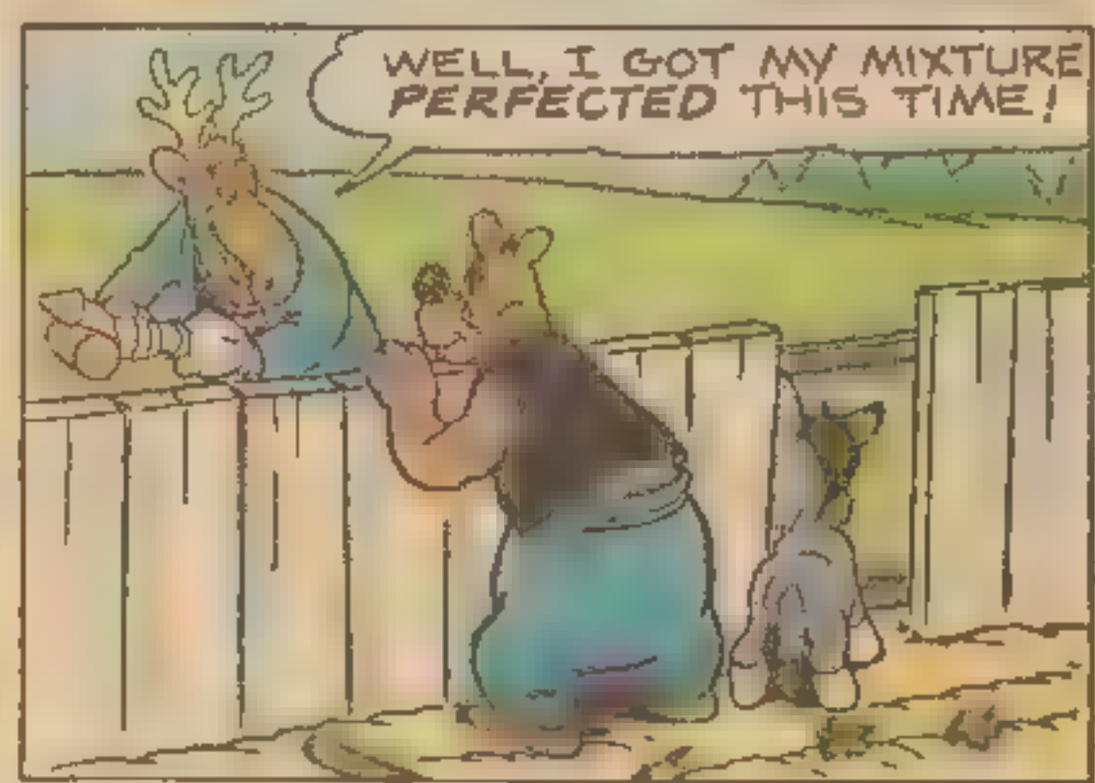

I THINK I'M ON TH' RIGHT TRACK... TH' MIXTURE'S JUST A LITTLE STRONG!

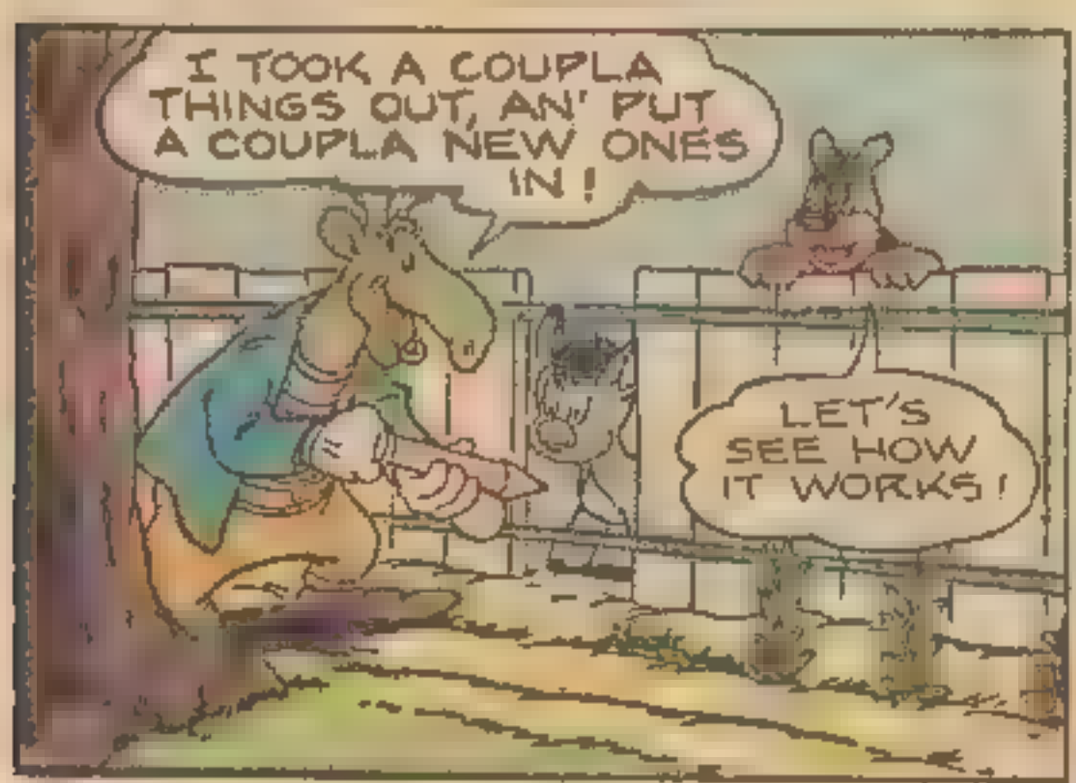

WONDER WHY HE DON'T JUS' GO OUT AN' BUY SOME BUG SPRAY 'STEAD OF FOOLIN' AROUND EXPERIMENTIN'!

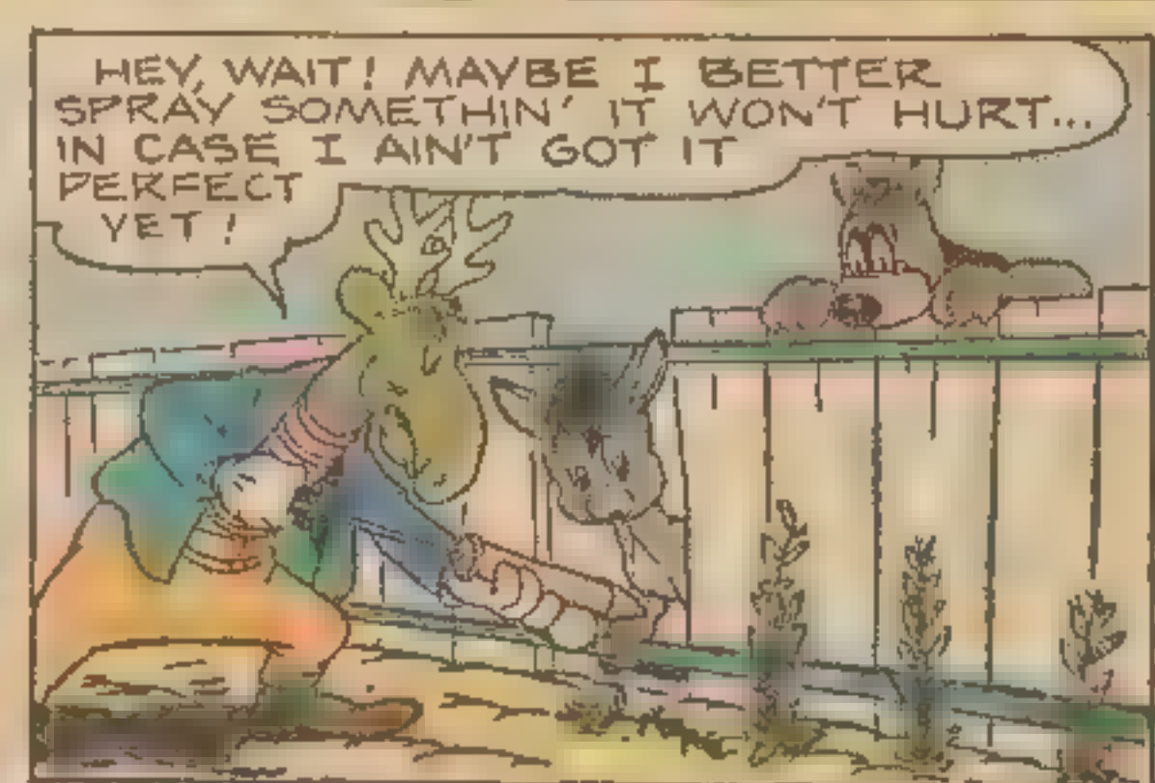

HI, BENNY! I WANNA TELL YA ABOUT OL' MOOSEFACE, AN' HIS LATEST EXPERIMENT!


...AN' THEN THE FLOWER JUST SHRIVELED UP, AN' KICKED TH' BUCKET!
HA! HA! WHAT'S HE DOIN' NOW?


HE'S MIXIN' UP SOME OTHER KIND OF STUFF!
TAKE IT EASY! HERE HE COMES NOW!

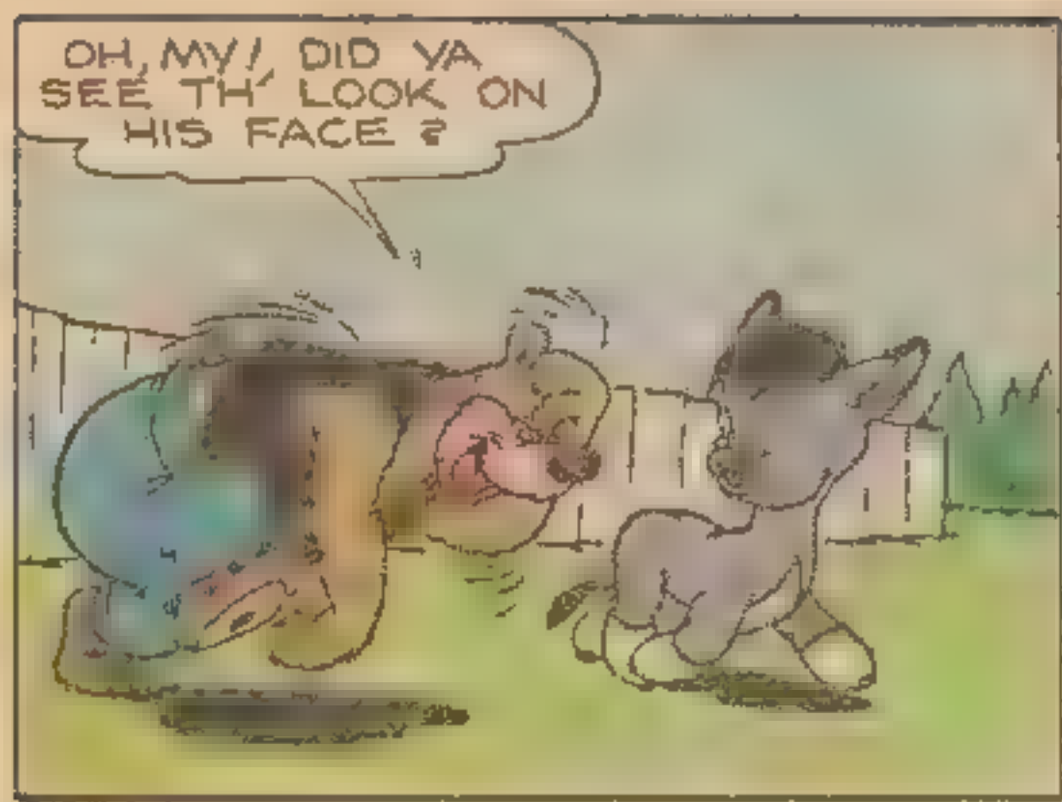

WELL, I GOT MY MIXTURE PERFECTED THIS TIME!

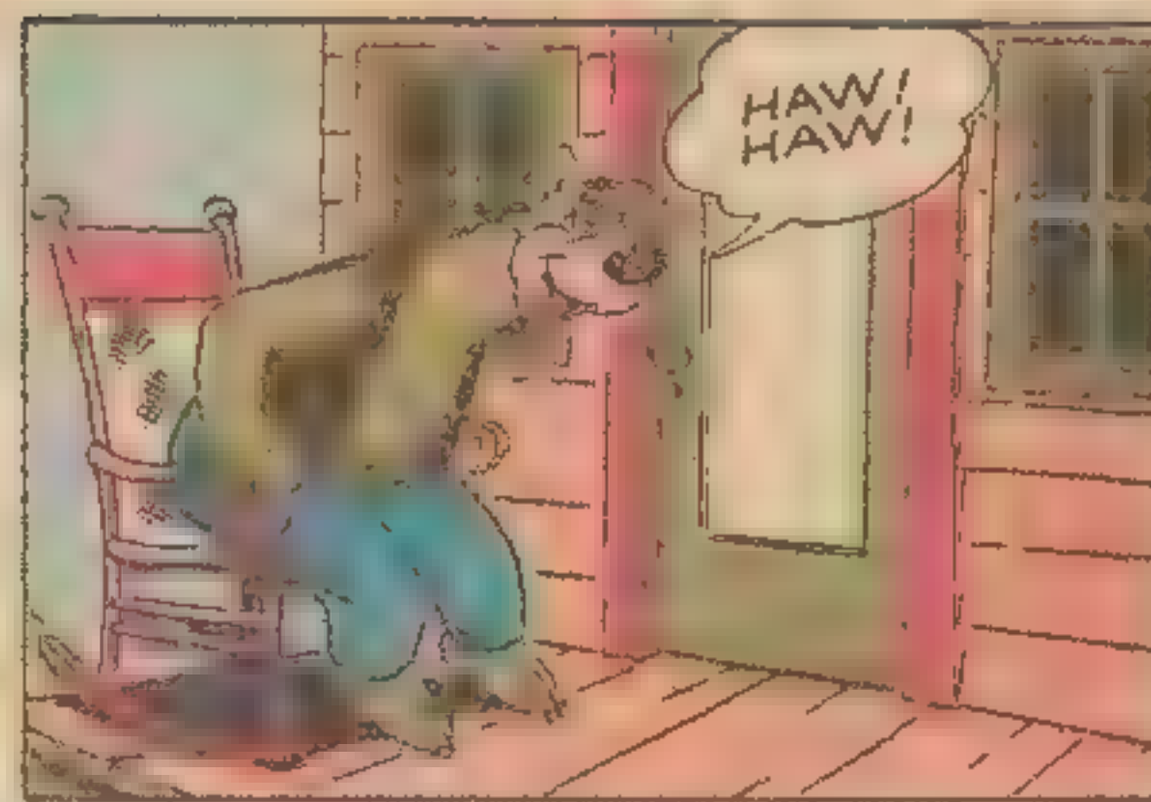

I TOOK A COUPLA THINGS OUT, AN' PUT A COUPLA NEW ONES IN!
LET'S SEE HOW IT WORKS!

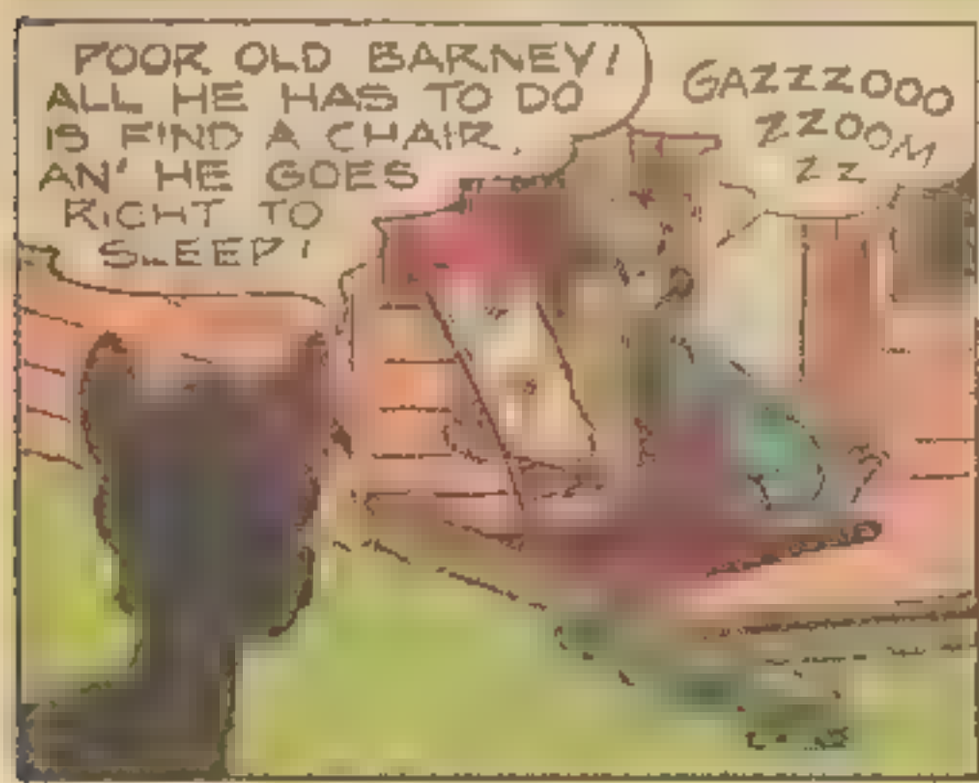

HEY, WAIT! MAYBE I BETTER SPRAY SOMETHIN' IT WON'T HURT... IN CASE I AIN'T GOT IT PERFECT YET!

SQUISH!
I'LL SPRAY THIS OLD OAK TREE!

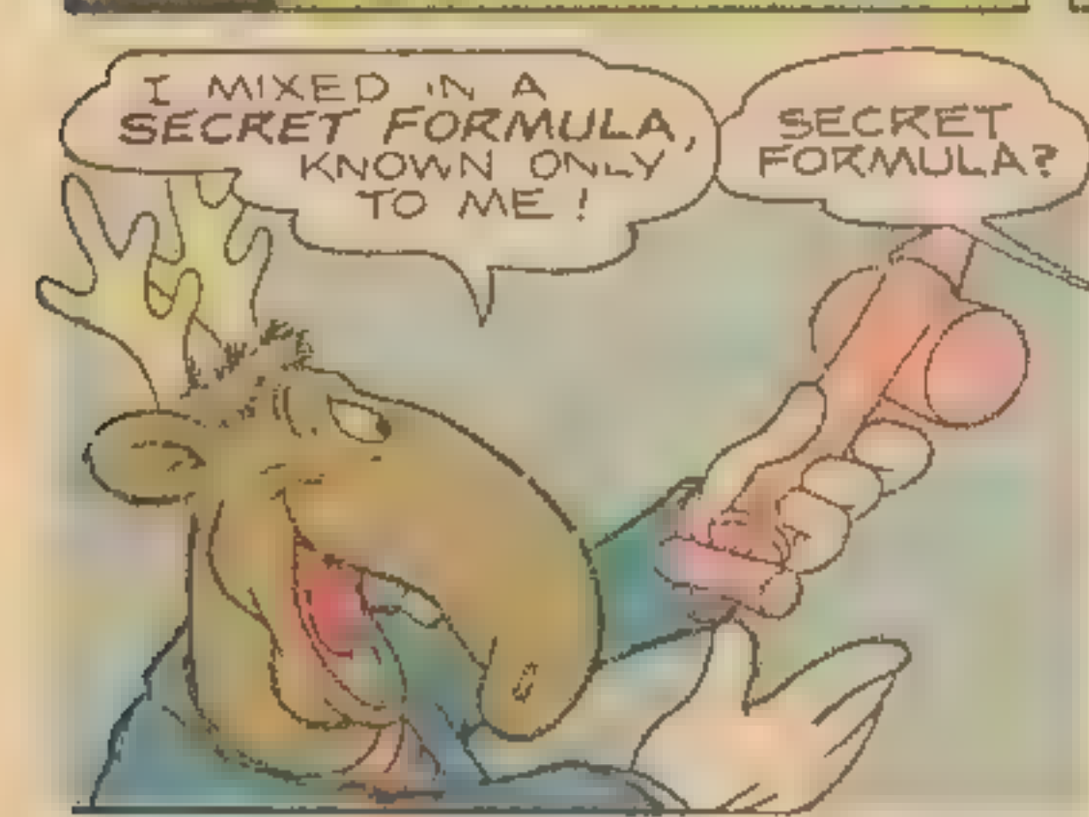
GOSH! ALL TH' ACORNS ARE FALLIN' OFF!
KLUNK
KLUNK!


OH, MY! DID YA SEE TH' LOOK ON HIS FACE?

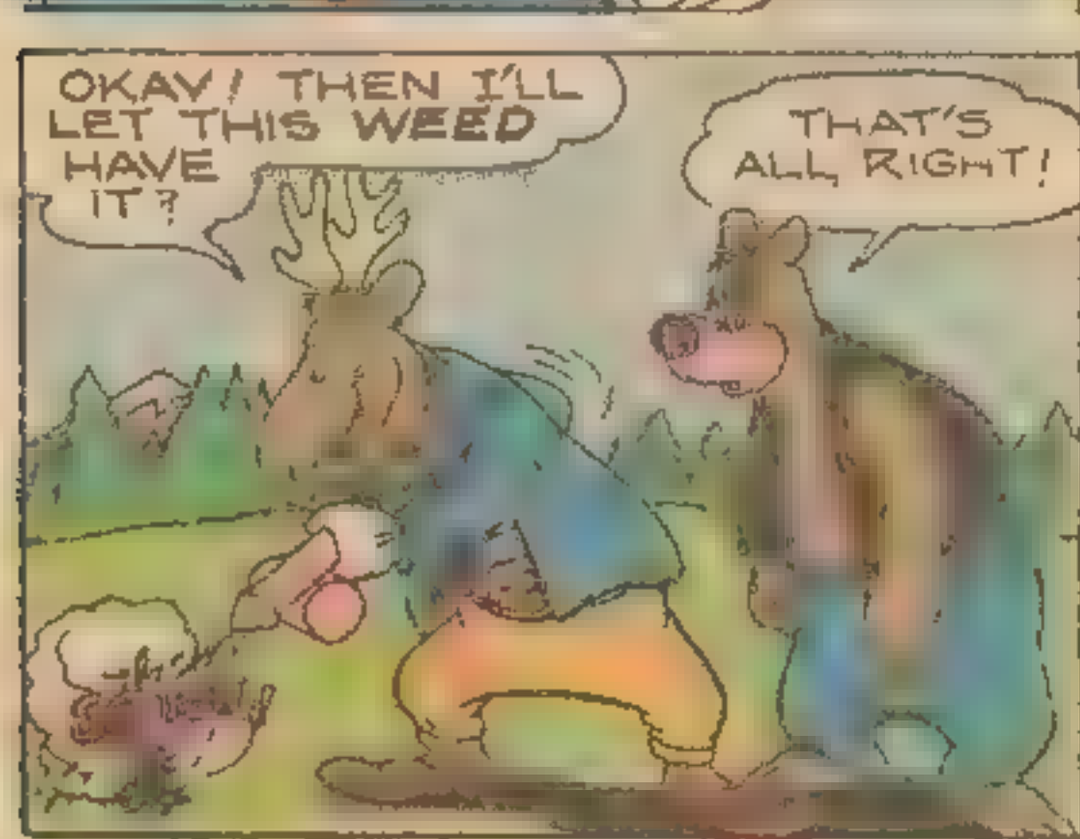

HAW! HAW!

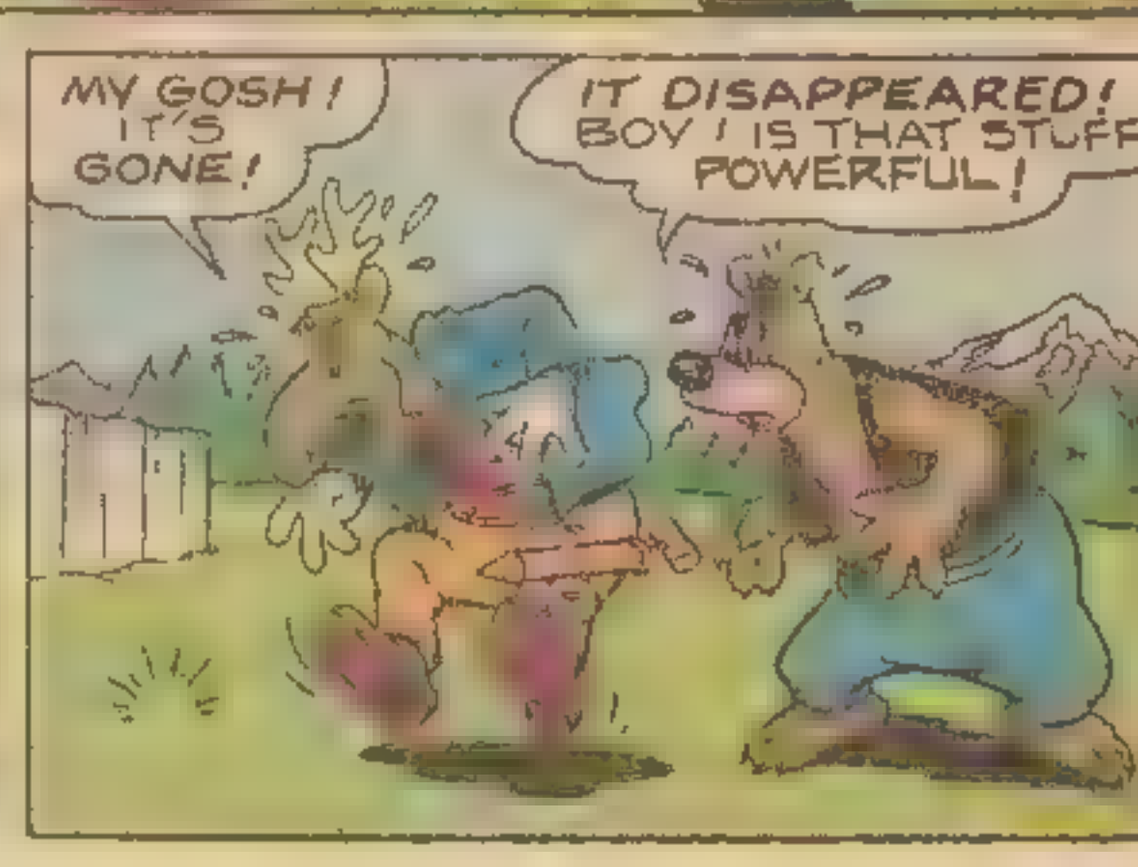

POOR OLD BARNEY! ALL HE HAS TO DO IS FIND A CHAIR, AN' HE GOES RIGHT TO SLEEP!
GAZZZOOO ZZOOM ZZ

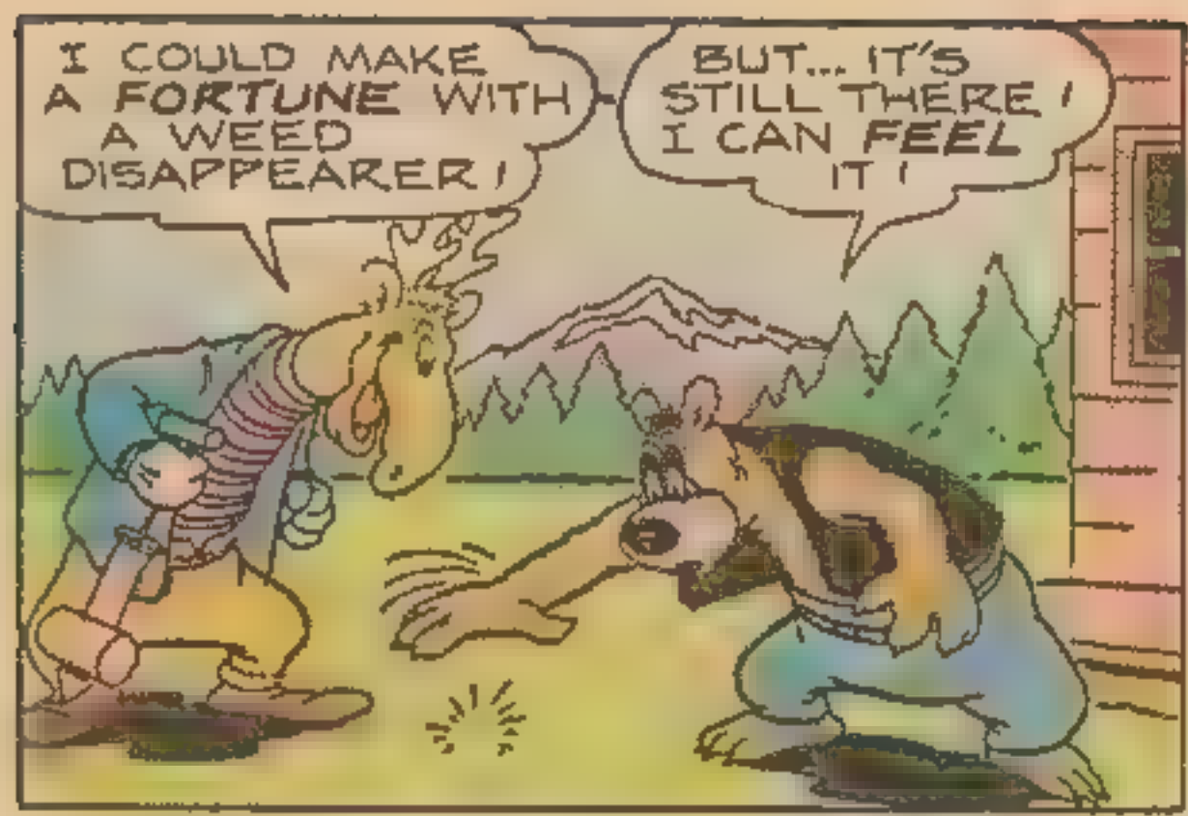
HEY, STUPID! I'VE GOT IT THIS TIME!
HUH?

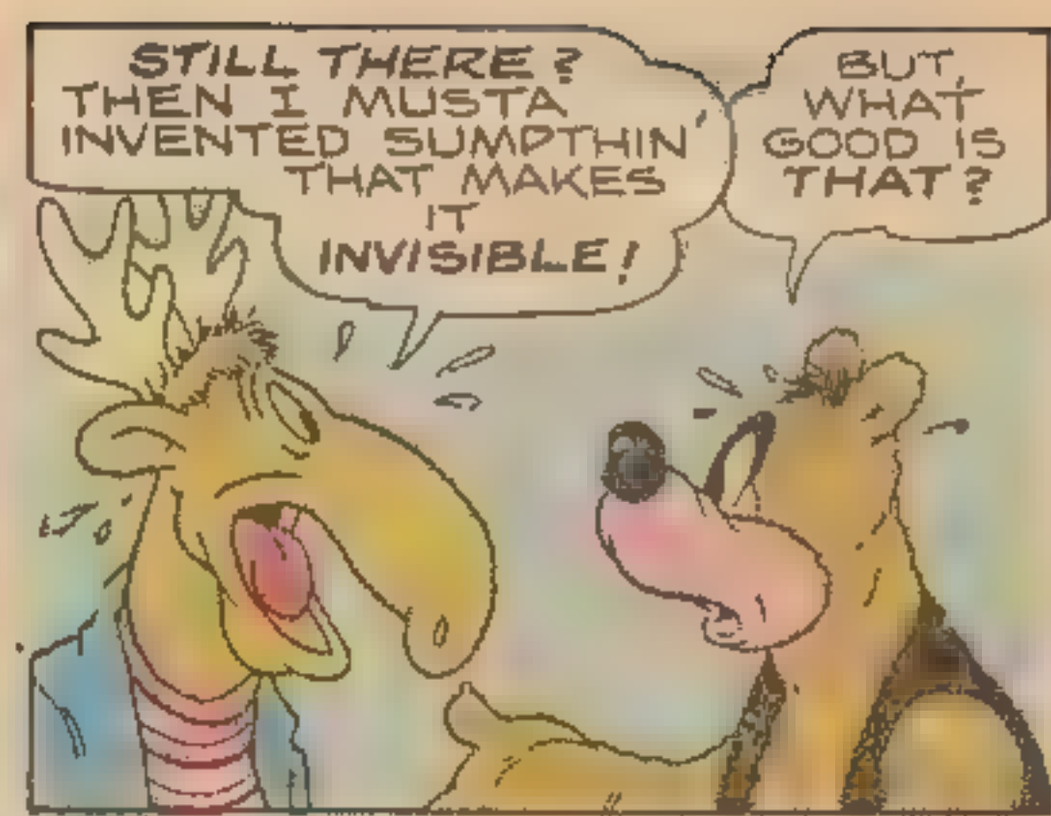

I MIXED IN A SECRET FORMULA, KNOWN ONLY TO ME!
SECRET FORMULA?

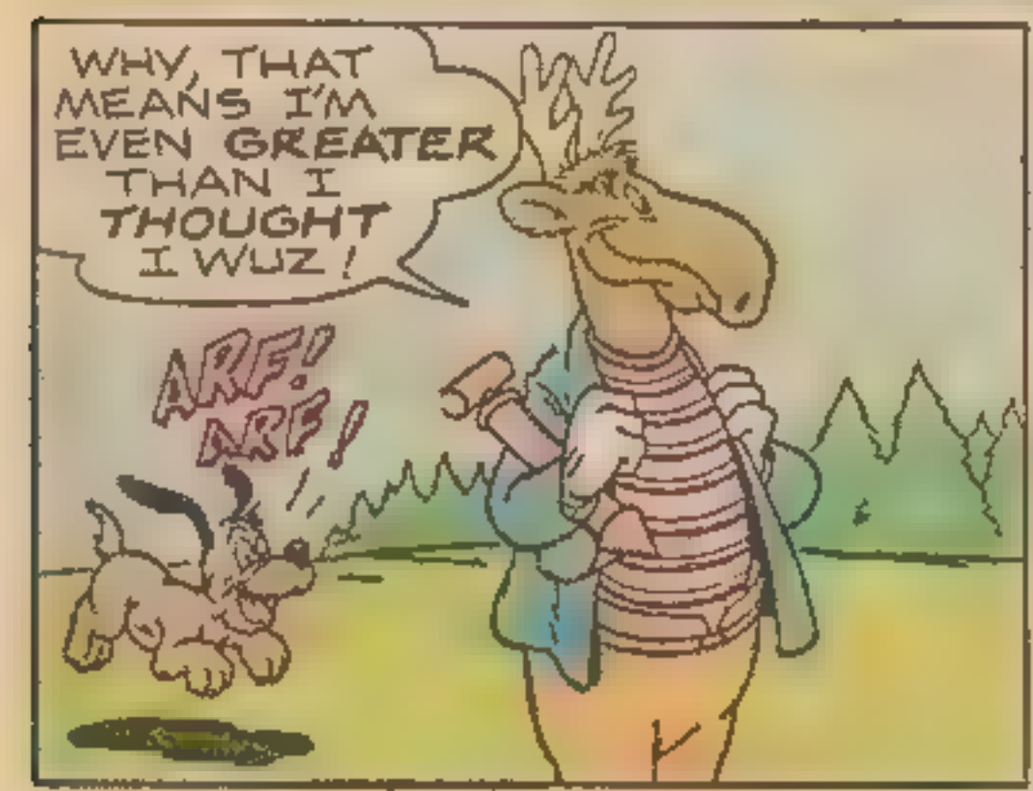
SURE! THIS'LL REVOLUTIONIZE TH' GARDENING BUSINESS! LOOK! I'LL TRY IT ON THIS FLOWER O' YORES!
OH, NO, YOU DON'T! THAT'S MY PRIZE PETUNIA!

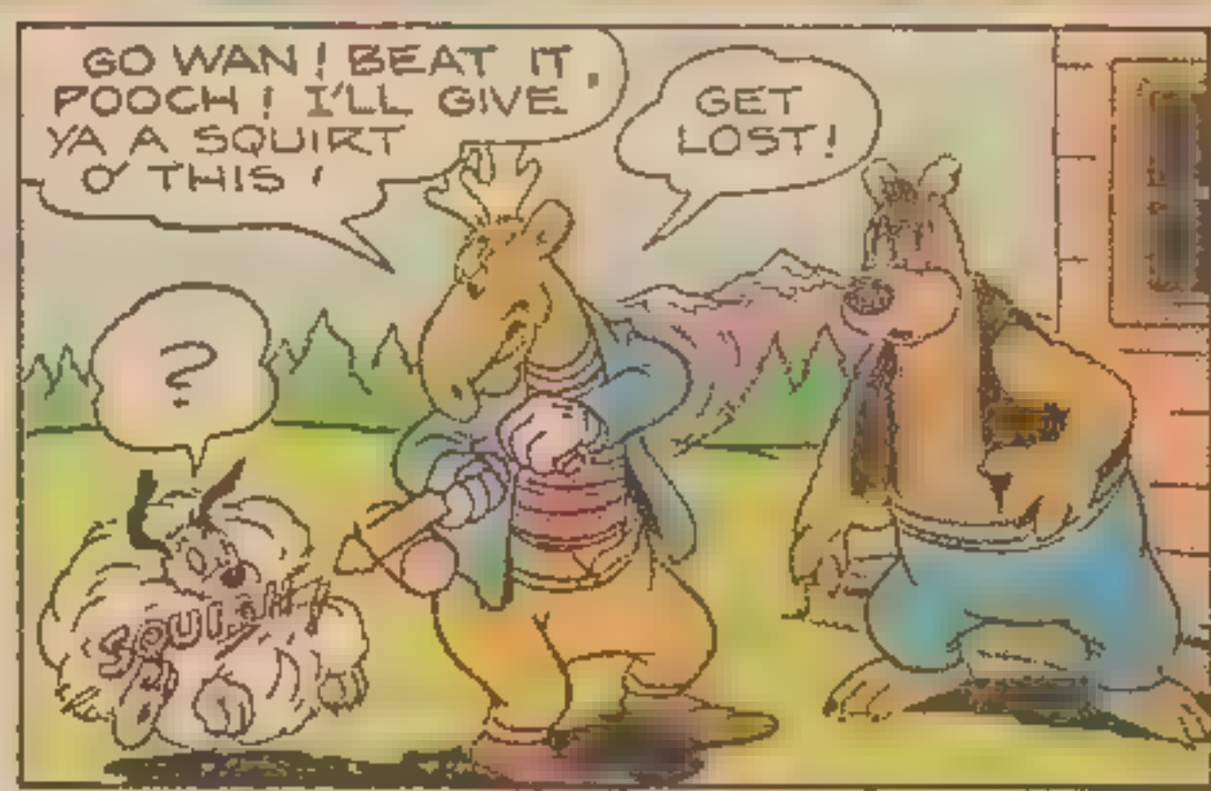

OKAY! THEN I'LL LET THIS WEED HAVE IT?
THAT'S ALL RIGHT!

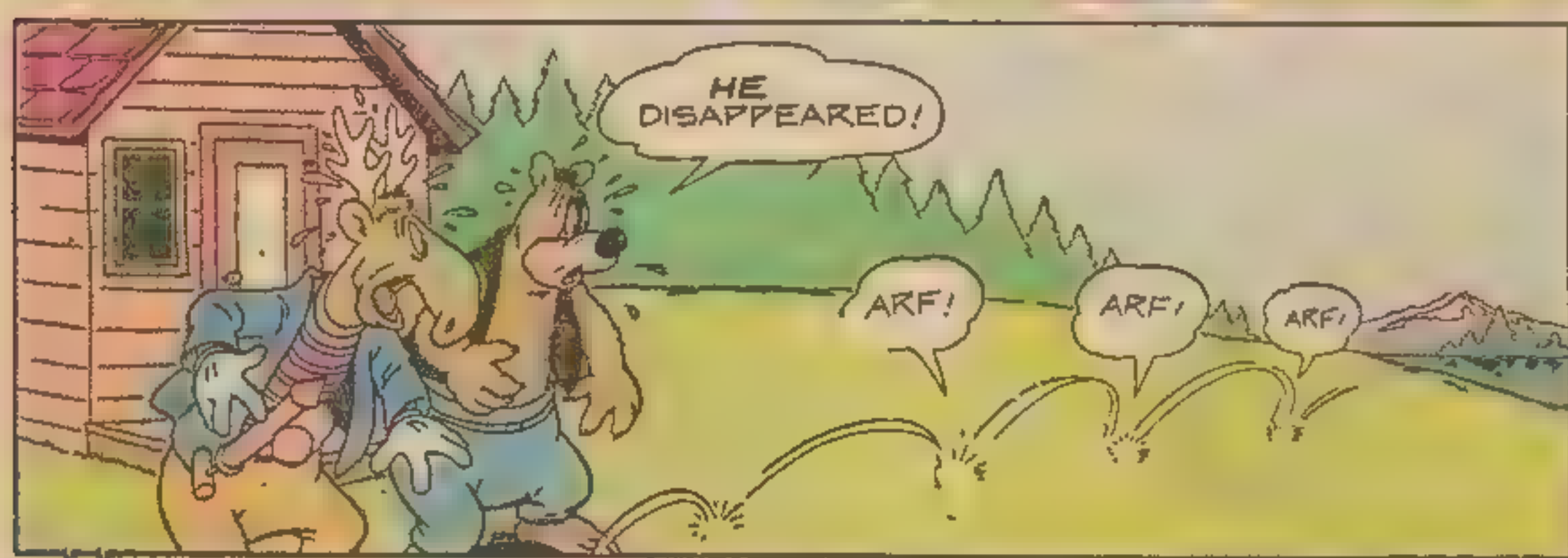

MY GOSH! IT'S GONE!
IT DISAPPEARED! BOY! IS THAT STUFF POWERFUL!

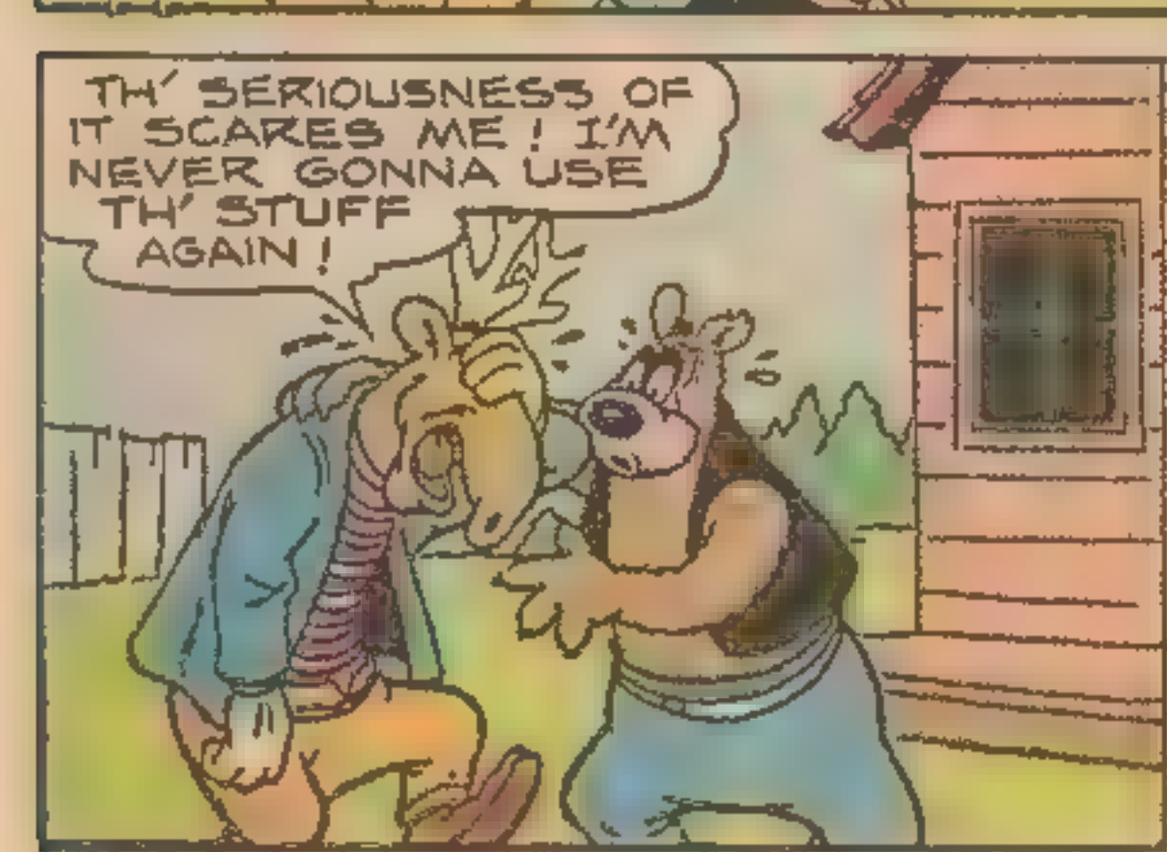

I COULD MAKE A FORTUNE WITH A WEED DISAPPEARER!
BUT... IT'S STILL THERE! I CAN FEEL IT!


STILL THERE? THEN I MUSTA INVENTED SUMPTHIN' THAT MAKES IT INVISIBLE!
BUT, WHAT GOOD IS THAT?

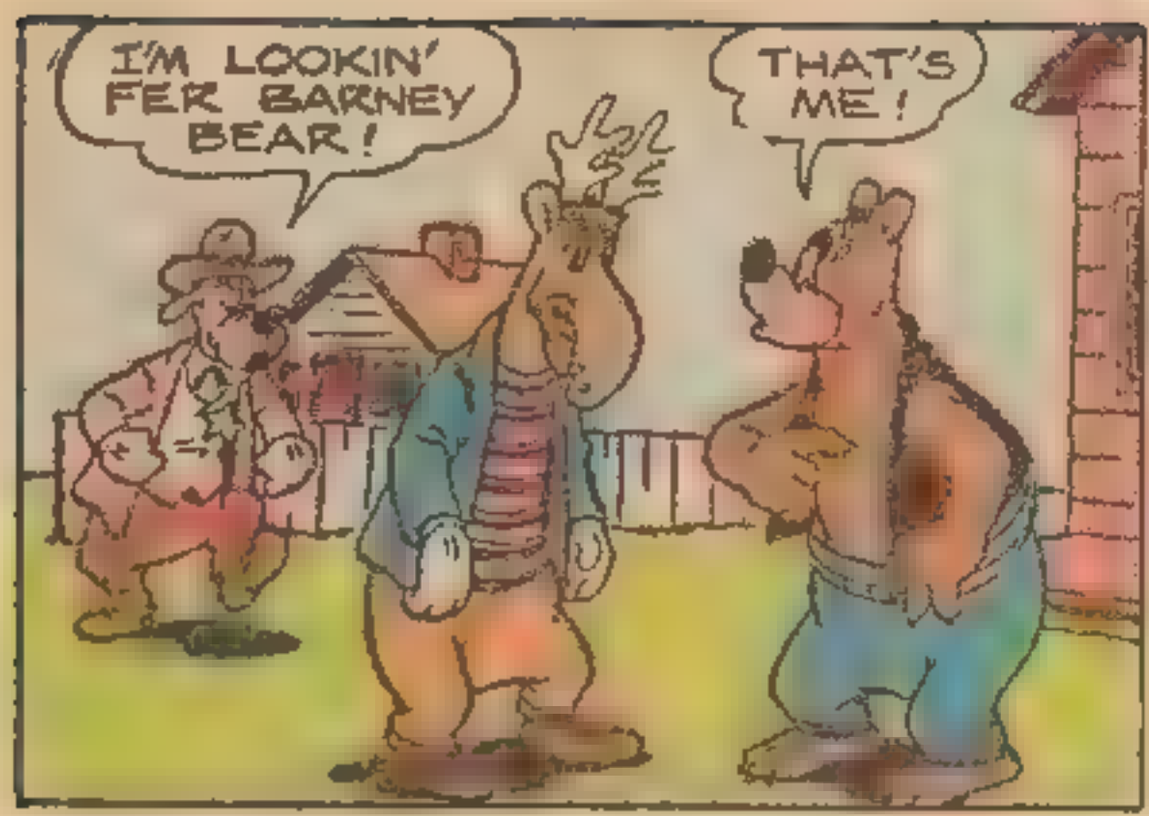

WHY, THAT MEANS I'M EVEN GREATER THAN I THOUGHT I WUZ!
ARF! ARF!

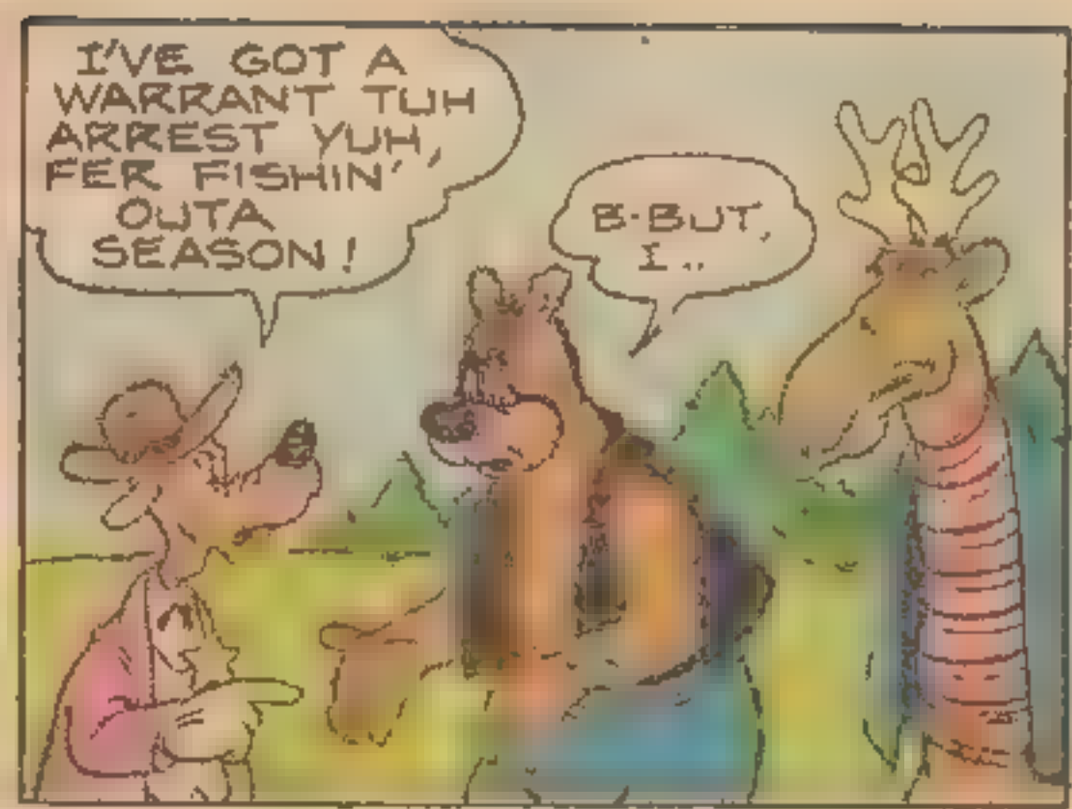

GO WAN! BEAT IT, POOCH! I'LL GIVE YA A SQUIRT O' THIS!
GET LOST!
?
SQUIRT

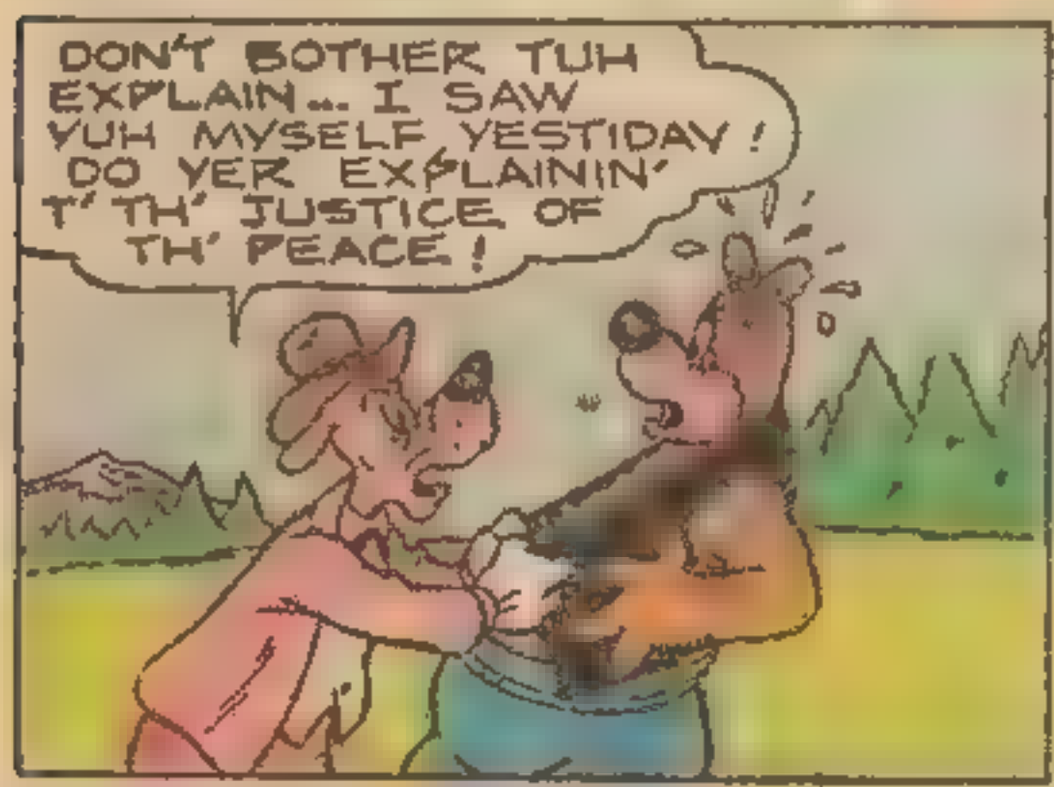

HE DISAPPEARED!
ARF!
ARF!
ARF!

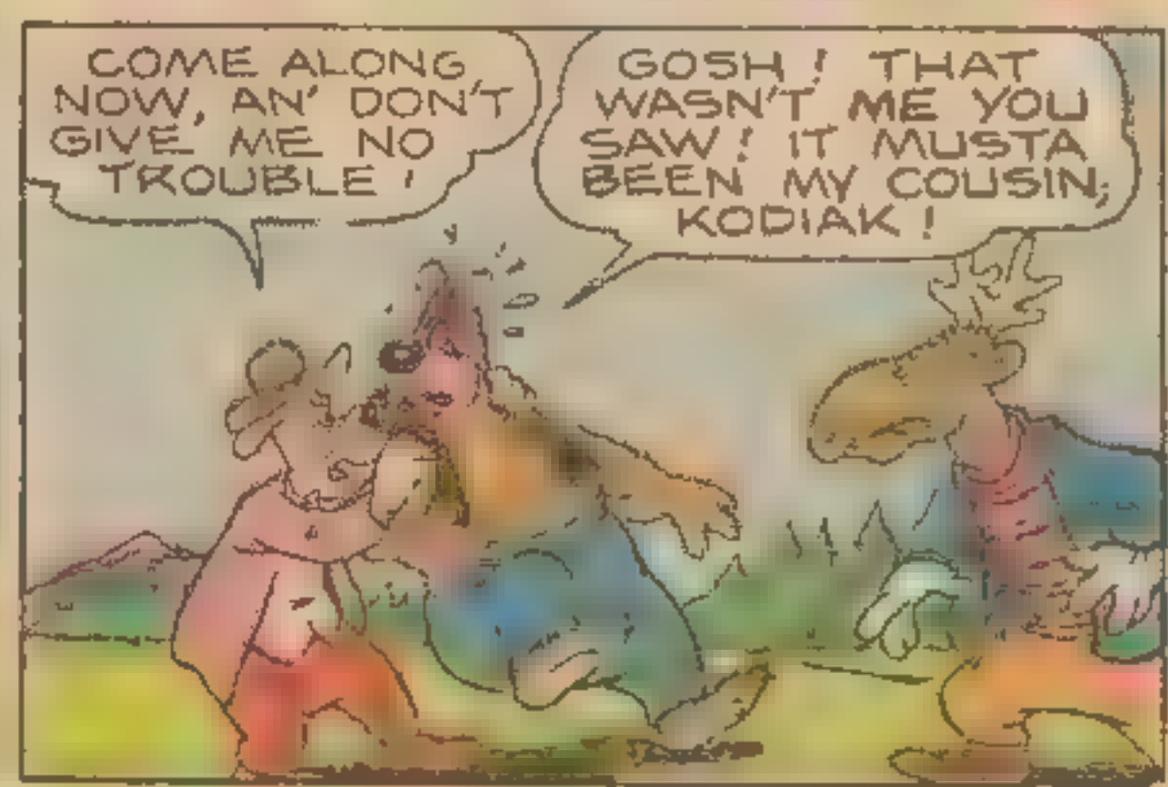

TH' SERIOUSNESS OF IT SCARES ME! I'M NEVER GONNA USE TH' STUFF AGAIN!

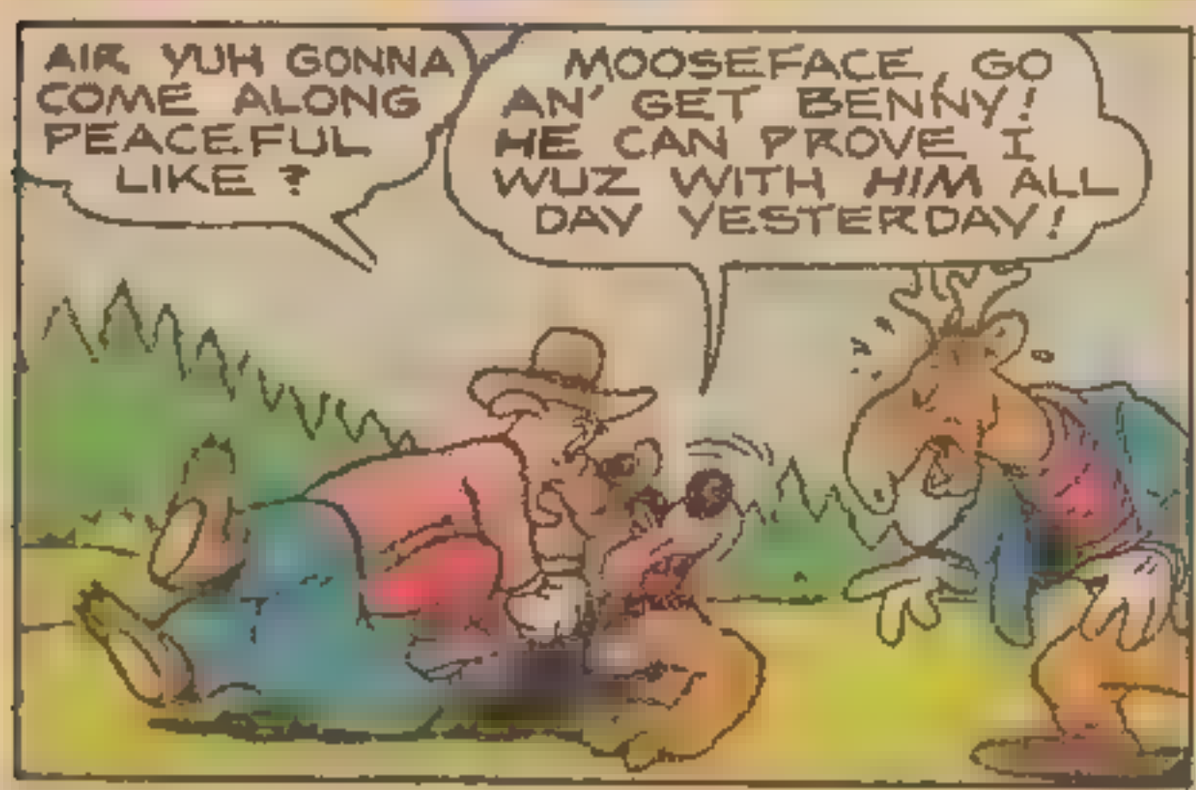
WHY, I MIGHT EVEN MAKE YOU DISAPPEAR!

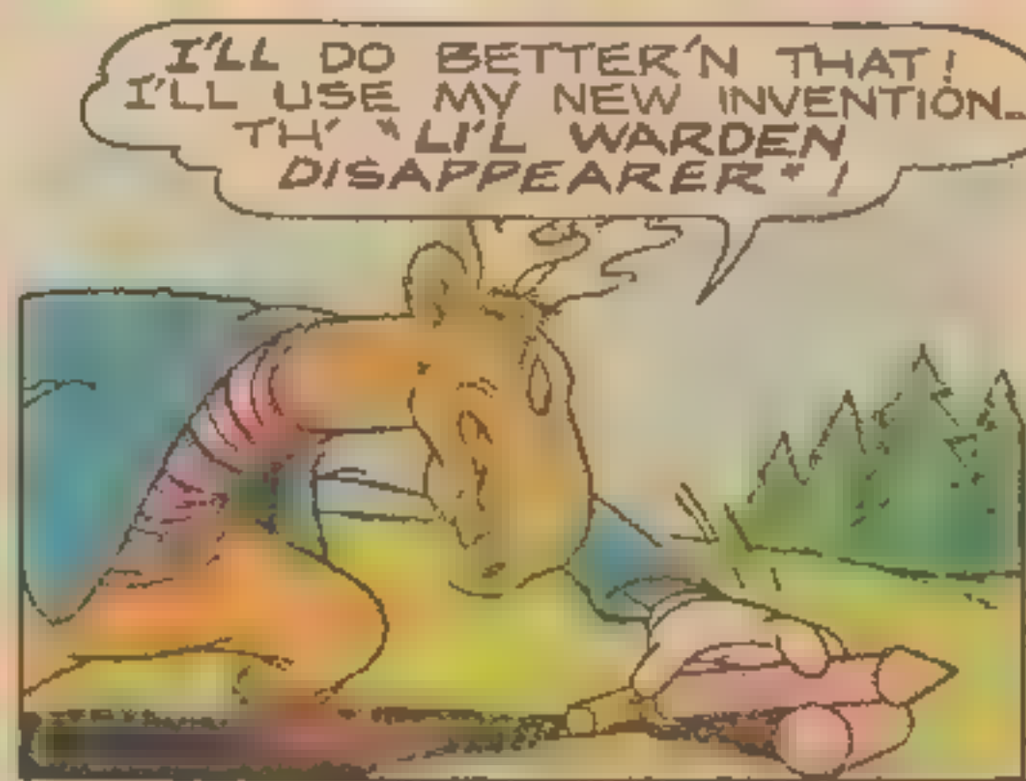

I'M LOOKIN' FER BARNEY BEAR!
THAT'S ME!

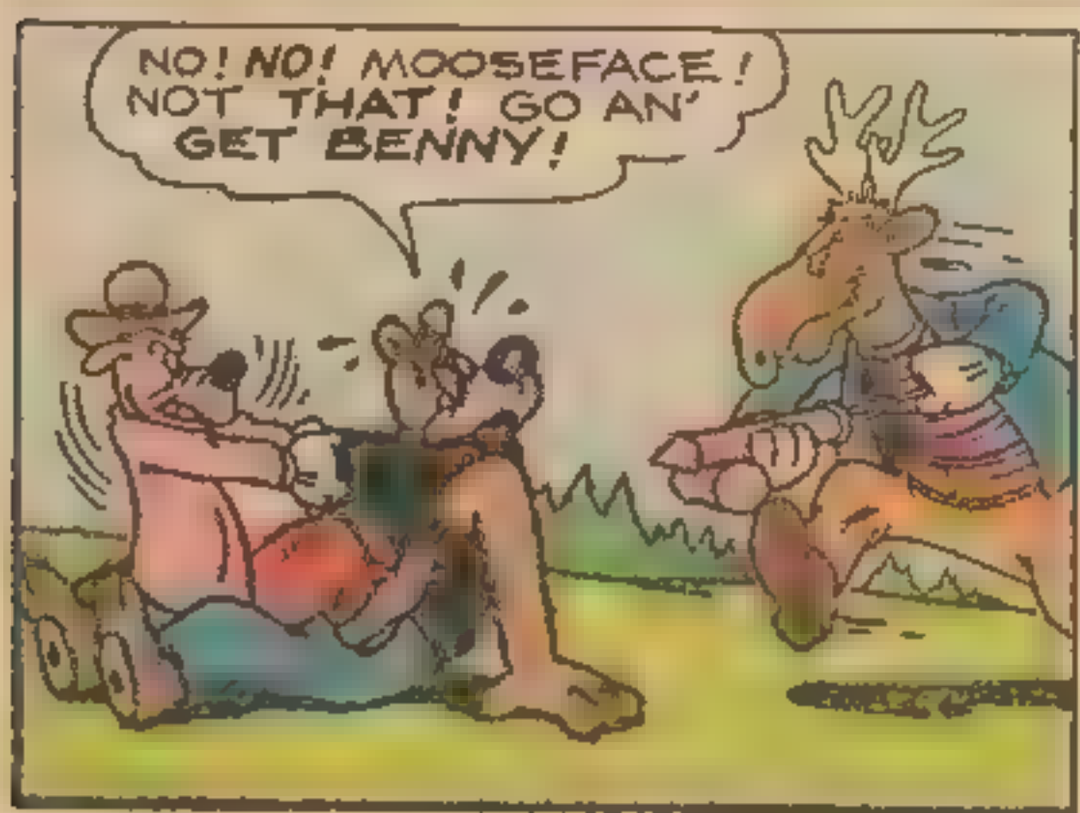

I'VE GOT A WARRANT TUH ARREST YUH, FER FISHIN' OUTA SEASON!
B-BUT, I..

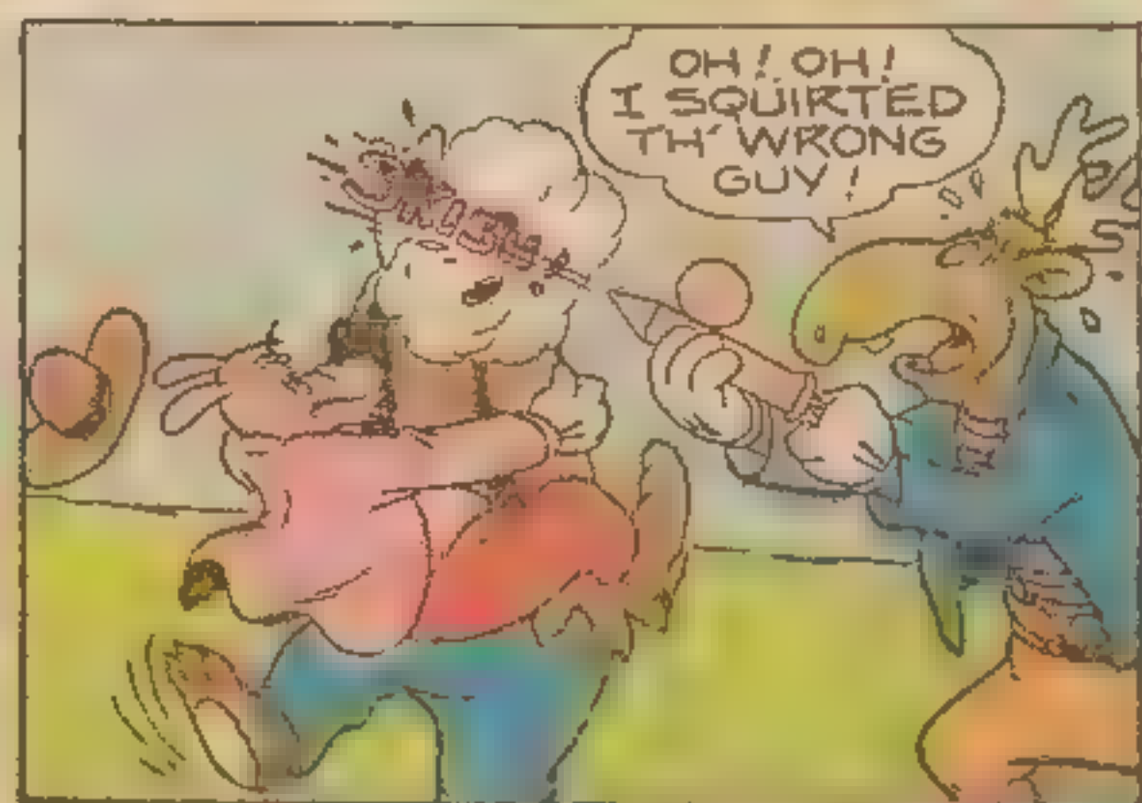

DON'T BOTHER TUH EXPLAIN... I SAW YUH MYSELF YESTIDAY! DO YER EXPLAININ' T' TH' JUSTICE OF TH' PEACE!

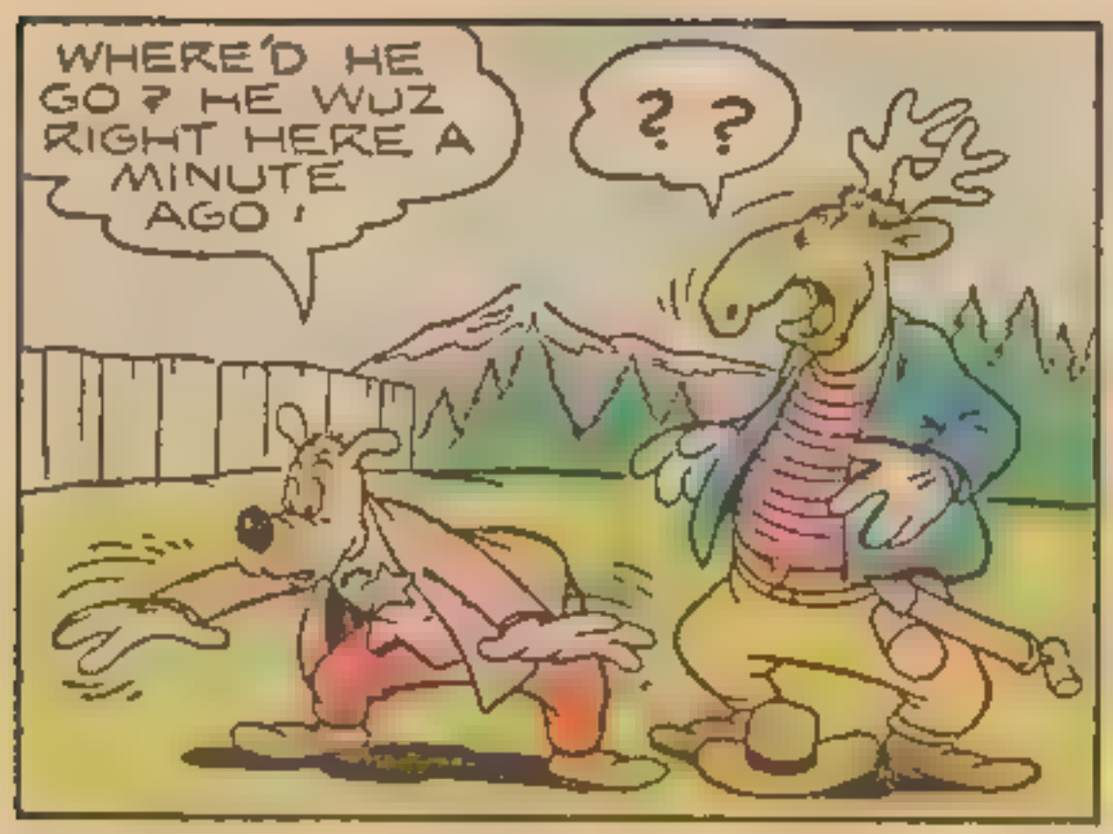

COME ALONG NOW, AN' DON'T GIVE ME NO TROUBLE!
GOSH! THAT WASN'T ME YOU SAW! IT MUSTA BEEN MY COUSIN; KODIAK!

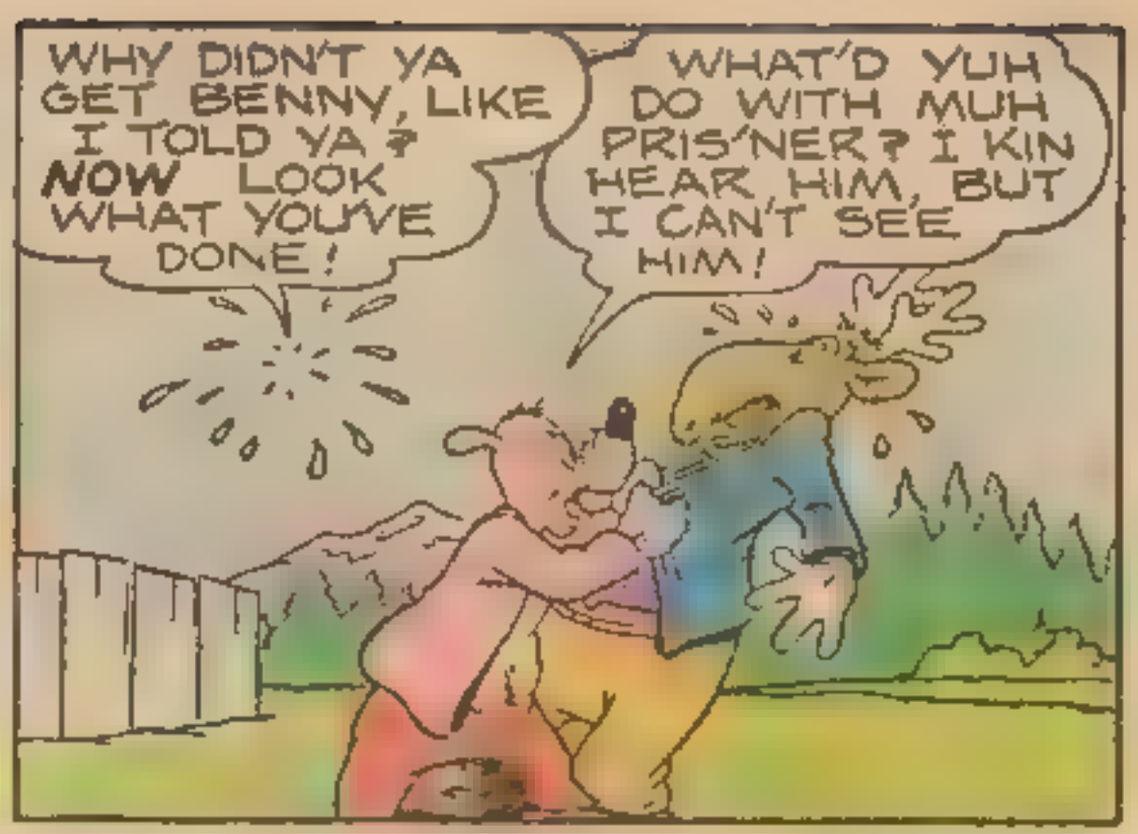

AIR YUH GONNA COME ALONG PEACEFUL LIKE?
MOOSEFACE, GO AN' GET BENNY! HE CAN PROVE I WUZ WITH HIM ALL DAY YESTERDAY!

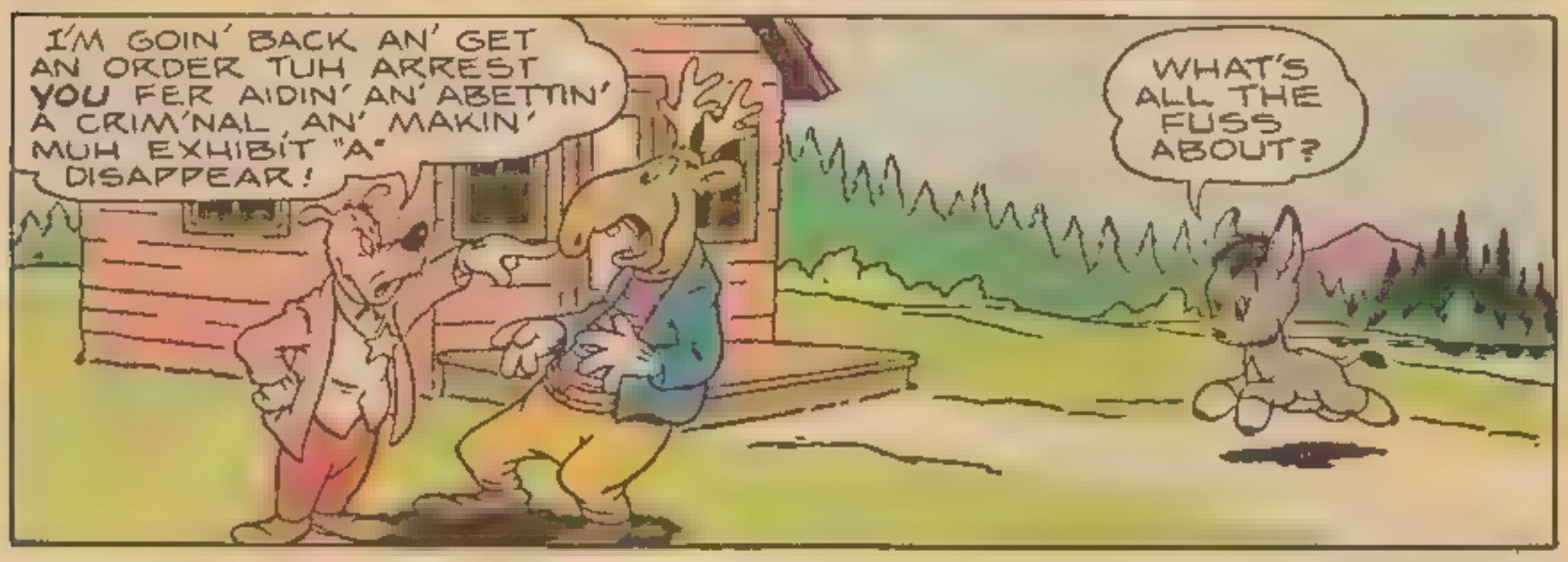

I'LL DO BETTER'N THAT! I'LL USE MY NEW INVENTION... TH' "LI'L WARDEN DISAPPEARER"!

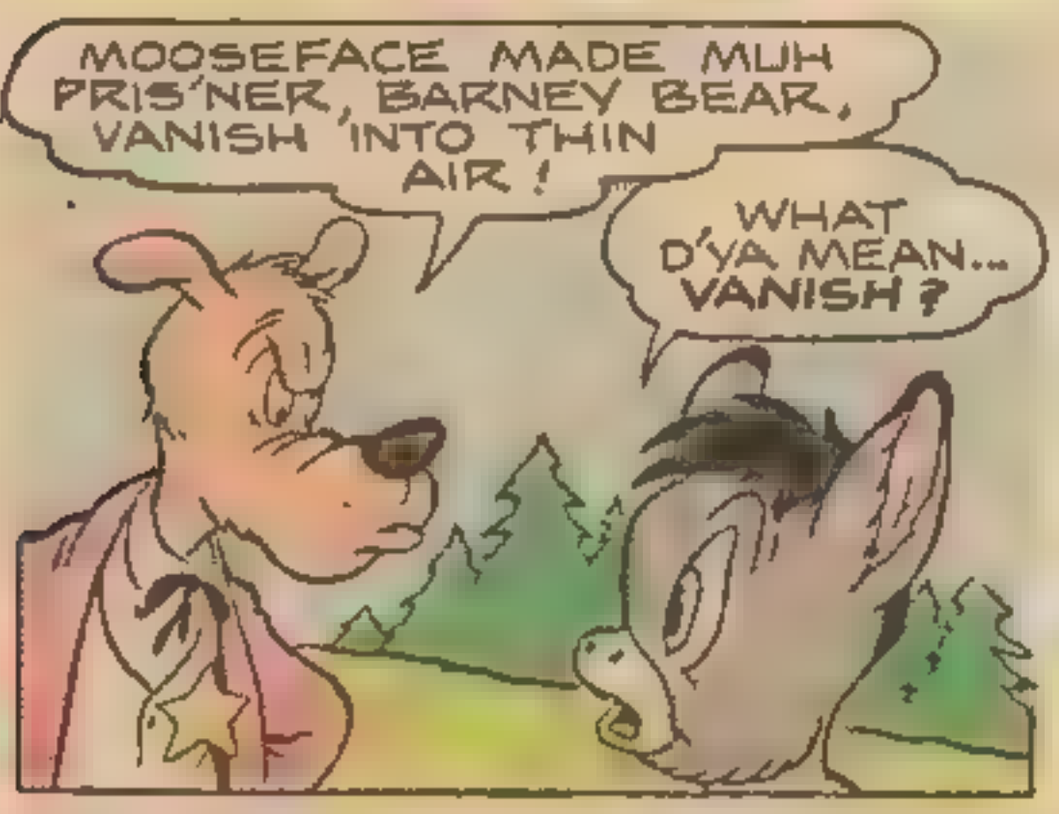

NO! NO! MOOSEFACE! NOT THAT! GO AN' GET BENNY!

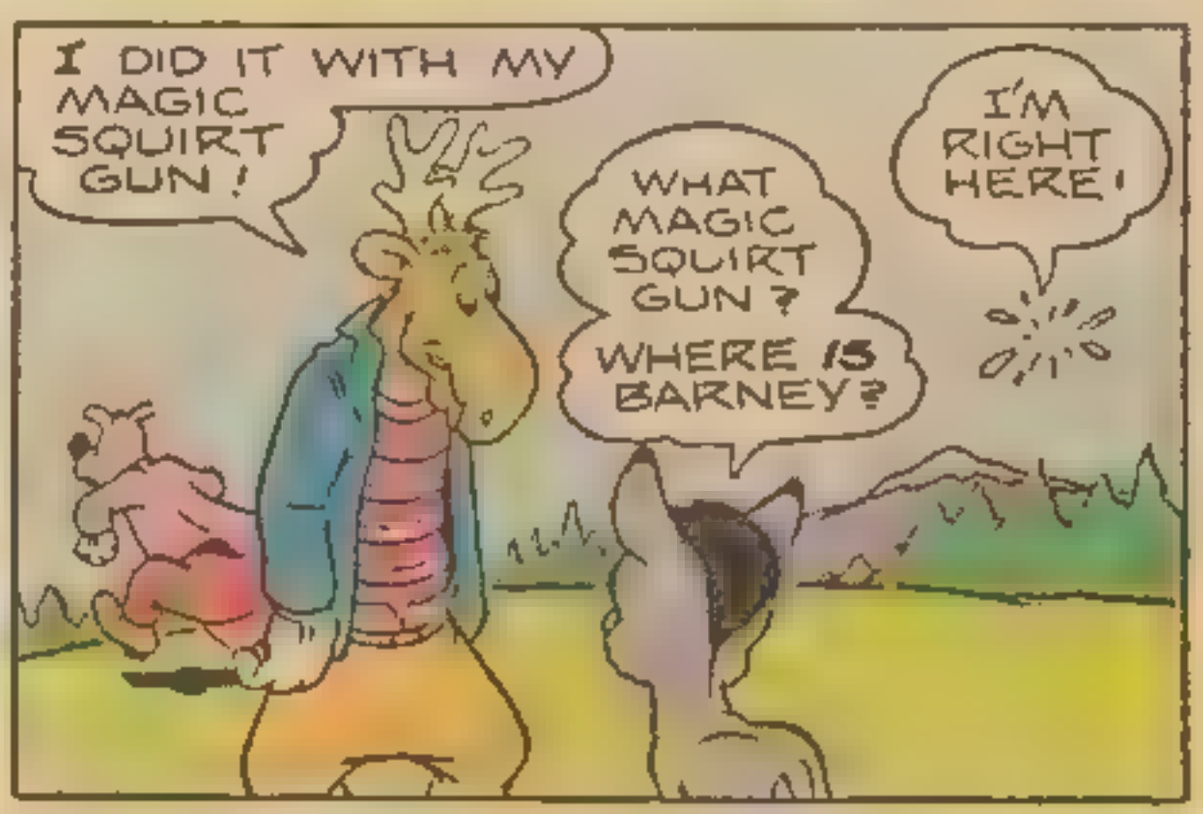

OH! OH! I SQUIRTED TH' WRONG GUY!

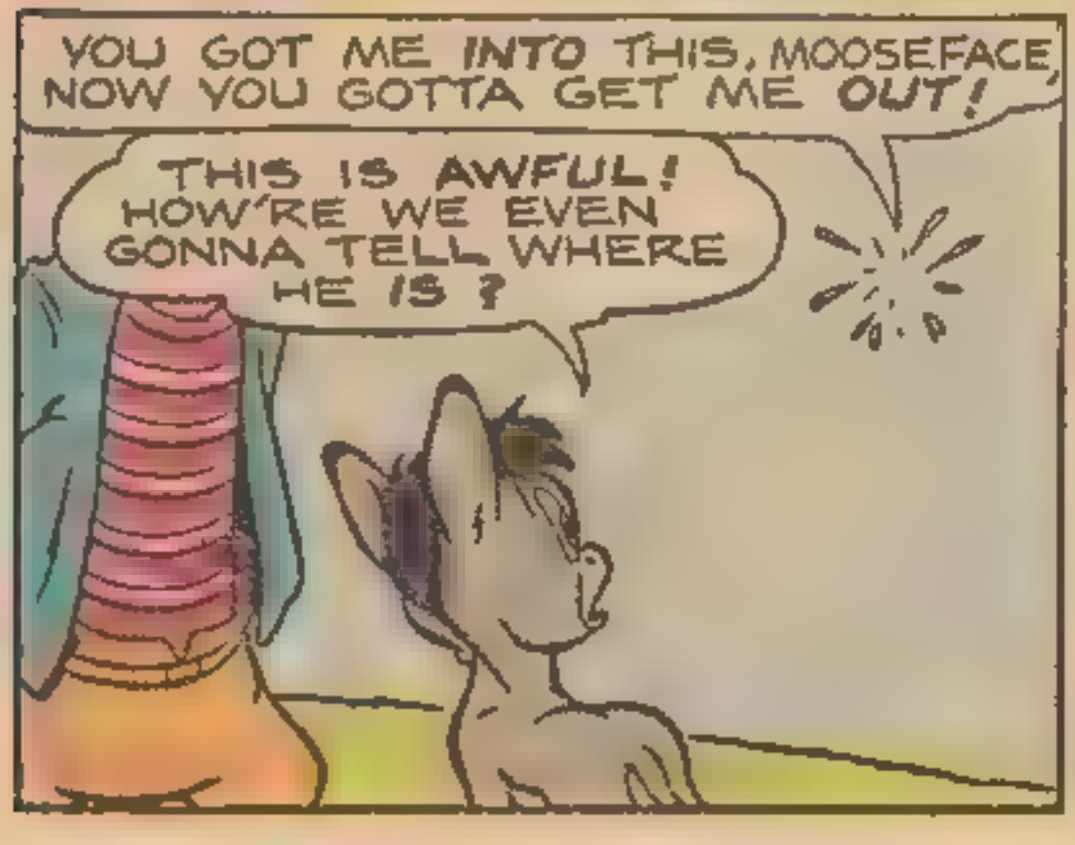

WHERE'D HE GO? HE WUZ RIGHT HERE A MINUTE AGO!
? ?

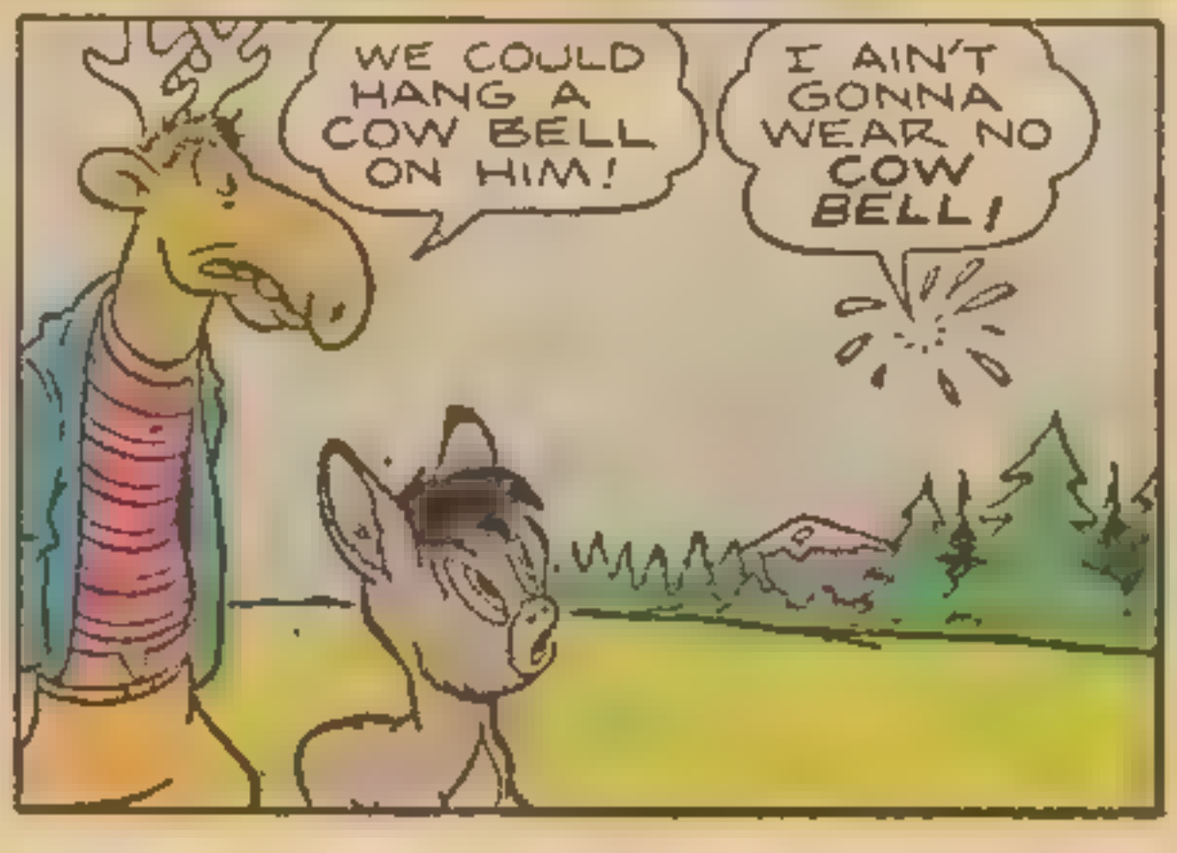

WHY DIDN'T YA GET BENNY, LIKE I TOLD YA? NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
WHAT'D YUH DO WITH MUH PRIS'NER? I KIN HEAR HIM, BUT I CAN'T SEE HIM!

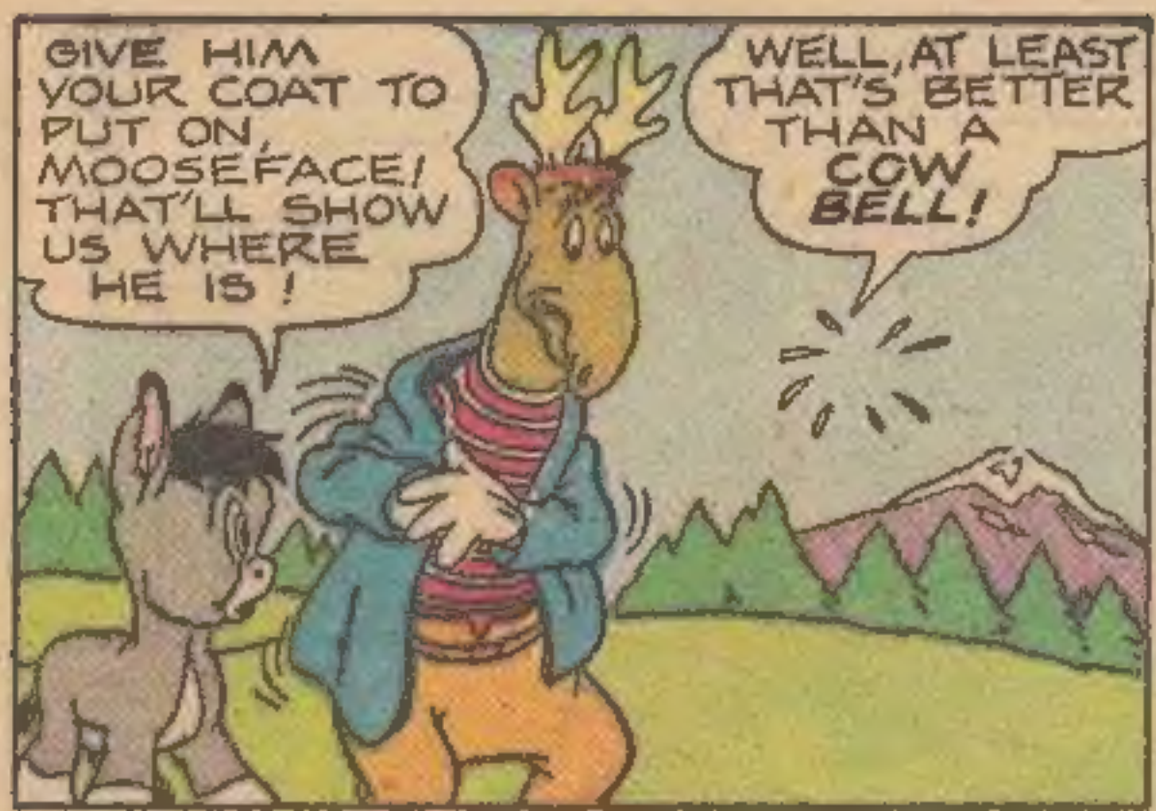

I'M GOIN' BACK AN' GET AN ORDER TUH ARREST YOU FER AIDIN' AN' ABETTIN' A CRIM'NAL, AN' MAKIN' MUH EXHIBIT "A" DISAPPEAR!
WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS ABOUT?


MOOSEFACE MADE MUH PRIS'NER, BARNEY BEAR, VANISH INTO THIN AIR!
WHAT D'YA MEAN... VANISH?


I DID IT WITH MY MAGIC SQUIRT GUN!
WHAT MAGIC SQUIRT GUN? WHERE IS BARNEY?
I'M RIGHT HERE!


YOU GOT ME INTO THIS, MOOSEFACE, NOW YOU GOTTA GET ME OUT!
THIS IS AWFUL! HOW'RE WE EVEN GONNA TELL WHERE HE IS?


WE COULD HANG A COW BELL ON HIM!
I AIN'T GONNA WEAR NO COW BELL!


GIVE HIM YOUR COAT TO PUT ON, MOOSEFACE! THAT'LL SHOW US WHERE HE IS!
WELL, AT LEAST THAT'S BETTER THAN A COW BELL!

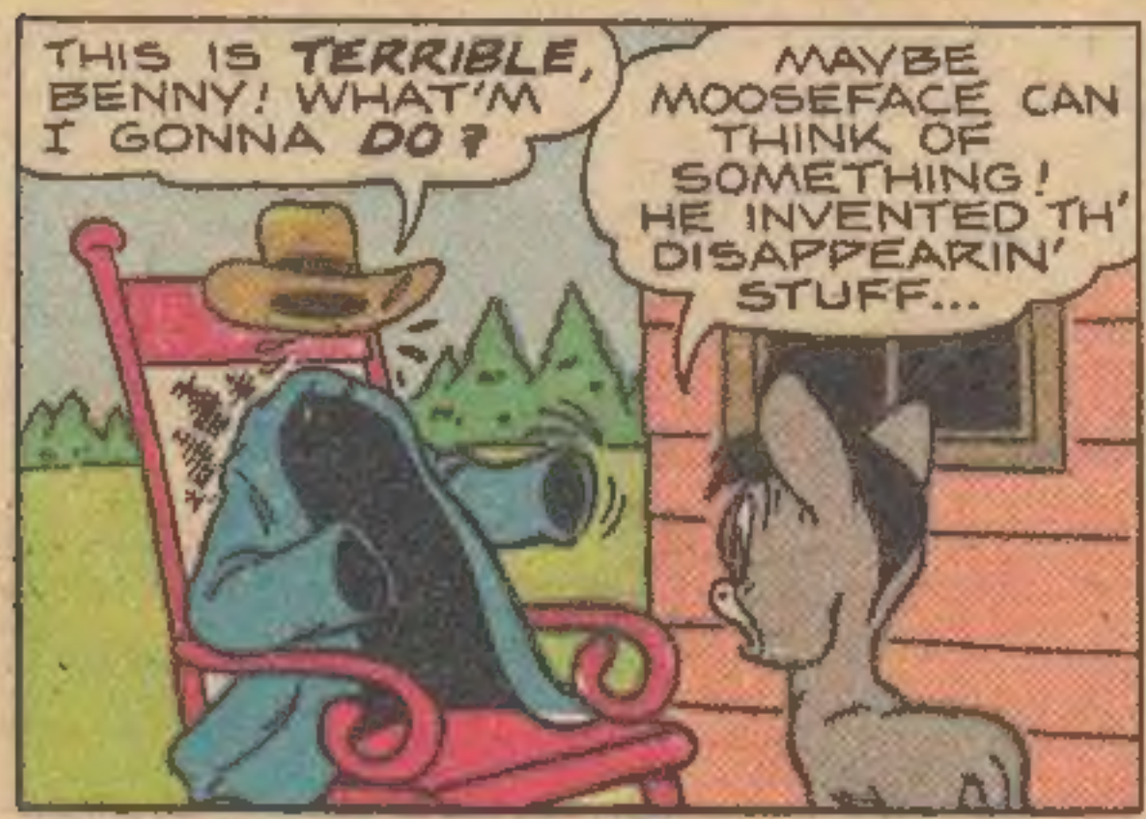
HERE'S TH' COAT, BARNEY! WHERE ARE YUH?
RIGHT HERE! I'LL TAKE IT!

IT'S NOT SUCH A GOOD FIT... BUT, IT'S BETTER'N NUTHIN'!

THERE! HOW'S THAT?
YOU NEED A HAT! SO AT LEAST WE COULD TELL WHERE YOUR HEAD OUGHTA BE!
HERE'S TH' GAME WARDEN'S HAT... HE MUSTA DROPPED IT!

THIS'S YOUR FAULT, MOOSEFACE! WHAT'RE YA GONNA DO ABOUT IT?
I'LL WORK ON ANOTHER MIXTURE, AN' TRY T'FIND SUMPTHIN' TA MAKE YA WHOLE AGAIN!
POOR BARNEY!

NOW! JUST SIT IN YER OLD ROCKER, WHILE I FIGGER OUT SUMPTHIN'!


THIS IS TERRIBLE, BENNY! WHAT'M I GONNA DO?
MAYBE MOOSEFACE CAN THINK OF SOMETHING! HE INVENTED TH' DISAPPEARIN' STUFF...

...MAYBE HE CAN THINK OF AN ANTIDOTE, TOO!

BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

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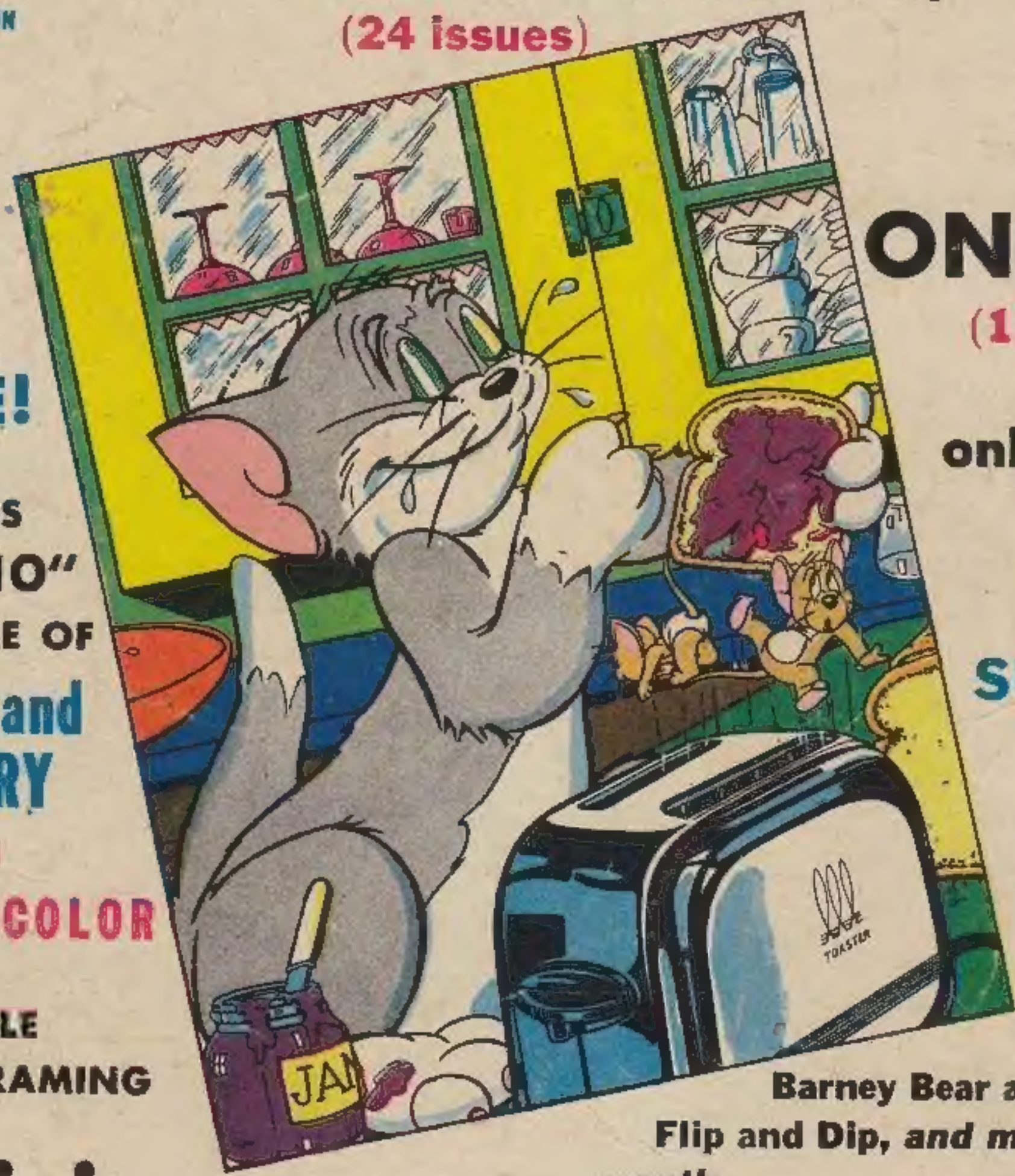

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